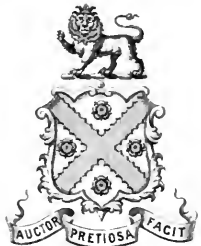


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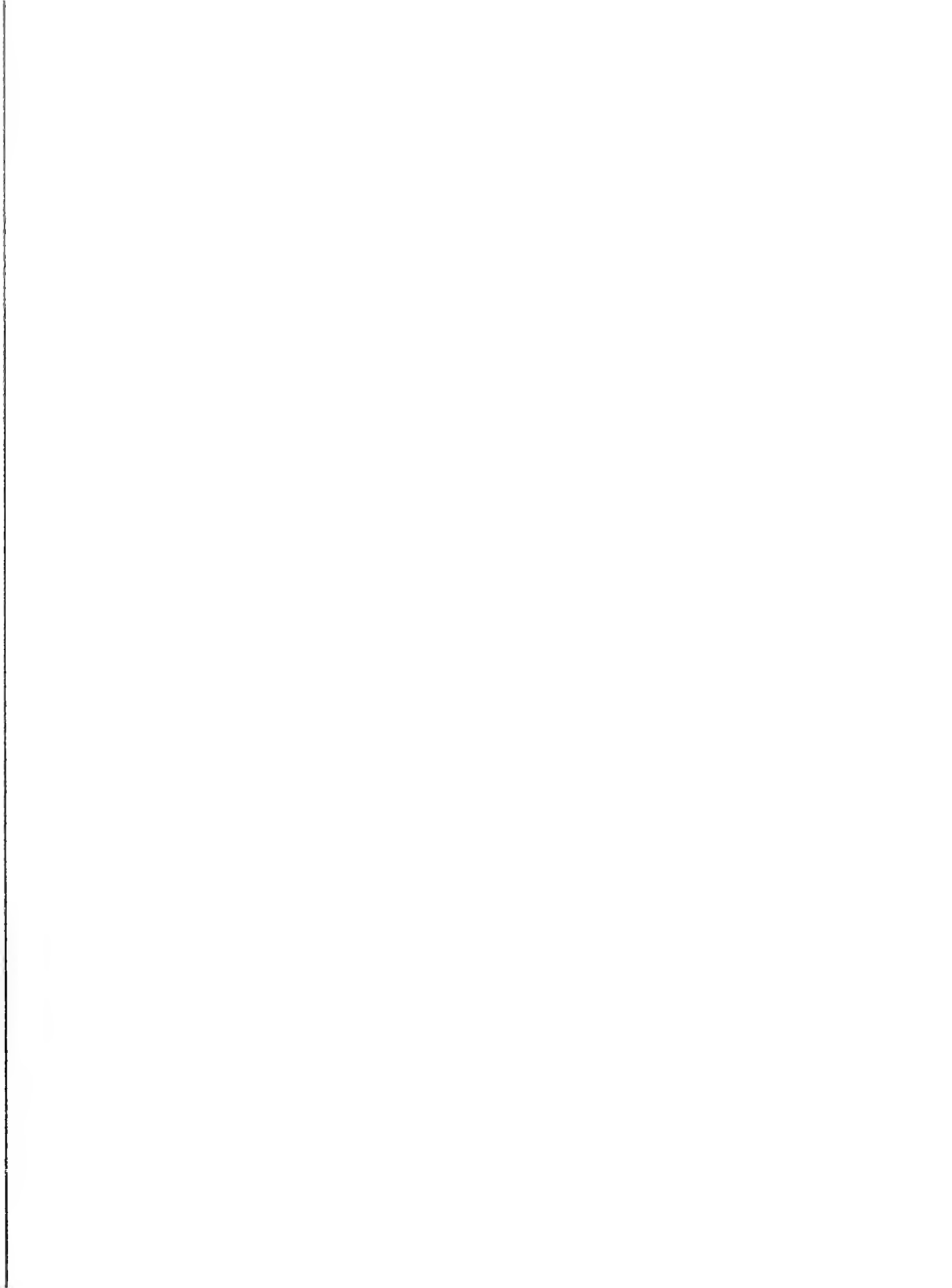
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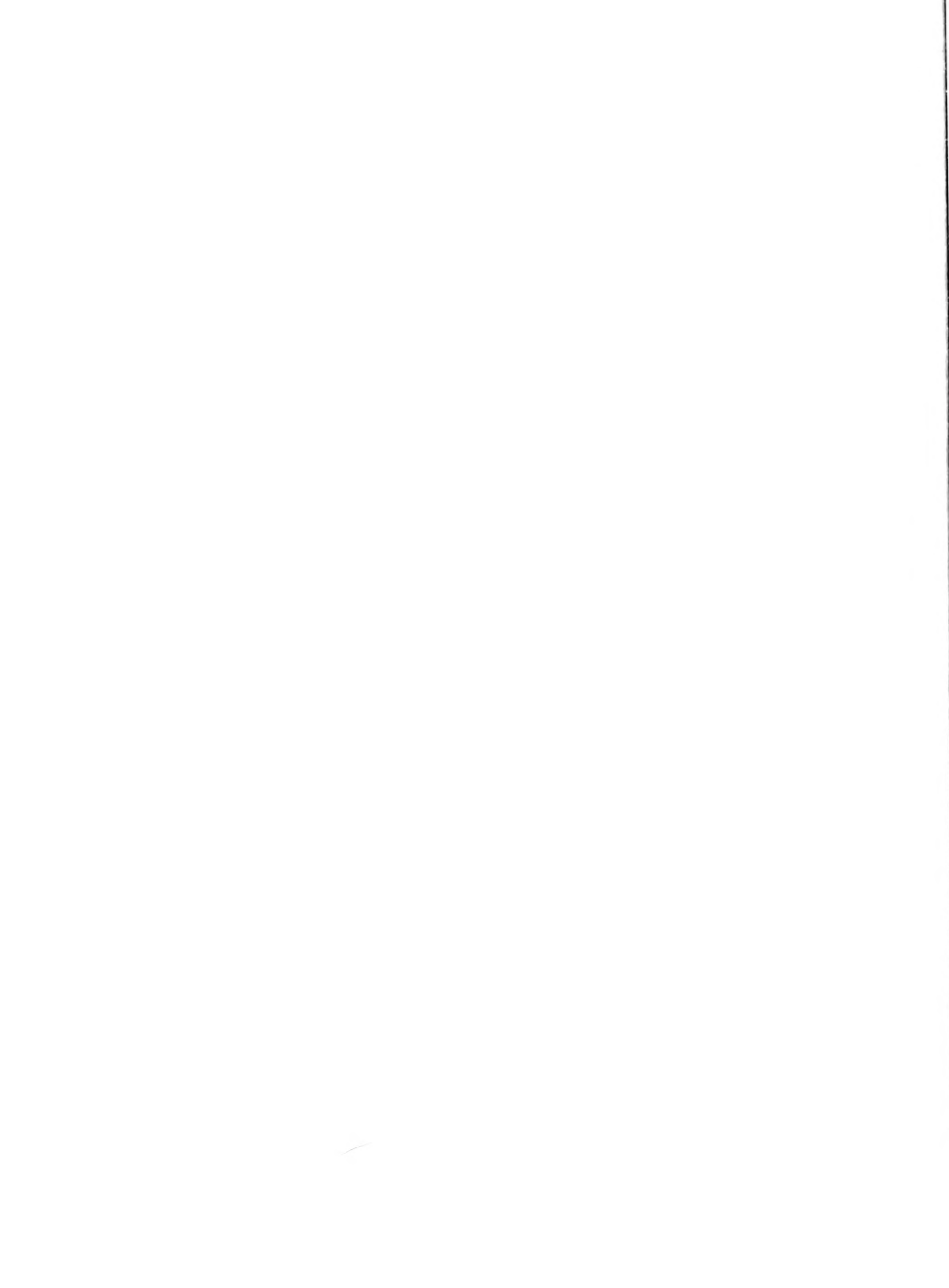
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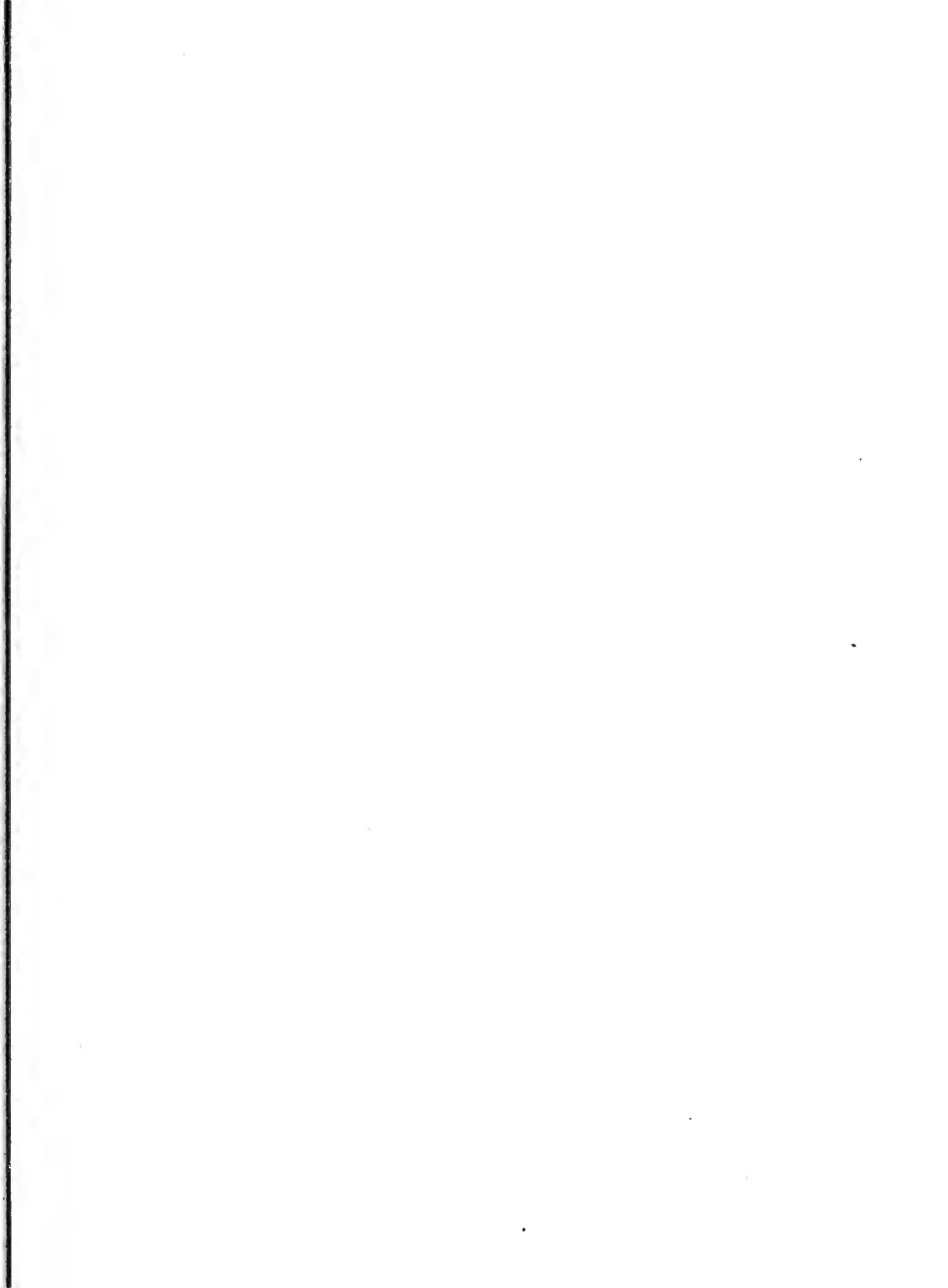


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CINDERELLA

THE

NURSERY BOOK

ILLUSTRATED WITH

EMBLEM CUTS BY ADAMS



FRANKLIN AND JAMES LEITCH PUBLISHERS,

NEW-YORK.

THE
F A I R Y - B O O K :

ILLUSTRATED WITH CUTS ON WOOD,

BY J. A. ADAMS.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS.

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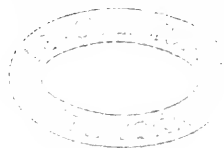
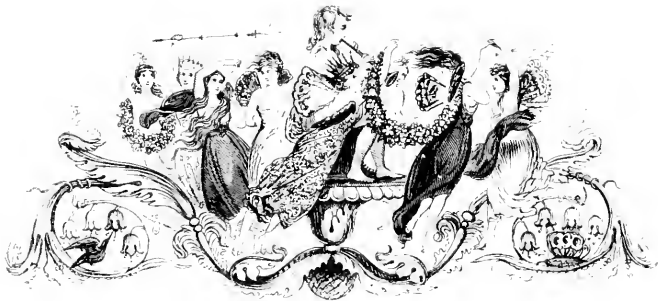


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* Those pieces marked with an asterisk have been expressly translated for this work.



INTRODUCTION.

I CANNOT very well tell why it is, that the good old histories and tales, which used to be given to young people for their amusement and instruction, as soon as they could read, have, of late years, gone quite out of fashion in this country. In former days, there was a worthy English bookseller, one Mr. Newbery, who used to print thousands of nice little volumes of such stories, which, as he solemnly declared in print, in the books themselves, he gave away to all good little boys and girls, charging them only sixpence a piece for the gilt covers; these of course no one could be so unreasonable as to ask him to furnish at his own expense. I well recollect the lively impression this marvellous generosity made upon my youthful imagination. The good man, lived in London, near St. Paul's churchyard, as his books informed us; and for above half a century, he supplied a great part of the civilized world with excellent little editions of "Jack, the Giant-Killer," "Goody Two-Shoes," "Tom Thumb," "Whittington and his Cat," "Giles Gingerbread," and the "Children in the Woods." Excellent Mr. Newbery! Good, generous, benevolent. kind old man! How many a tender young heart

hast thou moulded to habits of mercy and charity and all gentle and good affections, awakening their young sympathies for oppressed innocence and virtue in distress, making the bright tears to roll down the chubby cheeks of thy customers, as they pored over the sorrows of the orphan babes in the woods, or kindling up their virtuous indignation against the treacherous, wicked uncle? How many a prattling pair of sisters hast thou bound in close bonds of love throughout life, by mixing their tears and sobs together over the touching story of "Little Red Riding Hood?" How many a brave boy's mounting spirit hast thou first waked up to feats of noblest daring in afterage, by filling his young fancy with the deeds of Jack, the queller of ogres and the overthrower of tyrants?

Washington, when a child, read Newbery's books, and was not only a happier and better boy for them, but a braver and a greater man afterward. If his wise and good mother had not given him these excellent manuals in his childhood, he would never have captured Cornwallis, nor have behaved half as gallantly as he did at Braddock's defeat, nor as nobly as he did afterward at Newburgh. At any rate, I feel quite positive that he would not have been the first and greatest president of the United States, had he never read "Whittington and his Cat." By the way, I marvel much that my friend Mr. Paulding has not said something upon this point in his excellent *Life of Washington*; for nobody knows better than he does the effect of such good reading upon the young; and it is very clear that he himself could never have made the general's life half so entertaining as he has done, had he not himself, in his early childhood, read the same delightful little stories most diligently and devoutly.

As to the popular English literature of the present age, the best of it is but the enlargement and wire-drawing of these good old tales, telling them over again under modern names, and dressing them up in modern fashions. For example, I esteem Miss Edgeworth's works highly; still I must confess that they are but the histories of

Giles Gingerbread, and Goody Two-Shoes grown up and living among the people of our own days.

Lord Byron, too, owes his whole popularity to the same cause and no other. For throughout all his poems, and his private life to boot, he was little more than an imitator, and to my mind, only a strutting, mouthing, affected, theatrical, coxcombical imitator, of the noble and more original Blue Beard, that most oriental and ferocious of husbands, that most magnificent and mysterious of murderers.

Good, wise, generous, public-spirited Mr. Francis Newbery! Gratitude and honour be unto your memory. Then what a delicate, what an exquisite taste hadst thou! What covers were those wherein thou didst enclose thy stories—covers worthy of the charming contents, for they glittered in fairy-like magnificence of red, green, and yellow gold! What choice cuts—*cuts!* it is thine own word, honoured Newbery—what choice cuts embellished thy delicious pages! How many a stammering tongue has screamed with joy at the sight of the heroic Jack clambering up his bean-stalk! How many a sparkling young eye has been dimmed with thick tears at the sight of the expiring “Cock Robin;” or more touching still, at the view of the good father and mother of the two hapless children in the wood, breathing their last, side by side in the same bed, with their night-caps on?

Well indeed might these cuts be affecting, for they had come down from the remotest tradition of English infant literature. Like the pictures of Raphael, they had stood the criticism and formed the taste of many generations. They had decorated the pages to which the last Edward of England, “the royal, saintly boy,” loved to turn for relief from the political and religious polemics with which he was compelled to puzzle his infant brains. They had warmed the childish fancy of his contemporary, Shakspeare, filling it with hundreds of living, breathing, brilliant conceptions, such as in after years

burst forth as Oberon and Titania, and Puck and Ariel. These were none of your smooth, glossy, clear, steelplate engravings, such as decorate modern annuals. They were of the taste of Rembrandt and the old dark masters, whom picture-dealers most love. Their excellence was in the power of their appeal to the imagination. A mysterious inky darkness hung over them, through which struggled forth lights, bearing interest and intense curiosity, into the baby-student's very heart. These were cuts to gaze at for hours, to study, to inquire about, to hang over till the whole soul was absorbed in them, and every faculty "raised, delighted, rapt, inspired."

Peace be to thy kind spirit, gentle Newbery! Whether thou sleepest near the scene of thy earthly labours, in the churchyard of St. Paul's cathedral, in the very heart of the great city, amidst its ceaseless din, and roar and smoke; or reposest more fitly in some silent yew-cinctured rustic cemetery, near the swift Severn, the silver Trent, or the elf-haunted Avon, I know not. But wherever thou liest, I am well assured that—

"By fairy hands, thy knell was rung,
Thy dirge by fairy voices sung;
Whilst childhood comes, a pilgrim gay,
To bless the turf that wraps thy clay."

Yes; a turf more hallowed than that which "wraps thy clay," has never been trodden by "Fancy's feet."

Yet, in the last generation, American boys and girls (the fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, of the present race) were not wholly dependant upon Mr. Newbery of St. Paul's churchyard, London, though they knew him well and loved him much. The great Benjamin Franklin, when a printer in Philadelphia, did not disdain to reprint divers of Newbery's books, adorned with cuts in the likeness of his, though it must be confessed somewhat inferior. Yet, rude as they were, they were probably the first things in

the way of pictures, that West and Copley ever beheld, and so instilled into those future painters the rudiments of that art by which they afterward became so eminent themselves, and conferred such honour on their native country. In somewhat later times, there were in New York the worthy Hugh Gaine, at the sign of the Bible and Crown, in Pearl street, and the patriotic Samuel Loudon, and the genuine unadulterated New Yorker, Evert Duyckinck, besides others in Boston and Philadelphia, who trod in the steps of Newbery, and supplied the infant mind with its first and sweetest literary food. But, alas! these are all gone. The munificent Newbery, and the pious and loyal Hugh Gaine, and the patriotic Samuel Loudon, are departed. Banks now abound, and brokers swarm, where Loudon erst printed, and many millions' worth of silks and woollens are every year sold where Gaine vended his big bibles and his little story-books. They are all gone; the glittering covers and their more brilliant contents, the tales of wonder and enchantment, the father's best reward for early merit, the good grandmother's most prized presents. They are gone—the cheap delight of childhood, the unbought grace of boyhood, the dearest, freshest, most unfading recollections of maturer life. They are gone—and in their stead have succeeded a swarm of geological catechisms, entomological primers, and tales of political economy—dismal trash, all of them; something halfway between stupid story-books and bad school-books, being so ingeniously written as to be unfit for any useful purpose in school, and too dull for any entertainment out of it.

One reason urged for thus suffering these once-loved relics of the wisdom of our grandmothers' nurseries to fall into such oblivion, is the sage opinion that they are not true, and that children ought not to be allowed to read any thing but truth. I deny the whole argument, every step of it, from the impudent premises to the false and most illogical conclusion. Not true, forsooth. That reverend traditionary lore which hath been handed down from one generation of uncor-

rupted children to another, from the oldest antiquity of Saxon and Norman literature, untrue! That which the young Shakspeare, and Spenser, and Milton believed in with a warm poetic faith; that to which orators, critics, moralists, and politicians have referred and attested—all falsehood and fiction! Can any body believe it?

Some dull people can be convinced only by authority; in that way will I deal with these objectors.

Is the story of Cinderella false? Behold, how no less a man than George Canning, for some time the prime minister of Great Britain, whose word was every year taken in parliament for the expenditure of millions of pounds sterling—behold how he doth avouch to the truth and accuracy of the ancient history of Cinderella. I quote his verses at length, not only to help my argument and to stop the mouth of gainsayers, but, moreover, because they form an admirable commentary or paraphrase of the tale itself, which will be found in the following pages.

“ So she, sad victim of domestic spite,
 Fair CINDERELLA past the wintry night,
 In the lone chimney's darksome nook immured,
 Her form disfigured and her charms obscured;
 Sudden her godmother appears in sight,
 Lifts the charmed rod and chants the mystic rite,
 The chanted rite the maid attentive hears,
 And feels new ear-rings deck her listening ears;
 While midst her towering tresses aptly set,
 Shines bright with quivering glance the smart aigrette:
 Brocaded silks the splendid dress complete,
 And the GLASS SLIPPER grasps her fairy feet.
 Six bob-tailed mice transport her to the ball,
 And liveried lizards wait upon her call.”*

So sung the former premier of England, the chosen friend of Pitt

* Loves of the Triangles.

worshipped by the tories for his politics, and honoured by the liberals for his talents ; and would he, think you, have spoken thus confidently of a story without truth ?

To the same effect testifieth the late Reverend George Crabbe, a clergyman of the Church of England, much esteemed as a preacher ; and, moreover, a most exact and conscientious historian, who has regularly recorded in rhyme the lives and characters of all the paupers, vagabonds, thieves, and felons, of his parish. It was as impossible for such a man, as for one of Gulliver's horses to speak the thing that is not. This testimony, I also here insert at length ; not only for the sake of my argument, but, moreover, because it supplies an apparent deficiency in the present collection, by giving an authentic and correct account of Jack the Giant-Killer, whose history has been omitted in these pages, in consequence of the intention of the publisher to print hereafter a most splendid edition of it alone, illustrated with engravings, by the best artists, after the designs of the late Benjamin West. Thus then, after having first spoken of "Thumb the Great," speaketh the Rev. George Crabbe, LL.D., rector of Trowbridge, touching Jack the Giant-Killer :—

" There too was he, by wizard power upheld,
 JACK, by whose arm the giant-breed was quelled,
 His shoes of swiftness on his feet he placed,
 His coat of darkness on his loins he braced ;
 His sword of sharpness in his hand he took,
 And off the heads of doughty giants stroke :
 Their glaring eyes beheld no mortal near,
 No sound of feet alarmed the drowsy ear.
 No English blood, their pagan sense could smell,
 But heads, dropped, headlong, wondering why they fell."

For the same reason that I have quoted these two great English authorities, I shall now appeal to an American author, who though he wrote on this occasion under the name of my old and much-

esteemed friend, John Brown, is well known to be a gentleman of the city of New York, whose bare word is daily taken by hundreds of readers for the most strange and unexpected occurrences at home and abroad. I, therefore, see no good reason why his assertion is not equally entitled to credit on the present occasion.

“So erst great JACK, with love of glory fired,
 To climb the bean-vine’s flexile stem aspired;
 From leaf to leaf the supple urchin springs,
 Finds a safe stair among the verdant rings;
 Soars till his mother’s eyes behold no more,
 Nor stays, till at the giant’s brazen door;
 Then by the careful housewife hidden well,
 Eludes the monster’s sight and cheats his smell;
 Till stealing sleep at last, with soft surprise,
 Lets down the lofty lids that arch his eyes.
 Then by his couch the youthful hero stands,
 The bright blade gleaming in his upraised hand;—
 Falls the keen steel, the jointed bones divide,
 From the black arteries spouts the vital tide;
 Rolls thundering on the floor the sever’d head,
 And listening nations hold their breath in dread.”

Thus again, we have from a sound and accurate authority, at once, a beautiful paraphrase of the undoubted tradition of Jack the Giant-Killer, and a most conclusive attestation to its truth.

What further evidence can reasonable people require, than three poets—a prime minister, an editor, and a clergyman. Yes; these traditions are true every word of them. Not perhaps, strictly and literally throughout, but yet implicitly and essentially. If the events did not happen in the very manner and order herein set forth, yet do they all involve the certain truth of that which has happened before, and will happen again. Who is there that has lived thirty years in the world, but has seen with his own eyes, Beauty and the Beast coupled together, “paired not matched;” but has witnessed the sudden elevation of some Cinderella over envious rivals, with fairer

earthly prospects than hers ; but can attest to the success of some industrious Whittington, or else can bear testimony to the vanity of human desires, as recorded in the story of the Three Wishes ? The poet spake like a man of common sense, who called this,

“ Truth severe, in fairy fictions dressed.”

It is nonsense to talk of geology or political economy, in the present state of those sciences, being half so true as the essential moral truth of these tales. Nor, indeed, does history itself, as commonly taught the young in dry chronological tables and meager catalogues of musty names, contain one quarter so much of living reality. Truth, indeed ! If they are not coarse common matter-of-fact truth, they are something much better, because they are more true. For how much more true is the truth of fiction than fictitious truth ! Ariosto called the glittering, sparkling creations of his own genius, “ Magnanimous Deceits ;” and such are these—unreal, perhaps, and yet most true.

“ Stories of good old times, ye legends old—
Legends no more by infant hands unrolled !
Magnanimous deceits ! where favoured youth
Found sweet repose from flat, prosaic truth ;
For you I raise my firm unaltered voice,
Fancy my guide and Fairy-land my choice.”

In addition to the general objection raised by ignorant people, as to the truth of these stories, there is another notion prevalent on this side of the Atlantic. Many worthy people think that this kind of literature is suited only to the old countries, and of course that our American children have nothing to do with such knowledge. In fact, to such an extent is this strange prejudice carried among us, that no longer ago than last month, I heard a well-educated American lady assure her Irish chambermaid, who had expressed the fear, common in her native country, of talking too freely of “ the good people.”

lest they might overhear and punish the insult, that "there were no fairies at all in this country." She might as well have assured her attendant at once, that there were no "good people" here, in the literal sense of the phrase, as well as in its mystic Irish meaning of elfs and fairies. It is quite provoking to be obliged to argue against such a self-evident mistake. If the elfs and fairies live on the other side the Atlantic, what, in the name of common sense, is there to prevent them paying some occasional visits here? Can they not, according to the best authorities, flit unseen from Old England to the farthest shores of India, as Titania did, who though a regular English fairy, used to gossip at night "in the spiced Indian air?" Does not King Oberon expressly say—

"We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon?"

Does not Robin Goodfellow boast of being able to "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes?" And what is still more in point, as to crossing the Atlantic, was not Ariel, sent by his master, from the coast of Africa, to fetch dew at midnight from the Bermudas? But to come to the point at once; in the very last exhibition of the American Academy, there was a portrait of Puck or Robin Goodfellow himself, painted by a young American artist, a Mr. Chapman, who, it is quite clear, could never have painted the mischief-loving sprite as he did, had he not actually seen him at his tricks in some Yankee dairy. Moreover, have we not the exquisite poem of the Culprit Fay, wherein the elfin court, assembled, near the Crow-Nest, in the Highlands of the Hudson, is described so minutely and accurately, that there should be no more doubting about the matter—at least among candid and reasonable folks.

"Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell:
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;

He has counted them all with clicking stroke,
 Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,
 And he has awakened the sentry elf
 That sleeps with him in the haunted tree
 To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
 And call the fays to their revelry ;
 Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell—
 'Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell—
 ' Midnight comes, and all is well !
 Goblins ! hither wing your way !
 'Tis the dawn of the fairy day.'

They come from beds of lichen green,
 They creep from the mullein's velvet screen :
 Some on the backs of beetles fly
 From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
 Where they swing in their cobweb hammocks high,
 And rock about in the evening breeze ;
 Some from the hum'-birds downy nest—
 They had driven him out by elfin power,
 And, pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
 Had slumbered there till the charmed hour ;
 Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
 With glittering isinglass inlaid ;
 And some had opened the four-o'clock,
 And stole within its quivering shade.
 And now they throng the moonlight glade,
 Above—below—on every side,
 Their little mimick forms arrayed
 In the tricky pomp of fairy pride !

* * * * *

The throne was reared upon the grass
 Of the spice-wood and the sassafras ;
 On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
 Hung the burnished canopy—
 And o'er them gorgeous curtains fell
 Of the tulip's crimson drapery.
 The monarch sat on his judgment-seat,
 On his brow the crown imperial shone,
 The prisoner fay was at his feet,
 And his peers were ranged around the throne."

Besides all this, supposing that we had no fairies on this side the Atlantic, what is that to the purpose? How does it prove that our young folks ought not to be initiated into their literature and history as well as with that of Greece and Rome, France and Italy? But if I go on at this rate, quoting my authorities, and refuting the objections of all sorts of foolish people, a regular essay upon fairy and traditionary literature will be produced instead of the simple preface, which is all that the publishers will give me room for, at present. I am sorry for it on our readers' account; for, in addition to the great merit which the original part of it could not fail to derive from my perfect knowledge and intense love of the subject, the essay would of necessity be filled, stuffed, crammed, like roguish Jack Horner's orthodox Christmas pie, with a dainty variety of the most delicious morsels, with sweets of every flavour, and all of them exquisite. It would be candied and sugared over with rich and rare quotations of every size and colour, until the whole would sparkle with the brightest, gayest fancies of antique wit and modern fancy. It would glitter like Prince Arthur's crest, as described in the Fairy Queen, that lofty crest, which—

"Discoloured diversely
With sprinkled pearl and gold full richly dressed,
Did shake and seemed to dance for jollity."

In fact it must be written, but not now. It shall be reserved for the introductory volume to the Harpers' proposed splendid cabinet edition of all the works of true fiction that have ever been written. At present the Messrs. Harper want a preface for a little book and nothing more. They are men of business and must be obeyed.

Our meritorious publishers, perceiving the lamentable neglect into which this choice part of our ancient literature has fallen amongst us, determined, with a noble and lofty ambition, worthy of the immortal Newbery himself, to supply the deficiency. At a great expense, for

in addition to the cost of foreign correspondence, one of the partners of the house has himself travelled over the greatest part of Europe with no other object—they collected the most approved and earliest editions of the ancient English story-books, and a large selection of those best attested and most generally credited in France, Holland, and Germany. All of the English stories were by their order carefully collated with the original editions, printed by Caxton and Wynkin de Worde, and preserved in the British Museum, or the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Those in foreign tongues were carefully translated by learned professors of the respective languages, and the whole diligently revised, arranged, and printed under the superintendance of an editor deeply read in all such good learning. Let not our readers imagine, that by this last sentence, I mean indirectly to compliment my own labour and learning. For, as our experienced publishers understand the value of a proper division of labour quite as well as if they had studied the primer of Political Economy in their childhood, instead of Tom Thumb, the task of editing this great and good work was distributed among those most suited for the several duties it demanded. Thus having confined my own labours to the preface, (the fruit, as all competent judges will perceive, of much profound thought and study,) I am entitled to bear witness with authority to the great merit of my fellow-workmen. I must frankly own my own most decided preference for that part of the collection originally English, over that which comes from the continent of Europe, and now appears in translation. Nevertheless, these latter stories have their merit, and add a rich variety to the collection, so that every taste may be suited. The French stories are certainly wanting in those deep touches of the pathetic, and those sudden and Napoleon-like transitions, in a single step, from the laughable to the sublime, such as characterize those ancient English narratives, whose plastic influence formed the minds of Shakspeare, Milton, and Jeremy Taylor. Yet many of them are of exceeding merit in their

way—gay, pleasant, and agreeable. Some of them, too, convey a refined morality of no vulgar order. Such, for instance, is that of *Peronella*; which it is well to mention here, we owe to no less an author than the excellent *Fenelon*. Think of that, ye materialists in education—ye unbelievers in hoary tradition—ye maligners of time-honoured fairy lore; think what an attestation is this to the truth and value of our volume, that for one of its choicest ornaments we should be indebted to *FENELON*, an archbishop of the church, and a prince of the empire; and what is much better, the model of every Christian virtue, one of the best, the purest, the gentlest, the wisest of men.

The book has been printed with great care and taste, and adorned with exquisite wood-cuts. The workmanship of these is claimed by *Mr. Adams* of this city, as the engraver of all, and the designer of many of them. But that scrupulous matter-of-fact accuracy, for which the reader must have seen I am very remarkable, obliges me to confess that this is a mere imposition. Indeed, any connoisseur may perceive at once, as my friend *Michael Paff* did at the first glance, that these are the work of no clumsy mortal fingers, but undoubtedly the product of elfish art. As far as I can judge of such things, they seem to be the handiwork of the industrious *Puck* or *Robin Goodfellow* himself, who, I think, must have drawn all the figures. *Mr. Adams*, who is a capital artist in his way, I presume, did the mechanical part, though that too may have been retouched at night by fairy hands. Indeed, if this were not exactly so, I do not see how the publishers, meritorious as they are otherwise, could have been pardonable in substituting these new inventions, (“delicate devices” though they be,) in place of the ancient and authentic cuts to the several tales respectively appertaining from a time beyond which the memory of man runneth not. Even as it is, as soon as the publishers have cleared their first hundred thousand dollars by the present publication, they are bound, for the gratification of old-fashioned people like myself, to publish a precise fac-simile edition of the whole

set, in exact conformity with the oldest printed copies, cuts and all ; like the fine London reprint of the first folio edition of Shakspeare, cut for cut, page for page, and letter for letter.

Having in the course of the preceding remarks more than once pledged my reputation for the truth and morality of these narratives, it behoves me before closing this introduction, to ease my conscience on one single point. By so doing, I trust to show my candour and impartiality, and thus prove my opinions to be worthy of full faith and credit in every other respect.

It is on the subject of PUSS IN BOOTS that I am constrained to speak. Whose feelings may be hurt, I care not, for I must speak plainly. Even in my childish years the monstrous and unblushing falsehoods told by this managing, fawning Grimalkin, always shocked my moral sensibilities. Since, in maturer life, I have studied the art of criticism, as laid down by Aristotle, Bossu, Blair, and the several quarterly and monthly reviewers at home and abroad, I have become equally convinced that the reward bestowed upon Puss at the end, by making him "become a great lord, and never running after rats and mice any more, except for amusement," is against all poetical justice, and contrary to good morals. Let me be distinctly understood in this matter. It is not that I have any weak dislike to cats in general. Shakspeare calls them a harmless, necessary race. They are more than that. I love and esteem them. Dogs are faithful, intelligent, affectionate, but they are slaves—kind loving slaves indeed—but not the equal friends of man. The cat acknowledges no master ; she enters into equal and honourable friendship with a proud and jealous spirit of independence. I esteem the cat in private life, for her sagacity, her cleanliness, her maternal tenderness, and domestic virtues. Nor is the historical and literary cat without dignity. Whittington's cat was a paragon of virtuous enterprise, like her master. The White Cat was a model of the gentler virtues. Mahomet composed his Koran to the music of his furred favourite's purring. Dr.

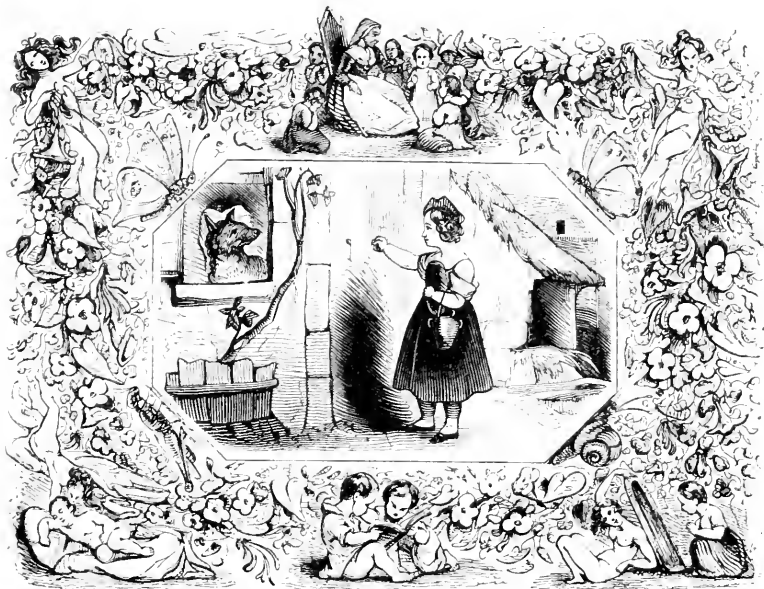
Johnson would not suffer his venerable Hodge to be slaughtered, but fed him in old age, as faithful chroniclers report, with Colchester oysters. St. Jerome, Robinson Crusoe, and David Hume, all delighted in cats. It is not, therefore, to cats, or to any thing that can add lustre to their name, that I object; but to the especial, the abominable, the dangerous example of this individual male cat, called Puss in Boots. The tale could not be omitted, because it was a genuine relic of antiquity; but I have no doubt, in my own mind, that there must originally have been a second part to this narrative, in which the mendacious mouser was soundly punished for his bad habits, in spite of the success that at first seemed to attend him. If this be in existence, I trust that the Messrs. Harper will procure it, and add it to their next edition. For this purpose I advise them to have diligent search made in the libraries of the English and Scotch universities, the British Museum, the Record Office, and the collection of manuscripts at Lambeth.

Protesting, meanwhile, most solemnly, as in conscience bound to do, against the evil conduct and bad example of Puss in Boots, I commend the rest of the volume to all good boys and girls, and kind fathers and mothers, to the young, who desire to be happy, and to the old, who have not yet forgotten that they were once young; promising to each and all of them, that these antique fables and fairy toys, light and fantastic as the worldly wise man may deem them, will, if read and studied in the simple faith and pure spirit in which they were written, be found,

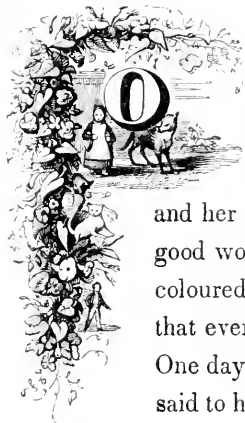
“To witness more than Fancy’s images,
And grow to something of great constancy.”

As I make it a rule never to write anonymously, I sign my name at full, as heretofore, to my literary publications.

JOHN SMITH.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.



ONCE upon a time, a country girl lived in a village, who was the sweetest little creature that ever was seen; her mother naturally loved her with excessive fondness, and her grandmother doated on her still more. The good woman had made for her a pretty little red-coloured hood, which so much became the little girl, that every one called her Little Red Riding Hood. One day, her mother having made some cheesecakes, said to her : “ Go, my child, and see how your grand-

mother does, for I hear she is ill; carry her some of these cakes, and a little pot of butter." Little Red Riding Hood straight set out with a basket filled with the cakes and the pot of butter, for her grandmother's house, which was in a village a little way off the town that her mother lived in. As she was crossing a wood, which lay in her road, she met a large wolf, which had a great mind to eat her up, but dared not, for fear of some woodcutters, who were at work near them in the forest. Yet he spoke to her, and asked her whither she was going. The little girl, who did not know the danger of talking to a wolf, replied: "I am going to see my grandmamma, and carry these cakes and a pot of butter."—"Does she live far off?" said the wolf. "Oh, yes!" answered Little Red Riding Hood; "beyond the mill you see yonder, at the first house in the village."—"Well," said the wolf, "I will take this way, and you take that, and see which will be there the soonest."

The wolf set out full speed, running as fast as he could, and taking the nearest way, while the little girl took the longest; and as she went along began to gather nuts, run after butterflies, and make nosegays of such flowers as she found within her reach. The wolf got to the dwelling of the grandmother first, and knocked at the door. "Who is there?" said some voice in the house. "It is your grandchild, Little Red Riding Hood," said the wolf, speaking like the little girl as well as he could. "I have brought you some cheesecakes, and a little pot of butter, that mamma has sent you." The good old woman, who was ill in bed, called out, "Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up."

The wolf pulled the bobbin, and the door went open : the wolf then jumped upon the poor old grandmother, and ate her up in a moment, for it was three days since he had tasted any food. The wolf then shut the door, and laid himself down in the bed, and waited for Little Red Riding Hood, who very soon after reached the house.

Tap! tap! "Who is there?" cried he. She was at first a little afraid at hearing the gruff voice of the wolf, but she thought that perhaps her grandmother had got a cold, so she answered : "It is your grandchild, Little Red Riding Hood : mamma has sent you some cheesecakes, and a little pot of butter." The wolf cried out in a softer voice, "Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up." Little Red Riding Hood pulled the bobbin, and the door went open. When she came into the room, the wolf hid himself under the bedclothes, and said to her, trying all he could to speak in a feeble voice : "Put the basket on the stool, my dear, and take off your clothes, and come into bed." Little Red Riding Hood, who always used to do what she was told, straight undressed herself, and stepped into bed ; but she thought it strange to see how her grandmother looked in her night-clothes, so she said to her : "Dear me, grandmamma, what great arms you have got!"—"They are so much the better to hug you, my child," replied the wolf. "But, grandmamma," said the little girl, "what great ears you have got!"—"They are so much the better to hear you, my child," replied the wolf. "But then, grandmamma, what great eyes you have got," said the little girl. "They are so much the better to see you, my child," replied the wolf. "And,

grandmamma, what great teeth you have got!" said the little girl, who now began to be rather afraid. "They are to eat you up," said the wolf; and saying these words the wicked creature fell upon Little Red Riding Hood, and ate her up in a moment.





DIAMONDS AND TOADS.



HERE was once upon a time a widow who had two daughters. The eldest was so extremely like her, both in temper and person, that whoever saw the one saw the other also; they were both so very proud and disagreeable that nobody could live with them. The youngest, who was the exact picture of her father, in good nature and sweetness of manner, was also the most beautiful creature ever seen. As it is natural to love those who resemble us, the mother doted upon the eldest, and no less hated the youngest. She made her eat in

the kitchen, and work all the day with the servants. Among other things, the poor child was obliged to go twice a day to draw water at a fountain more than a mile and a half distant from the house, and bring home a large pitcher filled with it, as well as she could. One day, when she was at the fountain, a poor woman came up to her, and asked her to let her drink.

“That I will, Goody, most readily,” said the sweet-tempered creature; and washing out the pitcher, she filled it at the clearest part of the fountain, and held it to the old woman’s mouth that she might drink the more easily. The old woman having drunk, said to her: “Since you are so pretty, so kind, and so obliging, my dear, I will bestow on you a gift;” (for it was a fairy in disguise who had asked her to drink, just to see how far the little girl’s good nature would go.) “I give you,” continued she, “that whenever you speak there shall come out of your mouth either a rose or a diamond.” When the sweet girl got home, her mother began to scold her for staying so long at the fountain. “I ask your pardon, mamma,” said she, “for not being at home sooner:” and as she pronounced these words, there fell from her lips two roses, two pearls, and two large diamonds.

“What do I see!” cried the mother, quite astonished. “As sure as any thing she drops diamonds and pearls from her mouth in speaking! My child, how happens this?” (This was the first time she had ever called her “My child.”) The poor girl told her mother all that had befallen her at the fountain, dropping pearls and diamonds from her mouth all the time she was speaking. “Upon my word,” said her mother, “this is very lucky, truly:

I will send my darling thither directly. Fanny! Fanny! look! do you see what falls from the mouth of your sister when she speaks? Should you not like to have the same gift bestowed on you? Well, you have only to go to the fountain, and when a poor woman asks you to let her drink, to grant her request in the most civil manner.”—“Vastly pretty, truly, it would be to see me go and draw water at the fountain! Not I, indeed,” replied the proud creature. “But I insist on your going, and at this very moment, too,” answered her mother. The pert hussy accordingly set out, taking with her the best silver tankard in the house, and grumbling all the way as she went. She had no sooner reached the fountain, than a lady, most magnificently dressed, came out of a wood just by, and asked her to let her drink. (This was the very fairy who had bestowed the rich gift on the youngest sister, and had now taken the dress and manners of a princess, to see how far the insolent airs of the haughty creature would go.) “Am I come here,” said the illbred minx, “to draw water for you? O yes, the best silver tankard in the house was brought here on purpose for your ladyship, I suppose! However, you may drink out of it if you have a fancy.”—“You are not very obliging,” replied the fairy, without putting herself in a passion: “but since you have behaved with so little civility, I give you for a gift, that at every word you speak there shall come out of your mouth either a toad or a viper.”

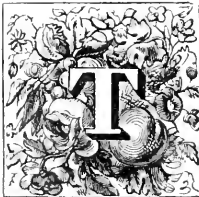
As soon as her mother perceived her coming home, she called out: “Well, daughter?”—“Well, mother,” answered the pert hussy. And as she spoke, two toads, and two vipers dropped

from her mouth upon the ground. "Oh, mercy," cried the mother, "what do I see? It is the jade thy sister who is the cause of all this! But she shall pay for it, I warrant her," and instantly went to look for her that she might beat her. The poor innocent ran away as fast as she could, and reached a neighbouring forest. The king's son who had been hunting, happened to meet her, and observing how beautiful she was, asked her what she was doing all alone in the forest, and why she cried? "Alas!" said she, sobbing as if her heart would break, "my mother, sir, has turned me out of doors." The king's son, seeing pearls and diamonds fall from her mouth at every word she spoke, desired her to tell him the reason of such a wonder. The good girl accordingly related to him all that had befallen her at the fountain. The prince was so charmed with her beauty and innocence, that he asked her to become his wife; and as the gift she possessed was worth more than the largest marriage portion, he conducted her to the palace of the king his father, and married her immediately. As for her sister, she grew even perter than before, and behaved in all respects so very ill, that her own mother was obliged to turn her out of doors; and the miserable creature, after wandering a great way, and vainly trying to prevail upon some one to give her food and shelter, went into a wood and there died of grief and hunger, unlamented by any one.





BLUE BEARD.



THERE was, some time ago, a gentleman who was very rich ; he had fine town and country houses ; his dishes and plates were all of gold or silver ; his rooms were hung with damask ; his chairs and sofas were covered with the richest silks, and his carriages were all gilt with gold in a grand style. But it happened that this gentleman had a blue beard, which made him so very frightful and ugly, that none of the ladies, in the parts where he lived, would venture to go into his company. Now, there was a certain lady of rank, who lived very

near him, and had two daughters, both of them of very great beauty. Blue Beard asked her to bestow one of them upon him for a wife; and left it to herself to choose which of the two it should be. But both the young ladies again and again said they would never marry Blue Beard; yet, to be as civil as they could, each of them said, the only reason why she would not have him was, because she was loath to hinder her sister from the match, which would be such a good one for her. Still, the truth of the matter was, they could neither of them bear the thoughts of having a husband with a blue beard; and besides, they had heard of his having been married to several wives before, and nobody could tell what had ever become of any of them. As Blue Beard wished very much to gain their favour, he asked the lady and her daughters, and some ladies who were on a visit at their house, to go with him to one of his country seats, where they spent a whole week, during which they passed all their time in nothing but parties for hunting and fishing, music, dancing and feasts. No one even thought of going to bed, and the nights were passed in merry-makings of all kinds. In short, the time rolled on in so much pleasure, that the youngest of the two sisters began to think that the beard which she had been so much afraid of, was not so very blue, and that the gentleman who owned it was vastly civil and pleasing. Soon after their return home, she told her mother that she had no longer any dislike to accept of Blue Beard for her husband; and in a very short time they were married.

About a month after the marriage had taken place, Blue Beard

told his wife that he should be forced to leave her for a few weeks, as he had some affairs to attend to in the country. He desired her to be sure to indulge herself in every kind of pleasure ; to invite as many of her friends as she liked ; and to treat them with all sorts of dainties, that her time might pass pleasantly till he came back again. "Here," said he, "are the keys of the two large wardrobes. This is the key of the great box that contains the best plate, which we use for company ; this belongs to my strong box, where I keep my money ; and this belongs to the casket, in which are all my jewels. Here also is a master-key to all the rooms in the house ; but this small key belongs to the closet at the end of the long gallery on the ground floor. I give you leave," said he, "to open, or to do what you like with all the rest. except this closet ; this, my dear, you must not enter, nor even put the key into the lock, for all the world. If you do not obey me in this one thing, you must expect the most dreadful of punishments." She promised to obey his orders in the most faithful manner ; and Blue Beard, after kissing her tenderly, stepped into his coach, and drove away.

When Blue Beard was gone, the friends of his wife did not wait to be asked, so eager were they to see all the riches and fine things she had gained by marriage ; for they had none of them gone to the wedding, on account of their dislike to the blue beard of the bridegroom. As soon as ever they came to the house, they ran about from room to room, from closet to closet, and then from wardrobe to wardrobe, looking into each with wonder and delight, and said, that every fresh one they came to, was richer

and finer than what they had seen the moment before. At last, they came to the drawing-rooms, where their surprise was made still greater by the costly grandeur of the hangings, the sofas, the chairs, carpets, tables, sideboards, and looking-glasses ; the frames of these last were silver-gilt, most richly adorned, and in the glasses they saw themselves from head to foot. In short, nothing could exceed the richness of what they saw ; and they all did not fail to admire and envy the good fortune of their friend. But all this time, the bride herself was far from thinking about the fine speeches they made to her, for she was eager to see what was in the closet her husband had told her not to open. So great, indeed, was her desire to do this, that, without once thinking how rude it would be to leave her guests, she slipped away down a private staircase that led to this forbidden closet, and in such a hurry, that she was two or three times in danger of falling down stairs and breaking her neck.

When she reached the door of the closet, she stopped for a few moments to think of the order her husband had given her ; and how he had told her that he would not fail to keep his word and punish her very severely, if she did not obey him, But she was so very curious to know what was inside, that she made up her mind to venture in spite of every thing. She then, with a trembling hand, put the key into the lock, and the door straight flew open. As the window shutters were closed, she at first could see nothing ; but in a short time she saw that the floor was covered with clotted blood, on which the bodies of several dead women were lying.

These were all the wives whom Blue Beard had married, and killed one after another. At this sight she was ready to sink with fear ; and the key of the closet door, which she held in her hand, fell on the floor. When she had a little got the better of her fright, she took it up, locked the door, and made haste back to her own room, that she might have a little time to get into a humour to amuse her company ; but this she could not do, so great was her fright at what she had seen. As she found that the key of the closet had got stained with blood in falling on the floor, she wiped it two or three times over to clean it ; yet still the blood kept on it the same as before : she next washed it ; but the blood did not move at all : she then scoured it with brickdust, and after with sand ; but in spite of all she could do, the blood was still there ; for the key was a fairy who was Blue Beard's friend ; so that as fast as she got off the blood on one side, it came again on the other. Early in the same evening, Blue Beard came home, saying, that before he had gone far on his journey he was met by a horseman, who was coming to tell him that his affair in the country was settled without his being present ; upon which, his wife said every thing she could think of, to make him believe she was in a transport of joy at his sudden return.

The next morning he asked her for the keys : she gave them to him ; but as she could not help showing her fright, Blue Beard easily guessed what had been the matter. "How is it," said he, "that the key of the closet upon the ground floor is not here ?"—"Is it not ?" said the wife ; "then I must have left it on my dressing-table."—"Be sure you give it me by-and-by," replied

Blue Beard. After going a good many times backwards and forwards, as if she was looking for the key, she was at last forced to give it to Blue Beard. He looked hard at it, and then said: "How came this blood upon the key?"—"I am sure I do not know," replied the poor lady, at the same time turning as white as a sheet. "You do not know?" said Blue Beard, sternly: "but I know well enough. You have been in the closet on the ground floor! Very well, madam: since you are so mighty fond of this closet, you shall be sure to take your place among the ladies you saw there."

His wife, who was almost dead with fear, now fell upon her knees, asked his pardon a thousand times for her fault, and begged him to forgive her; looking all the time so very mournful and lovely, that she would have melted any heart that was not harder than a rock. But Blue Beard only said: "No, no, madam; you shall die this very minute!"—"Alas!" said the poor trembling creature, "if I must die, give me, at least, a little time to say my prayers."—"I give you," replied the cruel Blue Beard, "half a quarter of an hour: not a moment longer." When Blue Beard had left her to herself, she called her sister; and after telling her, as well as she could for sobbing, that she had but half a quarter of an hour to live: "Prithee," said she, "sister Anne," (this was her sister's name,) "run up to the top of the tower, and see if my brothers are not in sight; for they said they would visit me to-day; and if you see them, make a sign for them to gallop on as fast as they can." Her sister straight did as she was desired; and the poor trembling

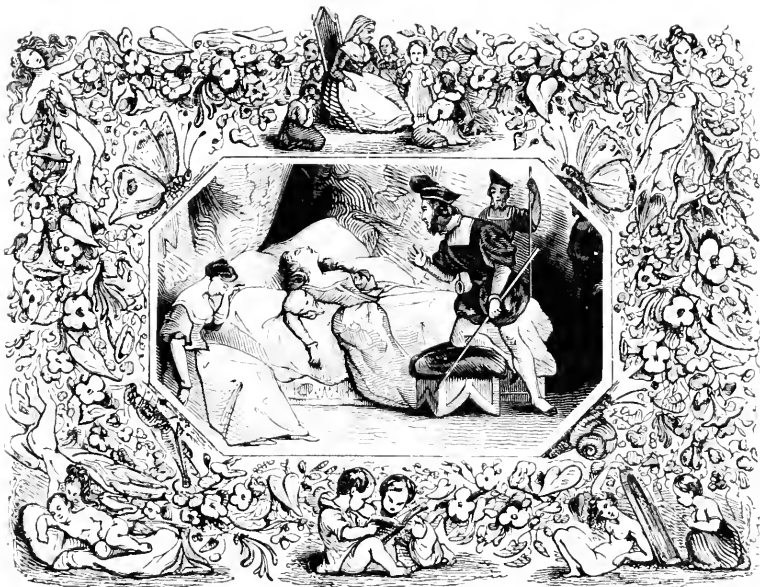
lady every minute cried out to her : “ Anne ! sister Anne ! do you see any one coming ? ” Her sister said, “ I see nothing but the sun, which makes a dust, and the grass, which looks green ”

In the meanwhile, Blue Beard, with a great cimeter in his hand, bawled as loud as he could to his wife : “ Come down at once, or I will fetch you. ”—“ One moment longer, I beseech you, ” replied she, and again called softly to her sister : “ Sister Anne, do you see any one coming ? ” To which she answered, “ I see nothing but the sun, which makes a dust, and the grass, which looks green. ” Blue Beard now again bawled out : “ Come down, I say, this very moment, or I shall come and fetch you. ”—“ I am coming ; indeed, I will come in one minute, ” sobbed his wretched wife. Then she once more cried out : “ Anne ! sister Anne ! do you see any one coming ? ”—“ I see, ” said her sister, “ a cloud of dust a little to the left. ”—“ Do you think it is my brothers ? ” said the wife. “ Alas ! no, dear sister, ” replied she, “ it is only a flock of sheep. ”—“ Will you come down, madam ? ” said Blue Beard, in the greatest rage. “ Only one single moment more, ” said she. And then she called out for the last time, “ Sister Anne ! sister Anne ! do you see no one coming ? ”—“ I see, ” replied her sister, “ two men on horseback coming ; but they are still a great way off. ”—“ Thank God, ” cried she, “ it is my brothers ; beckon them to make haste. ” Blue Beard now cried out so loud for her to come down, that his voice shook the whole house. The poor lady, with her hair loose, and all in tears, now came down and fell on her knees, begging him to spare her life ; but he stopped her saying : “ All this is of no use, for you shall die : ” and then seizing

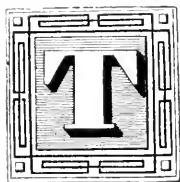
her by the hair, raised his cimeter to strike off her head. The poor woman now begged a single moment to say one prayer. "No, no," said Blue Beard, "I will give you no more time. You have had too much already." And again raising his arm—just at this instant a loud knocking was heard at the gates, which made Blue Beard wait for a moment to see who it was. The gates now flew open, and two officers, dressed in their uniform, came in, and, with their swords in their hands, ran straight to Blue Beard, who, seeing they were his wife's brothers, tried to escape from their presence; but they pursued and seized him before he had gone twenty steps, and plunging their swords into his body, he fell down dead at their feet.

The poor wife, who was almost as dead as her husband, was not able at first to rise and embrace her brothers; but she soon came to herself; and, as Blue Beard had no heirs, she found herself the owner of his great riches. She gave a part of his vast fortune as a marriage dowry to her sister Anne, who soon after became the wife of a young gentleman who had long loved her. Some of the money she laid out in buying captain's commissions for her two brothers; and the rest she gave to a worthy gentleman whom she married shortly after, and whose kind treatment soon made her forget Blue Beard's cruelty





THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.



HERE was once upon a time a king and queen, who had been married many years ; they began to be very unhappy because they had neither a son nor daughter. It is true they had riches, enjoyed excellent health, had the means of possessing all the luxuries of life, but as they had not a child, they were constantly discontented. The king and queen did not, however, repine in vain ; for at last they were favoured with a daughter. The christening of the infant princess was to be magnificent.

As the king and queen possessed immense riches, all that wealth could provide was to be exhibited on this occasion.

There were seven fairies in that country, but no others were known to live there. All the fairies that could be found were invited to be present at the approaching festivity. The object of this invitation was, that these magical ladies might be sponsors to the child; and that each of them might pronounce a blessing upon the infant. They accordingly attended. When the ceremony was over, all the company returned to the royal palace, where a superb entertainment was prepared. Each of the fairies had a golden plate set at table; and every article they were to use was of extreme value. Just as the company were about to sit down at table, an old fairy came into the room, supposed to have been long dead. When she entered the room, all present looked at her with astonishment; and she was told that no one knew she was in these countries, or she would have been invited as well as the other fairies. The king ordered a seat to be placed for her, but he could not furnish her with a golden plate, which had been procured for each of the seven fairies. When the old fairy perceived that her plate was not so costly as those which had been placed for the seven fairies, she chose to imagine that the king did not treat her with sufficient respect, and she uttered to herself some menaces of resentment. It happened that a young fairy, who sat near this envious old creature, heard what she had said, and dreaded the revenge which she knew was about to be practised. The young fairy, however, was anxious to mitigate whatever calamity might be intended by the

elder one, and she, therefore, left the table, and hid herself behind a window curtain. The fairies soon began to bestow the blessings on the child. The first said that her beauty should surpass that of any human being. The second, that her wit should be unrivalled throughout the world. The third, in every action and gesture she should exhibit perfect grace. The fourth, that she should dance with excellence. The fifth, that her singing should transcend all melody. The sixth, that she should perform with the utmost skill on every instrument of music. The old fairy now came to speak; envy and revenge were apparent as she uttered her malediction:—"The gift I bestow on the princess, is, that she shall hurt her hand with a spindle, and her life shall immediately cease." This cruel sentence made all the company shudder. But while they were thus lamenting, the young fairy came from behind the curtain, and, in a kind voice, gave them some comfort: "Do not, O king and queen, be in so much grief for your daughter; for, although I cannot dissolve the sentence which a fairy older than myself has pronounced, yet I can prevent her intention. Although the princess's life must cease whenever she shall wound herself with a spindle, yet it shall not cease for ever. She shall only fall into a deep sleep, which must last a hundred years;—but at the expiration of that time, she shall be awakened by a young prince." The king, therefore, commanded it to be made known, that any person who should use a spindle, or even have one, should be punished with death. Not a spindle was to be seen throughout these dominions; for the people having heard of the old fairy's cruel sentence, were

as anxious to obey the king's decree, as he had been to issue it. About sixteen years after this time, the princess was amusing herself by wandering from room to room through the extensive palace of the king, her father. At last, she found her way to a small chamber at the top of a tower, in which a very old woman, who had never heard of the king's decree, sat at work with a spindle. The princess was very anxious to know what this could be, and how it was used, and what for. "What are you doing, Goody?"—"I am spinning, my pretty young lady," said the old woman, who did not know that she was talking to the princess. "Dear me," said the princess, "how I should like to do such pretty work; pray, let me try." She took the spindle into her hand, but as soon as she had done so, being lively and giddy, she ran the point of it into her hand, and fell down instantly, as if dead. When the old woman saw that the princess lay insensible, she was dreadfully alarmed, called out for help, and a number of people ran up to her. They threw cold water into the princess's face, and used every thing else which they thought likely to revive her; but it was of no use, she lay perfectly unconscious. The circumstance reached the ears of the king, who lost no time in hastening home, and immediately went to the chamber in which the princess lay. He remembered the prediction of the old fairy, and knowing that he could not oppose that which had been thus pronounced by the fairy, he made up his mind to bear it with all the patience he could command. He ordered the servants to carry his daughter into a chamber that was in the palace, and lay her on a bed of rich velvet.

When the princess was lying on this bed, her appearance was so exquisitely lovely, that she might have been regarded as an angel. The sleep in which she lay, had not at all impaired her beauty. Her eyes, indeed, which had lately sparkled with fire, or languished with tenderness, were hidden. She breathed softly, sufficiently to show that her faculties were only suspended, and not destroyed. The king ordered that no one should disturb her, he knew that every effort would be unavailing, and he submitted with as much resignation as he could command. The kind fairy who had saved the prince's life, soon heard of the accident. "Perhaps," said she, "when the princess awakes, she may be alarmed to find herself alone in this palace." She immediately touched all the persons in the palace, except the king and queen, with her wand, and instantly the maids of honour, governesses, waiting women, lords and gentlemen of the chamber, stewards, cooks, scullions, guards, pages, and footmen, were thrown into a sleep as profound as that of the princess. She touched also with her wand the horses in the stable, the grooms, the dogs in the stable-yard, and even the princess's favourite lapdog, which was lying beside her on the bed. Every creature thus fell fast asleep. Nothing could be more curious than to behold such a scene, for some of the domestics were employed at the time that this sudden sleep was imposed upon them. The king and queen now kissed their daughter, and left the palace. Orders were then given that whoever should dare to approach the palace should suffer death. But the fairy instantly caused a number of trees of all sorts and sizes to spring up entirely round the palace.

Nothing could be seen but the spires of the palace, which just showed their heads over the thick wood which the trees formed. In progress of time the king and queen died. During the long interval which the princess had to sleep, no one ventured to go near the palace. For not only the king's decree was sufficient to dissuade the people, and the wood around was too thick to admit of any passage to the palace, but it was very generally believed that the palace was now inhabited by fairies. At the end of a hundred years, the son of a king, but not of the same family as the Sleeping Beauty, happened to pass near the palace when he was one day hunting. He asked the neighbouring people who was the owner of this wood, and the building which he saw was within it. They told him the different tales which they had heard of it. Some of them said it was an old castle that was haunted by ghosts. Whilst he was considering all the reports he had heard, an old man came up to him and said : " May it please your royal highness, I was told more than fifty years ago by my father, that my grandfather had mentioned to him, that within this wood there is a palace, in which a princess of very great beauty lies in a profound sleep ; that the sleep was to continue upon her a hundred years, at the expiration of which time she was to be awakened by a king's son, who was to become her husband." The prince began to think that if the man's account had any truth in it, that he himself might be the very prince who was to awaken her. As soon as he reached the wood, the trees, the bushes, and the brambles, moved aside and permitted him to pass. He advanced towards the palace, and

thought it very strange that no human being should appear in any part of this place ; but was more astonished to find, that the trees, bushes, and brambles, had again closed, and that no one had been able to follow him to the palace. The prince's courage, however, was not easily daunted ; and having come thus far, he determined to explore this mysterious edifice. At length he reached the building, the portal of which opened when he came to it. He entered a spacious hall ; all the men and creatures the fairy had laid asleep were stretched on the ground, and seemed as if dead. He saw, however, when he looked a little more patiently, that they were only asleep. The prince proceeded to an inner hall of great magnificence ; several persons here also were asleep ; an elegant flight of stairs was opposite ; the prince proceeded through a number of other rooms ; at last he came to a room of extreme elegance ; the hangings of this chamber were of the most exquisite velvet. In this room was a most superb bed ; nothing could exceed the magnificence of this bedstead and its draperies.

He approached with caution and respect, but nothing could equal his delight and wonder when he there beheld the Sleeping Beauty. He saw she was about sixteen years of age, but her countenance exceeded every thing his eyes had seen, or even his imagination could have conceived of a human being. He ventured, however, to approach more nearly ; he perceived the gentle breathings by which existence was indicated. He spoke, but no answer was returned ; at length he gently laid hold of one of the lovely hands which lay extended. The princess

immediately awoke, for the charm was dissolved. She looked at the prince with tenderness. "Is it you, my prince?" said she; "how long I have been expecting you." The prince, enraptured by these words, was still more astonished when he beheld her eyes beaming intelligence and love. Her voice was melodious. He could not withhold the assurances of his veneration and of his affection; he could not deny himself the gratification of telling this paragon of loveliness how dear she was to him. These assurances seemed to give her pleasure. The prince took her hand, and led her to the table. As soon as they were seated the musicians, who had also enjoyed a long repose, began to play. Whilst they were at dinner the kind fairy arrived. She told the prince and princess the true account of all that had happened, and touched with her magical wand all ancient-looking objects, and they instantly assumed a modern appearance. The furniture of the rooms was suddenly metamorphosed into that which was then the prevailing fashion. The dresses of the princess and all her attendants were immediately transformed into the most elegant habiliments of the present time. Within a few days the grand ceremonial of their marriage took place. Never had before been seen such true splendour, such magnificence in arrangement, and such costliness of grandeur. This happy couple were married; they lived happily together to a good old age. Their lives were employed in doing good. They reared a family in the practice of every virtue; and they died beloved and lamented.



PUSS IN BOOTS.



HERE was a miller who had three sons, and when he died he divided what he possessed among them in the following manner: he gave his mill to the eldest, his ass to the second, and his cat to the youngest. Each of the brothers, accordingly, took what belonged to him, without the help of an attorney, who would soon have brought their little fortune to nothing in law expenses. The poor young fellow who had nothing but the cat, complained that he was hardly used: "My brothers," said he, "by joining their stocks together, may do

well in the world, but for me, when I have eaten my cat, and made a fur cap of his skin, I may soon die of hunger!" The cat, who all this time sat listening just inside the door of a cupboard, now ventured to come out and address him as follows: "Do not thus afflict yourself, my good master: you have only to give me a bag, and get a pair of boots made for me, so that I may scamper through the dirt and the brambles, and you shall see that you are not so ill provided for as you imagine." Though the cat's master did not much depend upon these promises, yet, as he had often observed the cunning tricks puss used to catch the rats and mice, such as hanging by the hind legs, and hiding in the meal to make believe that he was dead, he did not entirely despair of his being of some use to him in his unhappy condition.

When the cat had obtained what he asked for, he gayly began to equip himself: he drew on his boots; and putting the bag about his neck, he took hold of the strings with his fore paws, and bidding his master take courage, immediately sallied forth. The first attempt puss made was to go into a warren, in which there was a great number of rabbits. He put some bran and some parsley into his bag, and then stretching himself out at full length as if he were dead, he waited for some young rabbits, who as yet knew nothing of the cunning tricks of the world, to come and get into the bag, the better to feast upon the dainties he had put into it. Scarcely had he lain down before he succeeded as well as could be wished.

A giddy young rabbit crept into the bag, and the cat immediately drew the strings, and killed him without mercy. Puss,

proud of his prey, hastened directly to the palace, where he asked to speak to the king. On being shown into the apartment of his majesty, he made a low bow, and said: "I have brought you, sire, this rabbit from the warren of my lord, the marquis of Carabas, who commanded me to present it to your majesty with the assurance of his respect." (This was the title the cat thought proper to bestow upon his master.) "Tell my lord marquis of Carabas," replied the king, "that I accept of his present with pleasure, and that I am greatly obliged to him." Soon after, the cat laid himself down in the same manner in a field of corn, and had as much good fortune as before; for two fine partridges got into his bag, which he immediately killed and carried to the palace: the king received them as he had done the rabbit, and ordered his servants to give the messenger something to drink. In this manner he continued to carry presents of game to the king from my lord marquis of Carabas, once at least in every week.

One day, the cat having heard that the king intended to take a ride that morning by the river's side with his daughter, who was the most beautiful princess in the world, he said to his master: "If you will but follow my advice, your fortune is made. Take off your clothes, and bathe yourself in the river, just in the place I shall show you, and leave the rest to me." The marquis of Carabas did exactly as he was desired, without being able to guess at what the cat intended. While he was bathing the king passed by, and puss directly called out as loud as he could bawl: "Help! help! my lord marquis of Carabas is in danger of being

drowned !” The king hearing the cries, put his head out at the window of his carriage to see what was the matter : when, perceiving the very cat who had brought him so many presents, he ordered his attendants to go directly to the assistance of my lord marquis of Carabas. While they were employed in taking the marquis out of the river, the cat ran to the king’s carriage, and told his majesty, that while his master was bathing, some thieves had run off with his clothes as they lay by the river’s side : the cunning cat all the time having hid them under a large stone. The king hearing this, commanded the officers of his wardrobe to fetch one of the handsomest suits it contained, and present it to my lord marquis of Carabas, at the same time loading him with a thousand attentions. As the fine clothes they brought him made him look like a gentleman, and set off his person, which was very comely, to the greatest advantage, the king’s daughter was mightily taken with his appearance ; and the marquis of Carabas had no sooner cast upon her two or three respectful glances, than she became violently in love with him.

The king insisted on his getting into the carriage, and taking a ride with them. The cat, enchanted to see how well his scheme was likely to succeed, ran before to a meadow that was reaping, and said to the reapers : “ Good people, if you do not tell the king, who will soon pass this way, that the meadow you are reaping belongs to my lord marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as mince-meat.” The king did not fail to ask the reapers, to whom the meadow belonged : “ To my lord marquis of Carabas,” said they all at once ; for the threats of the

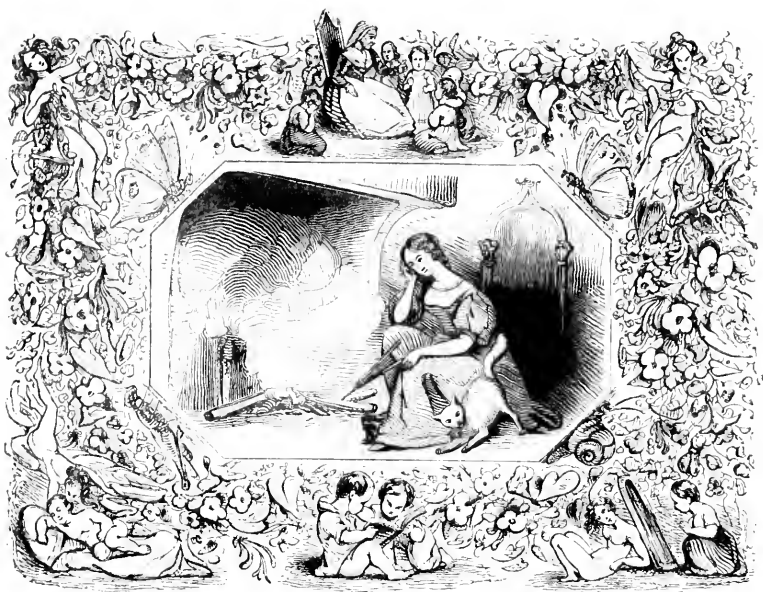
cat had terribly frightened them. "You have here a very fine piece of land, my lord marquis," said the king. "Truly, sire," replied he, "it does not fail to bring me every year a plentiful harvest." The cat, who still went on before, now came to a field where some other labourers were making sheaves of the corn they had reaped, to whom he said, as before: "Good people, if you do not tell the king who will presently pass this way, that the corn you have reaped in this field belongs to my lord marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as mince-meat." The king accordingly passed a moment after, and inquired to whom the corn he saw belonged: "To my lord marquis of Carabas," answered they very glibly; upon which the king again complimented the marquis upon his noble possessions. The cat still continued to go before, and gave the same charge to all the people he met with; so that the king was greatly astonished at the splendid fortune of my lord marquis of Carabas. Puss at length arrived at a stately castle, which belonged to an Ogre, the richest ever known; for all the lands the king had passed through and admired were his. The cat took care to learn every particular about the Ogre, and what he could do, and then asked to speak with him, saying, as he entered the room in which he was, that he could not pass so near his castle without doing himself the honour to inquire after his health. The Ogre received him as civilly as an Ogre could do, and desired him to be seated. "I have been informed," said the cat, "that you have the gift of changing yourself to all sorts of animals; into a lion or an elephant for example."—"It is very true," replied the Ogre some-

what sternly, "and to convince you I will directly take the form of a lion." The cat was so much terrified at finding himself so near to a lion, that he sprang from him, and climbed to the roof of the house; but not without much difficulty, as his boots were not very fit to walk upon the tiles.

Some minutes after, the cat perceiving that the Ogre had quitted the form of a lion, ventured to come down from the tiles, and owned that he had been a good deal frightened. "I have been further informed," continued the cat, "but I know not how to believe it, that you have the power of taking the form of the smallest animals also; for example, of changing yourself to a rat or a mouse: I confess I should think this impossible."—"Impossible! you shall see;" and at the same instant he changed himself into a mouse, and began to frisk about the room. The cat no sooner cast his eyes upon the Ogre in this form, than he sprang upon him and devoured him in an instant. In the meantime, the king, admiring as he came near it, the magnificent castle of the Ogre, ordered his attendants to drive up to the gates, as he wished to take a nearer view of it. The cat, hearing the noise of the carriage on the drawbridge, immediately came out, saying: "Your majesty is welcome to the castle of my lord marquis of Carabas."—"And is this splendid castle yours also, my lord marquis of Carabas? I never saw any thing more stately than the building, or more beautiful than the park and pleasure grounds around it; no doubt, the castle is no less magnificent within than without; pray, my lord marquis, indulge me with a sight of it."

The marquis gave his hand to the young princess as she alighted, and followed the king who went before ; they entered a spacious hall, where they found a splendid collation which the Ogre had prepared for some friends he had that day expected to visit him ; but who, hearing that the king, with the princess and a great gentleman of the court, was within, had not dared to enter. The king was so much charmed with the amiable qualities and noble fortune of the marquis of Carabas, and the young princess too had fallen so violently in love with him, that when the king had partaken of the collation, and drunk a few glasses of wine, he said to the marquis : “ It will be your own fault, my lord marquis of Carabas, if you do not soon become my son-in-law.” The marquis received the intelligence with a thousand respectful acknowledgements, accepted the honour conferred upon him, and married the princess that very day. The cat became a great lord, and never after ran after rats and mice but for his amusement.





CINDERELLA,

OR, THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.



HERE was once a very rich gentleman who lost his wife, and having loved her exceedingly, he was very sorry when she died. Finding himself quite unhappy for her loss, he resolved to marry a second time, thinking by this means he should be as happy as before. Unfortunately, however, the lady he chanced to fix upon was the proudest and most haughty woman ever known; she was always out of humour with every one; nobody could please her, and she returned the civilities of those

about her with the most affronting disdain. She had two daughters by a former husband, whom she brought up to be proud and idle ; indeed, in temper and behaviour they perfectly resembled their mother ; they did not love their books, and would not learn to work ; in short, they were disliked by every body. The gentleman on his side, too, had a daughter, who, in sweetness of temper and carriage, was the exact likeness of her own mother, whose death he had so much lamented, and whose tender care of the little girl he was in hopes to see replaced by that of his new bride. But scarcely was the marriage ceremony over, before his wife began to show her real temper : she could not bear the pretty little girl, because her sweet, obliging manners made those of her own daughters appear a thousand times the more odious and disagreeable.

She, therefore, ordered her to live in the kitchen ; and, if ever she brought any thing into the parlour, always scolded her till she was out of sight. She made her work with the servants in washing the dishes, and rubbing the tables and chairs ; it was her place to clean madam's chamber, and that of the misses her daughters, which was all inlaid, had beds of the newest fashion, and looking-glasses so long and broad, that they saw themselves from head to foot in them ; while the little creature herself was forced to sleep up in a sorry garret, upon a wretched straw-bed, without curtains, or any thing to make her comfortable. The poor child bore this with the greatest patience, not daring to complain to her father, who, she feared, would only reprove her for she saw that his wife governed him entirely.

When she had done all her work she used to sit in the chimney-corner among the cinders ; so that in the house she went by the name of Cinderbreech : the youngest of the two sisters, however, being rather more civil than the eldest, called her Cinderella. And Cinderella, dirty and ragged as she was, as often happens in such cases, was a thousand times prettier than her sisters, drest out in all their splendour. It happened that the king's son gave a ball, to which he invited all the persons of fashion in the country ; our two misses were of the number ; for the king's son did not know how disagreeable they were ; but supposed as they were so much indulged that they were extremely amiable. He did not invite Cinderella, for he had never seen or heard of her.

The two sisters began immediately to be very busy in preparing for the happy day : nothing could exceed their joy : every moment of their time was spent in fancying such gowns, shoes, and head-dresses, as would set them off to the greatest advantage. All this was new vexation to poor Cinderella, for it was she who ironed and plaited her sisters' linen. They talked of nothing but how they should be dressed. "I," said the eldest, "will wear my scarlet velvet with French trimming."—"And I," said the youngest, "shall wear the same petticoat I had made for the last ball : but then to make amends for that, I shall put on my gold muslin train, and wear my diamonds in my hair ; with these I must certainly look well." They sent several miles for the best hair-dresser that was to be had, and all their ornaments were bought at the most fashionable shops. On the morning of the ball, they called up Cin-

derella to consult with her about their dress, for they knew she had a great deal of taste. Cinderella gave them the best advice she could, and even offered to assist in adjusting their head-dresses; which was exactly what they wanted, and they accordingly accepted her proposal. While Cinderella was busily engaged in dressing her sisters, they said to her: "Should you not like, Cinderella, to go to the ball?"—"Ah!" replied Cinderella, "you are only laughing at me; it is not for such as I am to think of going to balls."—"You are in the right," said they; "folks might laugh indeed, to see a Cinderbreech dancing in a ball room." Any other than a Cinderella would have tried to make the haughty creatures look as ugly as she could; but the sweet-tempered girl, on the contrary, did every thing she could think of to make them look well. The sisters had scarcely eaten any thing for two days, so great was their joy as the happy day drew near. More than a dozen laces were broken in endeavouring to give them a fine, slender shape, and they were always before the looking-glass. At length, the much wished-for moment arrived; the proud misses stepped into a beautiful carriage, and, followed by servants in rich liveries, drove towards the palace. Cinderella followed them with her eyes as far as she could; and when they were out of sight, she sat down in a corner and began to cry. Her godmother, who saw her in tears, asked her what ailed her. "I wish—I w-i-s-h—" sobbed poor Cinderella, without being able to say another word. The godmother, who was a fairy, said to her: "You wish to go to the ball, Cinderella; is not this the truth?"—"Alas! yes," replied the poor child, sobbing still

more than before. "Well, well, be a good girl," said the godmother, "and you shall go." She then led Cinderella to her bedchamber, and said to her: "Run into the garden and bring me a pumpkin." Cinderella flew like lightning, and brought the finest she could lay hold of. Her godmother scooped out the inside, leaving but the rind; she then struck it with her wand, and the pumpkin instantly became a fine coach, gilded all over with gold. She then looked into her mousetrap, where she found six mice, all alive and brisk: she told Cinderella to lift up the door of the trap very gently; and as the mice passed out, she touched them one by one with her wand, and each immediately became a beautiful horse, of a fine, dapple-gray mouse colour. "Here, my child," said the godmother, "is a coach and horses too, as handsome as your sisters'; but what shall we do for a postillion?"—"I will run," replied Cinderella, "and see if there be not a rat in the trap: if I find one, he will do very well for a postillion."—"Well thought of, my child," said her godmother: "make what haste you can."

Cinderella brought the rat-trap, which to her great joy, contained three of the largest rats ever seen. The fairy chose the one which had the longest beard; and touching him with her wand, he was instantly turned into a handsome postillion, with the finest pair of whiskers imaginable. She next said to Cinderella: "Go again into the garden, and you will find six lizards behind the watering-pot; bring them hither." This was no sooner done, than with a stroke from the fairy's wand they were changed into six footmen, who all jumped up behind the coach

in their laced liveries, and stood side by side as cleverly as if they had been used to nothing else the whole of their lives. The fairy then said to Cinderella: "Well, my dear, is not this such an equipage as you could wish for to take you to the ball? Are you not delighted with it?"—"Y-e-s," replied Cinderella, with hesitation; "but must I go thither in these filthy rags?" Her godmother touched her with the wand, and her rags instantly became the most magnificent apparel, ornamented with the most costly jewels in the whole world. To these she added a beautiful pair of glass slippers, and bade her set out for the palace. The fairy, however, before she took leave of Cinderella, strictly charged her on no account whatever to stay at the ball after the clock had struck twelve, telling her that, should she stay but a single moment after that time, her coach would again become a pumpkin, her horses mice, her footmen lizards, and her fine clothes be changed to filthy rags. Cinderella did not fail to promise all her godmother desired of her; and almost wild with joy drove away to the palace. As soon as she arrived, the king's son, who had been informed that a great princess, whom nobody knew, was come to the ball, presented himself at the door of her carriage, helped her out, and conducted her to the ball-room. Cinderella no sooner appeared than every one was silent; both the dancing and the music stopped, and every body was employed in gazing at the uncommon beauty of this unknown stranger, nothing was heard but whispers of, "How handsome she is!" The king himself, old as he was, could not keep his eyes from her, and continually repeated to the queen, that it was a long

time since he had seen so lovely a creature. The ladies endeavoured to find out how her clothes were made, that they might get some of the same pattern for themselves by the next day, should they be lucky enough to meet with such handsome materials, and such good work-people to make them.

The king's son conducted her to the most honourable seat, and soon after took her out to dance with him. She both moved and danced so gracefully, that every one admired her still more than before, and she was thought the most beautiful and accomplished lady they ever beheld. After some time a delicious collation was served up; but the young prince was so busily employed in looking at her, that he did not eat a morsel. Cinderella seated herself near her sisters, paid them a thousand attentions, and offered them a part of the oranges and sweetmeats with which the prince had presented her: while they on their part were quite astonished at these civilities from a lady whom they did not know. As they were conversing together, Cinderella heard the clock strike eleven and three quarters: she rose from her seat, courtesied to the company, and hastened away as fast as she could. As soon as she got home she flew to her godmother, and, after thanking her a thousand times, told her she would give the world to be able to go again to the ball the next day, for the king's son had entreated her to be there. While she was telling her godmother every thing that had happened to her at the ball, the two sisters knocked a loud rat-tat-tat at the door; which Cinderella opened. "How late you have stayed?" said she, yawning, rubbing her eyes, and stretching herself, as if just

awakened out of her sleep, though she had in truth felt no desire for sleep since they left her. "If you had been at the ball," said one of the sisters, "let me tell you, you would not have been sleepy; there came thither the handsomest, yes, the very handsomest princess ever beheld! She paid us a thousand attentions, and made us take a part of the oranges and sweetmeats the prince had given her." Cinderella could scarcely contain herself for joy: she asked her sisters the name of this princess: to which they replied, that nobody had been able to discover who she was; that the king's son was extremely grieved on that account, and had offered a large reward to any person who could find out where she came from. Cinderella smiled, and said: "How very beautiful she must be! How fortunate you are! Ah, could I but see her for a single moment! Dear Miss Charlotte, lend me only the yellow gown you wear every day, and let me go to see her."—"Oh! yes, I warrant you; lend my clothes to a Cinderbreech! Do you really suppose me such a fool? No, no: pray, Miss Forward, mind your proper business, and leave dress and balls to your betters." Cinderella expected some such answer, and was by no means sorry, for she would have been sadly at a loss what to do if her sister had lent her the clothes that she asked of her.

The next day, the two sisters again appeared at the ball, and so did Cinderella, but dressed much more magnificently than the night before. The king's son was continually by her side, and said the most obliging things to her imaginable. The charming young creature was far from being tired of all the agreeable

things she met with : on the contrary, she was so delighted with them that she entirely forgot the charge her godmother had given her. Cinderella at last heard the striking of a clock, and counted one, two, three, on till she came to twelve, though she thought that it could be but eleven at most. She got up and flew as nimbly as a deer out of the ball-room. The prince tried to overtake her ; but poor Cinderella's fright made her run the faster. However, in her great hurry, she dropped one of her glass slippers from her foot, which the prince stooped down and picked up, and took the greatest care of it possible. Cinderella got home tired and out of breath, in her old clothes, without either coach or footmen, and having nothing left of her magnificence but the fellow of the glass slipper which she had dropped.

In the meanwhile, the prince had inquired of all his guards at the palace gates, if they had not seen a magnificent princess pass out, and which way she went ? The guards replied, that no princess had passed the gates ; and that they had not seen a creature but a little ragged girl, who looked more like a beggar than a princess. When the two sisters returned from the ball, Cinderella asked them if they had been as much amused as the night before, and if the beautiful princess had been there ? They told her that she had ; but that as soon as the clock struck twelve, she hurried away from the ball-room, and in the great haste she had made, had dropped one of her glass slippers, which was the prettiest shape that could be ; that the king's son had picked it up, and had done nothing but look at it all the rest of

the evening ; and that every body believed he was violently in love with the handsome lady to whom it belonged.

This was very true ; for a few days after, the prince had it proclaimed, by sound of trumpet, that he would marry the lady whose foot should exactly fit the slipper he had found. Accordingly the prince's messengers took the slipper, and carried it first to all the princesses ; then to the dutchesses : in short, to all the ladies of the court, but without success. They then brought it to the two sisters, who each tried all she could to squeeze her foot into the slipper, but saw at last that this was quite impossible. Cinderella, who was looking at them all the while, and knew her slipper, could not help smiling, and ventured to say : " Pray, sir, let me try to get on the slipper." The gentleman made her sit down ; and putting the slipper to her foot, it instantly slipped in, and he saw that it fitted her like wax. The two sisters were amazed to see that the slipper fitted Cinderella ; but how much greater was their astonishment when she drew out of her pocket the other slipper and put it on ! Just at this moment the fairy entered the room, and touching Cinderella's clothes with her wand, made her all at once appear more magnificently dressed than they had ever seen her before.

The two sisters immediately perceived that she was the beautiful princess they had seen at the ball. They threw themselves at her feet, and asked her forgiveness for the ill treatment she had received from them. Cinderella helped them to rise, and, tenderly embracing them, said that she forgave them with all her heart, and begged them to bestow on her their affection. Cin-

derella was then conducted, dressed as she was, to the young prince, who, finding her more beautiful than ever, instantly desired her to accept of his hand. The marriage ceremony took place in a few days; and Cinderella, who was as amiable as she was handsome, gave her sisters magnificent apartments in the palace, and a short time after married them to two great lords of the court.





RIQUET WITH THE TUFT.



HERE was once upon a time a queen who had a little son; he had a hump upon his back, on account of which he was named Riquet with the tuft; and was besides so very ugly, that people hardly knew for a long time whether he had the form of a human creature. A fairy, who by chance was present at the prince's birth, told his parents, that for all his ugliness, he would make himself pleasing to every one by his great wit and talents; and she said, too, this was not all, for she would also bestow on him the power of giving the very same charms to

the person he should love best. All this was some comfort to the queen, who was in great grief at the thought of having brought such a frightful little creature into the world. It is true, as soon as he began to talk he said the most charming things that could be; and all that he did was done in so clever and pleasant a manner, as made every body love and admire. Seven years after this, the queen of another kingdom was brought to bed of twin-daughters. The one that was born first was more beautiful than the day; which caused the queen so much joy, that it was like to put her health in danger. The same fairy, who had been present at the birth of little Riquet of the Tuft, now chanced to be with this queen also at her lying-in; and to lessen the danger of her too great joy, she told her that the newborn princess should have no sense at all, but be as silly and stupid as she was handsome. This grieved the queen very much; but in a few minutes, she had still greater sorrow; for the second princess, when born, was the ugliest little thing that was ever beheld. When the fairy saw the queen's distress at this, she said to her: "I entreat your majesty do not thus afflict yourself; your daughter shall possess so much wit that nobody will perceive her want of beauty."—"This would be a great comfort to me, indeed," replied the queen; "but cannot you bestow a small share of the same charming talent on the princess who is so beautiful."—"This is not in my power," answered the fairy; "I cannot meddle with her mind, but I can do all I please with respect to her beauty; and therefore, as there is nothing that I would not do for your sake, I will bestow on her a gift, that she shall be

able to made the person whom she loves as handsome as she pleases.”

As the two young ladies grew up, nothing was talked of but the beauty of the eldest, and the wit and talents of the youngest. It is true, their defects grew in the same degree ; for the youngest became every day more ugly, and the eldest more senseless and stupid ; she either did not reply at all to the questions that were asked of her, or spoke in as silly a manner as could be. She was so very awkward, too, that if she had to place half a dozen teacups on the chimney-piece, she was sure to break one of them ; or if she tried to drink a glass of water, she spilled half of it upon her clothes. Though beauty is a great charm to a young lady, yet the youngest princess was thought more of by every one than the eldest. To be sure, people went first to the eldest to see and admire ; but they soon left her, to hear the clever and pleasing talk of her sister ; so that in less than a quarter of an hour, the eldest always found herself alone, while all strangers got as near as they could to the youngest. Though the eldest was very stupid, yet she minded all this, and would gladly have parted with her beauty to gain but half the wit of her sister. The queen, for all her good nature, could not help scolding her now and then for being so stupid, which made the poor princess ready to die of grief. One day, having walked to a wood not far off, where she might sit down and cry at her ease, for her hard fate, without being seen, she saw a young man of small size, and very ugly, coming near to her ; he was at the same time beautifully dressed. This was the young prince Riquet, who had fallen

deeply in love with this princess, from the portraits he had every where seen of her, and had now left his father's kingdom to have the pleasure of seeing and talking with her.

He was charmed at meeting her alone, and went up to her, and spoke to her with great respect. Finding after the first compliments were over, that she seemed very mournful, he said: "I cannot think, madam, how a lady with so much beauty as you have, can be so unhappy; for though I can boast of having seen a great number of handsome ladies, none of them could in the smallest degree compare with you."—"You are pleased to flatter me," replied the princess, without saying a word more. "Beauty," answered Riquet with the Tuft, "is so great a charm that it supplies the place of every thing else; and she who owns so great a blessing, ought to be careless of every kind of misfortune."—"I would much rather," said the princess, "be as ugly as you are, and possess wit, than have the beauty you praise, and be such a fool as I am."—"Nothing, madam," replied the prince, "is a surer mark of good sense, than to believe ourselves in want of it; indeed, the more sense we possess, the plainer we see how much we fall short of being perfect."—"I know nothing of what you are talking," answered the princess; "I only know that I am very foolish, and that is the cause of my grief."—"If that is all that makes you unhappy, madam," said the prince, "I can very soon put an end to your sorrow."—"By what means, pray?" asked the princess. "I have the power," said Riquet with the Tuft, "to bestow as much wit as I please on the person I am to love best in the world; and as that person can be no other,

madam, than yourself, it depends only on your own will to be the wittiest lady upon the earth. I shall ask of you in return but one thing; which is, that you consent to marry me."

The princess looked at him with great surprise, but did not speak a word. "I see," added Riquet, "that my offer makes you uneasy, and I do not wonder at it; I will, therefore, give you a whole year to think of what answer you will give me." The princess was so very stupid and silly, and at the same time so much wished to be witty, that she resolved to accept the offer made her by Prince Riquet with the Tuft; she also thought a whole year a very long time, and would gladly have made it shorter if she could. She, therefore, told the prince that she would marry him on that day twelvemonth; and as soon as she had spoken these words, she found herself quite another creature: she said every thing she wished, not only with the greatest ease, but in the most graceful manner. She at once took share in a pleasing discourse with the prince, in which she showed herself so witty, that Riquet began to fear he had given her more of the charming talent, for which she so much longed, than he had kept to himself. When the princess went back to the palace, the whole court were thrown into the utmost surprise at the sudden change they found in her; for every thing she now said was as clever and pleasing, as it had been before stupid and foolish.

The joy at this event was the greatest ever known through the court; the youngest princess was the only person who did not share in it; for as her wit no longer served to set her above the

beauty of her sister, she now seemed to every one a most ugly and frightful creature.

The news of this great change being every where talked of, it soon reached the ears of the princes in other kingdoms, who all hastened to gain her favour, and demand her for a wife. But the princess would hardly listen to all they had to say; not one of them had wit enough to make her think of his offer in earnest for a moment. At last, there came a prince so great, so rich, so witty, and so handsome, that she could not help feeling a great liking for him. When the king, her father, saw this, he told her she only had to choose the husband whom she liked, and that she might be sure of his consent to her marriage. As the most sensible persons are always the most careful how to resolve in such serious matters, the princess, after thanking her father, begged him to allow her time to think of what she should do. Soon after this, the princess chanced in her walk to wander towards the very wood in which she had met Riquet with the Tuft; and wishing to be free from being disturbed while thinking of her new lover, she strolled a good way into it. When she had walked about for some time, she heard a great noise under ground, like the sound of many persons running backwards and forwards, and busy on some great affair. After listening for a moment, she heard different voices; one said: "Bring me that kettle:" another said: "Fetch the great boiler:" another: "Put some coals on the fire."

At the same moment, the ground opened, and the princess saw, with the greatest surprise, a large kitchen filled with vast num

bers of cooks, servants, and scullions, with all sorts of things fit for making ready a noble dinner ; some had rolling-pins and were making ready the most dainty sorts of pastry : others were beating the syllabubs, and turning the custards : and at one end of the kitchen she saw at least twenty men-cooks, all busy in trussing different sorts of the finest game and poultry, and singing all the time as merry as could be. The princess, in the utmost surprise at what she beheld, asked them to whom they belonged.

“To Prince Riquet with the Tuft, madam,” said the head-cook ; “it is his wedding dinner we are making ready.” The princess was now in still greater surprise than before ; but in a moment it came into her mind, that this was just the day twelvemonth on which she had promised to marry Prince Riquet. When she thought of this, she was ready to sink on the ground. The reason of her not thinking of it before was, that when she made the promise to the prince she was quite silly, and the wit which the prince had given to her, had made her forget all that had happened to her before. She tried to walk away from the place ; but had not gone twenty steps, when she saw Riquet with the Tuft before her, dressed finely in the grandest wedding suit that was ever seen. “You see, madam,” said he, “that I have kept my promise strictly ; and I dare say you are come for the same purpose, and to make me the most happy of men.”—“I must confess,” replied the princess, “that I have not yet made up my mind on that subject ; and also, that I fear I can never consent to what you desire.”—“You quite surprise me, madam,” answered Prince Riquet. “That I can easily believe,” replied

the princess, "and to be sure, I should be greatly at a loss what to say, if I did not know that you possess the best sense in the world. If you were a silly prince you would say: 'The promise of a princess should not be broken, and therefore you must marry me.' But you, Prince Riquet, who have so much more sense than any body else, will, I hope, excuse me for what I have said. You cannot forget that when I was only a silly, stupid princess, I would not freely consent to marry you; how, therefore, now that I am blessed with sense, and for that reason must of course be the more hard to be pleased, can you expect me to choose the prince I then would not accept? If you really wished to marry me, you did very wrong to change me from the most silly creature in the world, to the most witty, so as to make me see more plainly the faults of others."

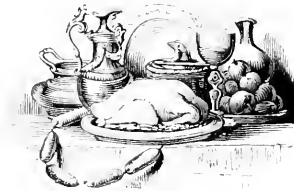
"If, madam," replied Riquet with the Tuft, "you would think it but right in a prince without sense to blame you for what you have said, why should you deny me the same power in an affair in which the welfare of my whole life is at stake? Is it just that persons of sense should be worse treated than those who have none? Can you, my princess, who are now so very clever, and who so much wished to be so, resolve, indeed, to treat me in this manner? But let us reason upon it a little. Is there any thing in me besides my being ugly that you dislike? Do you object to my birth, my sense, my temper, manners, or rank?"—"No, none of these," replied the princess; "I dislike nothing in you but your being so very ugly."—"If that is the case," answered Riquet, "I shall soon be the most happy man alive; for you,

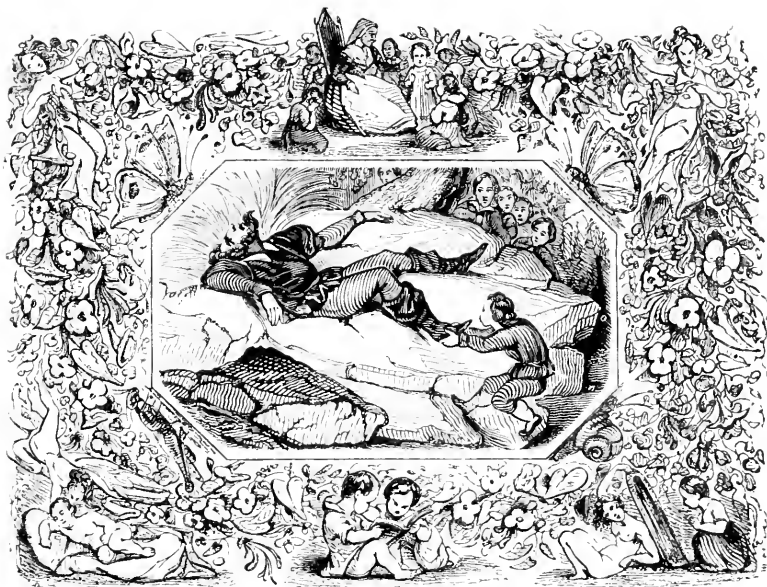
princess, have the power to make me as handsome as you please.” —“How can that be?” asked the princess. “Nothing more is wanting,” said Riquet, “than you should love me well enough to wish me very handsome. In short, my charming princess, I must inform you that the same fairy who, at my birth, was pleased to bestow upon me the gift of making the lady I loved best as witty as I pleased, was present also at yours, and gave to you the power of making him whom you should love the best as handsome as you pleased.”

“If that is the case,” said the princess, “I wish you, with all my heart, to be the most handsome prince in all the world; and as much as depends on me I bestow on you the gift of beauty.”

As soon as the princess had done speaking, Riquet with the Tuft seemed to her eyes the most handsome, best shaped, and most pleasing person that she had ever beheld. Some people thought that this great change in the prince, was not brought about by the gift of the fairy, but that the love which the princess felt for him was the only cause of it; and in their minds the princess thought so much of the good faith of her lover, of his prudence, and the goodness of his heart and mind, that she no longer thought of either his being so ugly in his face, or so crooked in his shape. The hump on his back, such people thought, now seemed to her nothing more than the easy gait in which men of rank sometimes indulge themselves; and his lameness seemed a careless freedom, that was very graceful; the squinting of his eyes, in those of the princess, did but make them seem more sparkling and more tender; and his thick red nose, in her mind,

gave a manly and warlike air to his whole face. Let this be as it may, the princess promised to marry Prince Riquet with the Tuft, directly, if he could obtain the consent of the king, her father. When the king was told that his daughter felt a great esteem for Riquet with the Tuft, as he had already heard of the goodness of both the heart and mind of that prince, he agreed with pleasure to have him for a son-in-law ; so that the next day, as the prince had long hoped for, he was married to the beautiful and no less witty princess.





HOP-O'-MY-THUMB.



HERE once lived in a village a fagot-maker and his wife, who had seven children, all boys ; the eldest was no more than ten years old, and the youngest was only seven. It was odd enough, to be sure, that they should have had so many children in such a short time ; but the truth is, his wife often brought him two at a time. This made him very poor, for not one of these boys was old enough to get his living : and what was still worse, the youngest was a puny little fellow, who hardly ever spoke a word. Now this, indeed, was a mark of his

good sense ; but it made his father and mother suppose him to be silly, and they thought that at last he would turn out quite a fool. This boy was of the least size ever seen : for when he was born he was no bigger than a man's thumb, which made him be christened by the name of Hop-o'-my-Thumb. The poor child was the drudge of the whole house, and always bore the blame of every thing that was done wrong. For all this, Hop-o'-my-Thumb was far more clever than any of his brothers ; and though he spoke but little, he heard and knew more than people thought. It happened just at this time, that for want of rain the fields had grown but half as much corn and potatoes as they used to grow ; so that the fagot-maker and his wife could not give the boys the food they had before, which was always either bread or potatoes.

After the father and mother had grieved some time for this sad affair, which gave them more concern than any thing had ever done yet, they thought that as they could contrive no other way, they must some how get rid of their children. One night, when the children were gone to bed, and the fagot-maker and his wife were sitting over a few lighted sticks, to warm themselves, the husband sighed deeply, and said : " You see, my dear, we cannot maintain our children any longer ; and to see them die of hunger before my eyes, is what I could never bear. I will, therefore, to-morrow morning, take them to the forest, and leave them in the thickest part of it, so that they will not be able to find their way back : this will be very easy ; for while they amuse themselves with tying up the fagots, we need only slip away when they are looking some other way."—" Ah, husband !" cried the

poor wife, "you cannot, no, you never can consent to be the death of your own children." The husband in vain told her to think how very poor they were. The wife replied, this was true to be sure; but if she was poor, she was still their mother; and then she cried as if her heart would break. At last, she thought how shocking it would be to see them starving to death before her eyes; so she agreed to what her husband had said, and then went sobbing to bed. Hop-o'-my-Thumb had been awake all the time; and when he heard his father talk very serious, he slipped away from his brother's side, and crept under his father's bed, to hear all that was said without being seen. When his father and mother had left off talking, he got back to his own place, and passed the night in thinking what he should do the next morning. He rose early, and ran to the river's side, where he filled his pockets with small white pebbles, and then went back home. In the morning they all set out, as their father and mother had agreed on; and Hop-o'-my-Thumb did not say a word to either of his brothers about what he had heard. They came to a forest that was so very thick, that they could not see each other a few yards off. The fagot-maker set to work cutting down wood; and the children began to gather all the twigs, to make fagots of them.

When the father and mother saw that the young ones were all very busy, they slipped away without being seen by them, and got into a by-path, where they soon lost sight of the forest. In a short time the children found themselves alone, and began to cry as loud as they could. Hop-o'-my-Thumb let them cry on;

for he knew well enough how to take them safe home, as he had taken care to drop the white pebbles he had in his pocket along all the way he had come. He only said to them : " Never mind it, my lads ; father and mother have left us here by ourselves, but only take care to follow me, and I will lead you back again." When they heard this, they left off crying, and followed Hop-o'-my-Thumb, who soon brought them to their father's house by the very same path which they had come along. At first, they had not the courage to go in, but stood at the door to hear what their parents were talking about. Just as the fagot-maker and his wife had come home without their children, a great gentleman of the village sent to pay them two guineas, which he had owed them so long for work they had done for him, that they never thought of getting a farthing of it. This money made them quite happy ; for the poor creatures were very hungry, and had no other way of getting any thing to eat.

The fagot-maker sent his wife out in a moment to buy some meat ; and as it was a long time since she had made a hearty meal, she bought as much meat as would have been enough for six or eight persons. The truth was, she forgot that her children were not at home, when she was thinking of what would be enough for dinner : but as soon as she and her husband had done eating, she cried out : " Alas ! where are our poor children ? how they would feast on what we have left ! it was all your fault, Richard ! I told you over and over that we should repent the hour when we left them to starve in the forest !—Oh, mercy ! perhaps they have been already eaten up by the hungry wolves !

Richard ! Richard ! I told you how it would be !” At last, the fagot-maker grew very angry with his wife, who said more than twenty times that he would repent what he had done, and that she had told him so again and again. He said he would give her a good beating if she did not hold her tongue. Now, indeed, the fagot-maker was quite as sorry as his wife, for what had been done : but her scolding teased him ; and like other husbands, *he liked his wife to be always in the right ; but not to talk of being so.* The poor woman shed plenty of tears : “ Alas ! alas !” said she, over and over again, “ what is become of my dear children ?” and once she spoke this so loud that the children, who were all at the door, cried out all together : “ Here we are, mother ; here we are !” She flew like lightning to let them in, and kissed every one of them. “ How glad I am to see you, you little rogues,” said she : “ are you not tired and hungry ? Ah, poor little Bobby ! why, thou art dirt all over, my child ! come hither and let me wash thy face.” Bobby was the youngest of the boys excepting Hop-o'-my-Thumb ; and as he had red hair, like his mother, he had always been her darling. The children sat down to dinner, and ate very hearty, to the great joy of the parents. They then gave an account speaking all at once, how much they were afraid when they found themselves alone in the forest, and did not know their way home again.

The fagot-maker and his wife were charmed at having their children once more along with them, and their joy for this lasted till their money was all spent : but then they found themselves quite as ill off as before. So by degrees they again thought of

leaving them in the forest once more : and that the young ones might not come back a second time, they said that they would take them a great deal farther off than they did at first. They could not talk about this matter so slyly but that Hop-o'-my-Thumb found means to hear all that passed between them ; but he cared very little about it, for he thought it would be easy for him to do just the same as he had done before. But though he got up very early the next morning to go to the river's side and get the pebbles, a thing that he had not thought of hindered him ; for he found that the house door was double-locked. Hop-o'-Thumb was now quite at a loss what to do ; but soon after this, his mother gave each of the children a piece of bread for breakfast, and then it came into his head that he could make his share do as well as the pebbles, by dropping crumbs of it all the way as they went. So he did not eat his piece, but put it into his pocket. It was not long before they all set out, and their parents took care to lead them into the very thickest and darkest part of the forest. They then slipped away by a by-path as before, and left the children by themselves again. All this did not give Hop-o'-my-Thumb any concern, for he thought himself quite sure of getting back by means of the crumbs that he had dropped by the way : but when he came to look for them, he found that not a morsel was left, for the birds had eaten them all up.

The poor children were now sadly off, for the further they went, the harder it was for them to get out of the forest. At last, night came on, and the noise of the wind among the trees seemed to them as if it was the howling of wolves, so that every

moment they thought they should be eaten up. They hardly dared to speak a word, or move a limb, for fear. Soon after, there came a heavy rain, which wetted them to the very skin, and made the ground so slippery, that they fell down almost at every step, and got dirty all over: for the little ones called out to their elder brother, to get the mud off their hands.

When it began to grow light, Hop-o'-my-Thumb climbed up to the top of a tree, and looked round on all sides to see if he could find any way of getting help. He saw a small light, like that of a candle, but it was a very great way off, and beyond the forest. He then came down from the tree, to try to find his way to it; but he could not see it when he was on the ground, and he was in the utmost trouble what to do next. They walked on toward the place where he had seen the light, and at last reached the end of the forest, and got sight of it again. They now walked faster; and after being much tired and vexed, (for every time they got into a bottom they lost sight of the light,) they came to the house it was in. They knocked at the door, which was opened by a very goodnatured-looking lady, who asked what brought them there. Hop-o'-my-Thumb told her, that they were poor children, who had lost their way in the forest and begged that she would give them a bed till morning. When the lady saw that they had such pretty faces she began to shed tears, and said: "Ah, poor children, you do not know what place you are come to. This is the house of an Ogre, who eats up little boys and girls."—"Alas! madam," replied Hop-o'-my-Thumb, who trembled from head to foot, as well as his brothers

“what shall we do? If we go back to the forest we are sure of being torn to pieces by the wolves; we would rather, therefore, be eaten up by the gentleman: besides, when he sees us, perhaps he may take pity on us, and spare our lives.” The Ogre’s wife thought she could contrive to hide them from her husband till the morning; so she let them go in and warm themselves by a good fire, before which there was a whole sheep roasting for the Ogre’s supper. When they had stood a short time by the fire, there came a loud knocking at the door: this was the Ogre. His wife hurried the children under the bed, and told them to lie still; and she then let her husband in.

The Ogre asked if the supper was ready, and if the wine was fetched from the cellar; and then he sat down at the table. The sheep was still all bloody, but he liked it so much the better. In a minute or two the Ogre began to snuff to his right and left, and said he smelled child’s flesh. “It must be this calf’s which has just been killed,” said his wife. “I smell child’s flesh, I tell thee once more,” cried the Ogre, looking all about the room; “I smell child’s flesh; there is something going on that I do not know of.” As soon as he had spoken these words he rose from his chair and went towards the bed. “Ah! madam,” said he, “you thought to cheat me, did you! Wretch! thou art old and tough thyself, or else I would eat thee up too! But come, come, this is lucky enough; for the brats will make a nice dish for three Ogres, who are my particular friends, and who are to dine with me to-morrow.” He then drew them out, one by one, from under the bed. The poor children fell on their knees and begged

his pardon as well as they could speak ; but this Ogre was the most cruel of all Ogres, and instead of feeling any pity, he only began to think how sweet and tender their flesh would be ; so he told his wife “ they would be nice morsels, if she served them up with plenty of sauce.” He then fetched a large knife, and began to sharpen it on a long whetstone that he held in his left hand ; and all the while he came nearer and nearer to the bed. The Ogre took up one of the children, and was going to set about cutting him to pieces ; but his wife said to him : “ What in the world makes you take the trouble of killing them to-night ? Will it not be time enough to-morrow morning ?”—“ Hold your prating,” replied the Ogre ; “ they will grow tender by being kept a little while after they are killed.”—“ But,” said his wife, “ you have got so much meat in the house already ; here is a calf, two sheep, and half a pig.”—“ True,” said the Ogre, “ so give them all a good supper, that they may not get lean ; and then send them to bed.” The good creature was quite glad at this. She gave them plenty for their supper, but the poor children were so afraid that they could not eat a bit.

The Ogre sat down to his wine, very much pleased with the thought of giving his friends such a dainty dish ; this made him drink rather more than common, and he was soon obliged to go to bed himself. The Ogre had seven daughters, who were all very young, like Hop-o'-my-Thumb and his brothers. These young Ogresses had fair skins, because they fed on raw meat like their father ; but they had small, gray eyes, quite round, and sunk in their heads, hooked noses, wide mouths, and very long,

sharp teeth standing a great way off each other. They were too young as yet to do much mischief: but they showed that if they lived to be as old as their father, they would grow quite as cruel as he was; for they took pleasure already in biting young children, and sucking their blood. These Ogresses had been put to bed very early that night: they were all in one bed, which was very large, and every one of them had a crown of gold on her head. There was another bed of the same size in the room, and in this the Ogre's wife put the seven little boys, and then went to bed herself along with her husband. Hop-o'-my-Thumb took notice that all the young Ogresses had crowns of gold upon their heads; and he was afraid that the Ogre would wake in the night and kill him and his brothers while they were asleep. So he got out of bed in the middle of the night as softly as he could, took off all his brother's nightcaps and his own, and crept with them to the bed that the Ogre's daughters were in: he then took off their crowns, and put the nightcaps on their heads instead: next he put the crowns on his brothers' heads and his own, and got into bed again; so he thought, after this, that if the Ogre should come, he would take him and his brothers for his own children. Every thing turned out as he wished. The Ogre waked soon after midnight, and began to be very sorry that he had put off killing the boys till the morning; so he jumped out of bed, and took hold of his large knife in a moment: "Let us see," said he, "what the young rogues are about, and do the job at once!" He then walked softly to the room, where they all slept, and went up to the bed the boys were in, who were all asleep except

Hop-o'-my-Thumb, and touched their heads one at a time. When the Ogre felt the crowns of gold, he said to himself: "Oh! oh! I had like to have made a pretty mistake. I think, to be sure, I drank too much wine last night." He went next to the bed that his daughters were in, and when he felt the nightcaps he said: "Ah! here you are, my lads:—" and so in a moment he cut the throats of all his daughters.

He was very much pleased when he had done this, and then went back to his own bed. As soon as Hop-o'-my-Thumb heard him snore, he awoke his brothers, and told them to put on their clothes quickly, and follow him. They stole down softly into the garden, and then jumped from the wall into the road: they ran as fast as their legs could carry them, but were so much afraid all the while that they hardly knew which way to take. When the Ogre waked in the morning, he said to his wife: "My dear, go and dress the young rogues I saw last night." The Ogress was quite surprised at hearing her husband so kind to them as she thought, and did not dream of the real meaning of his words. She supposed he wanted her to help them put their clothes on; so she went up stairs, and the first thing she saw was her seven daughters with their throats cut, and all over blood. This threw her into a fainting fit. The Ogre was afraid his wife might be too long in doing what he had set her about, so he went himself to help her; but he was as much shocked as she had been, at the dreadful sight of his bleeding children. "Ah! what have I done?" he cried; "but the little varlets shall pay for it, I warrant them." He first threw some water on his

wife's face; and as soon as she came to herself, he said to her "Bring me quickly my seven-league boots, that I may go and catch the little vipers." The Ogre then put on these boots, and set out with all speed. He strided over many parts of the country, and at last turned into the very road in which the poor children were, on their journey towards their father's house, and which they had now almost reached. They had seen the Ogre a good while striding from mountain to mountain at one step, and crossing rivers with the greatest ease. At this, Hop-o'-my-Thumb thought within himself what was to be done; and spying a hollow place under a large rock, he made his brothers get into it. He then stepped in himself, but kept his eye fixed on the Ogre, to see what he would do next.

The Ogre found himself quite weary with the journey he had gone, for seven-league boots are very tiresome to the person who wears them; so he now began to think of resting, and happened to sit down on the very rock that the poor children were hid in. As he was so tired, and it was a very hot day, he fell fast asleep, and soon began to snore so loud, that the little fellows were terrified. When Hop-o'-my-Thumb saw this, he said to his brothers: "Courage, my lads! never fear! You have nothing to do but to steal away, and get home while the Ogre is fast asleep, and leave me to shift for myself." The brothers now were very glad to do as he told them, and so they soon came to their father's house.

In the meantime, Hop-o'-my-Thumb went up to the Ogre softly, pulled off his seven-league boots very gently, and put them

on his own legs ; for though the boots were very large, yet they were fairies, and so could make themselves small enough to fit any leg they pleased.

As soon as ever Hop-o'-my-Thumb had made sure of the Ogre's seven-league boots, he went at once to the palace, and offered his services to carry orders from the king to his army, which was a great way off, and to bring back the quickest accounts of the battle they were just at that time fighting with the enemy. In short, he thought he could be of more use to the king than all his mail coaches, and so should make his fortune in this manner. But before he had made many strides with his boots, he heard a voice that told him to stop. Hop-o'-my-Thumb was startled a good deal, so he looked about him to see what the noise came from ; and then he heard the same voice say : " Listen, Hop-o'-my-Thumb, to what I am about to say to you. Do not go to the palace. Waste no time ; the Ogre sleeps ; he may awake. Know, Hop-o'-my-Thumb, that the boots you took from the Ogre while he was asleep are two fairies, and I am the eldest of them. We have seen the clever things you have done to keep your brothers from harm, and for that reason we will bestow upon you the gift of riches, if you will once more employ your wits to a good purpose, and be as brave as before. But fairies must not speak of such matters as these ; break the shell of the largest nut you can find in your pocket, and you will find a paper inside that will tell you all that you are to do." Hop-o'-my-Thumb did not stand thinking about these strange things, but in a moment put his hand into his pocket for the nut. He next cracked it

with his teeth, and found a piece of paper inside, carefully folded up . which he opened, and to his great surprise read as follows :—

“ Go unto the Ogre’s door,
These words speak, and nothing more :
Ogress, Ogre cannot come ;
Give great key to Hop-o'-my-Thumb.”

Hop-o'-my-Thumb now began to say the last two lines over and over again, for fear he should forget them ; and when he thought he had learned them by heart, he made two or three of his largest strides, and soon reached the Ogre’s door. He knocked loudly, which brought the Ogre’s wife down stairs ; but at the sight of Hop-o'-my-Thumb she started back, and looked as if she would shut the door against him. Hop-o-my-Thumb knew he had not a moment to lose : so he seemed as if he did not think how much vexed she was at seeing him who had caused her daughters to be killed by their own father. Hop-o'-my-Thumb then began to talk as if he was in a great hurry. He said that matters were now changed ; for the Ogre had laid hold of him and his brothers, as they were getting nuts by the side of a hedge, and was going to take them back to his house : but all at once the Ogre saw a number of men who looked like lords, and who were riding on the finest horses that ever were beheld, coming up to him full speed. He said the Ogre soon found they were sent by the king with a message, to borrow of the Ogre a large sum of money, which he stood in need of to pay his soldiers, as the king thought the Ogre was the richest of all

his subjects. Hop-o'-my-Thumb said this on purpose to find how rich the Ogre was. He then said that the lords found themselves very much tired with the long journey they had made ; and the Ogre was vastly civil to them, and told them they need not go any farther, because he had a person with him who would not fail doing in a clever manner any thing he was set about. He said that the great lords thanked the Ogre a thousand times when they heard this, and in the name of the king had granted to him the noble title of Duke of Draggletail ; on which, the Ogre had then taken off his boots, and helped to draw them on the legs of Hop-o'-my-Thumb ; and gave him this message, which he charged him by all means to make all the haste he could with, both in going and coming back again :—

“ Ogress, Ogre cannot come ;
Give great key to Hop-o'-my-Thumb.”

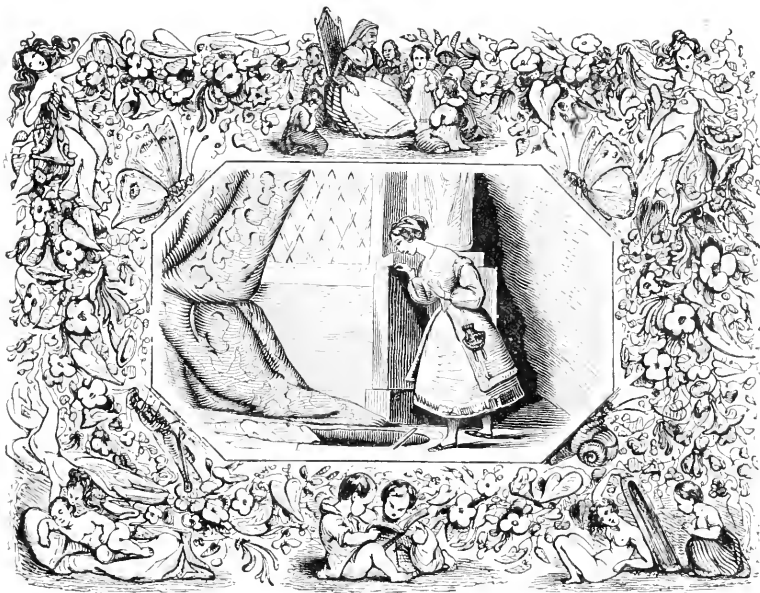
When the Ogress saw her husband's boots, she was quite proud at the thoughts of being made Dutchess of Draggletail, and living at court, so that she was very ready to believe all that Hop-o'-my-Thumb had told her ; indeed, so great was her joy, that she quite forgot her seven daughters with their throats cut and bathed in their blood. She ran in a minute to fetch the great key, and gave it to Hop-o'-my-Thumb, telling him at the same time where to find the chest of money and jewels that it would open. Hop-o'-my-Thumb took as much of these riches as he thought would be enough to maintain his father, mother and brothers, without the fatigue of labour, all the rest of their lives ; saying to him-

self all the while that it was better an honest fagot-maker should have part of such great riches, than an Ogre, who did nothing but eat children, and who kept all the money locked up without spending it or giving any to the poor. In a short time, Hop-o'-my-Thumb came to his father's house, and all the family were glad to see him again. As the great fame of his boots had been talked of at court in this time, the king sent for him, and indeed employed him very often on the greatest affairs of the state; so that he became one of the richest men in the kingdom. As for the Ogre, he fell in his sleep from the corner of the rock where Hop-o'-my-Thumb and his brothers had left him, to the ground, and bruised himself so much from head to foot that he could not stir; so he was forced to stretch himself out at full length, and wait for some one to come and help him.

Now a good many fagot-makers passed near the place where the Ogre lay, and when they heard him groan, they went up to ask him what was the matter. But the Ogre had eaten such a great number of children in his lifetime, that he had grown so very big and fat that these men could not even have carried one of his legs; so they were forced to leave him there. At last night came on, and then a large serpent came out of a wood just by, and stung him so that he died in great pain. Before this time Hop-o'-my-Thumb had become the king's favourite: and as soon as ever he heard the news of the Ogre's death, he told his majesty all that the goodnatured Ogress had done to save the lives of himself and brothers. The king was so much pleased at what he heard, that he asked Hop-o'-my-Thumb if there were

any favour he could bestow upon her. Hop-o'-my-Thumb thanked the king, and desired that the Ogress might have the noble title of Dutchess of Draggletail given to her; which was no sooner asked than granted. The Ogress then came to court, and lived very happily for many years; enjoying the vast fortune she had found in the Ogre's chests. As for Hop-o'-my-Thumb, he every day grew more witty and brave; till at last the king made him the greatest lord in the kingdom, and set him over all his affairs.





THE DISCREET PRINCESS.



In the time of the first crusades, a certain king resolved to join the Christian princes in the war against the infidels in Palestine. What most disquieted this prince, was the care of his family. He was the father of three young princesses, all marriageable. The eldest of these princesses they named Drona, signifying idle ; the second Pratalia, implying talkative ; and the third Finetta, names which had all of them a just relation to the characters of the three sisters. Never was any person so indolent as Drona ; she never waked any day till

one in the afternoon; her clothes were always tumbled, her gown loose, no girdle, and very often she had on one slipper of one sort, and one of another. Prätilia led quite another sort of life. This princess was very brisk and active, and employed very little time about her person; but she had so strange an itching to talk, that from the very moment she waked till the time she fell asleep again, her mouth was never shut. She kept a register of all those wives who starved their families at home, to appear the finer abroad, and was exactly informed what such a countess's woman and such a marquis's steward gained. The better to be instructed in all these little affairs, she gave audience to her nurse, and mantuamaker, with greater pleasure than she would to any ambassador; and when she had got any thing new, she tired every body with repeating to them these fine stories, from the king her father, down to the footman; for, provided she could but talk, she did not care to whom it was. Never did Prätilia, any more than Drona, employ herself in thinking, reflecting, or reading. She never troubled herself about household matters, or the amusements of her spindle or needle. In short, these two sisters lived in perfect idleness, as well of mind as of body.

The youngest of these three princesses was of a different character. Her thoughts and hands were continually employed: she possessed surprising vivacity, and applied it to good uses. She danced, sung, and played upon music to perfection: finished with wonderful address and skill, all those works of the hand which generally amuse those of her sex, and used every vigilance

in putting the king's household into exact regulation and order. Her talents were not bounded there : she had a great deal of judgment, and such a wonderful presence of mind, that she immediately found the means of extricating herself out of the greatest difficulties. This young princess had, by her penetration, discovered a dangerous snare which a perfidious ambassador had laid for the king her father, in a treaty just ready to be signed by that prince. To punish the treachery of this ambassador and his master, the king altered the article of the treaty, and by wording it in the terms his daughter dictated to him, he in his turn deceived the deceiver. The princess gave, on several other occasions, such marks of her penetration, and fine genius, that the people gave her the surname of Finetta. The king loved her far above his other daughters, and depended so much upon her good sense, that if he had no other child but her, he would have began his journey to join the crusades with no manner of uneasiness ; but he much distrusted the conduct of his other daughters.

The king being very intimate with a powerful fairy, acquainted her with the uneasiness he was in about his daughters. As the fairy was one of the most expert, she gave the prince three enchanted distaffs of glass, which were sure to break if either of the princesses did any thing wrong ; but he was not content with this precaution. He put the princesses into a tower, vastly high, and which stood in a very solitary and desert place, and the king charged them not to admit into it any person whatsoever. He took from them all their officers and servants, and after having

presented them with the enchanted distaffs, the qualities of which he told them, he kissed the princesses, locked the doors of the tower, of which he took himself the keys, and departed. To prevent them from perishing with hunger, care was taken to fix a pulley to one of the windows of the tower; there ran a rope through it, to which the princesses tied a basket, which they let down daily for provisions. Drona and Pratalia led such a life in this solitude, as filled them with despair. As for Finetta, she was not in the least out of humour; her spindle, needle, and music, furnished her with sufficient amusements. One day, as she was busied in her chamber about some pretty work, her sisters who were at the window, saw at the foot of the tower, a poor woman clothed in rags and tatters, who cried out to them in a sorrowful tone; and in a very moving manner, complained to them of her misery. She begged of them, with her hands joined together, that they would let her come into the castle, telling them that she was a wretched stranger, who knew how to do a thousand things, and would serve them with the utmost fidelity. "Do you think," said Pratalia to her sister, "that the king's order extends to this unfortunate wretch? I believe we may take her in without any consequence."—"You may do, sister," answered Drona, "what you please." Then Pratalia, who only waited her consent, immediately let down the basket. The woman got into it, and the princesses drew her up by the help of the pulley. The new servant of these princesses took a hundred turns about the castle, under pretence of doing her work: but in reality to see how things were disposed in it; for this pre-

tended beggar-woman was the son of a powerful king, a neighbour of the princesses' father. This prince, who always acted with artifice and cunning, was by the people surnamed Rich-in-craft, but in shortness Rich-craft.

He had a younger brother, who was as full of good qualities as he was of bad ; and, therefore, was generally called Bel-a-voir. It was prince Rich-craft who had put the ambassador of the king his father upon that wicked turn in the treaty, which was frustrated by the address of Finetta, and fell upon themselves. Rich-craft, who, before that, had no great love for the princesses' father, since then, bore him the utmost aversion ; so that when he had notice of the precautions which that prince had taken, in relation to his daughters, he took a pernicious pleasure to deceive, if possible, the prudence of so suspicious a father, and as we see had already contrived to make two of the princesses disobedient ; for which fault they each found their distaffs broken.

Finetta was so busily engaged in her own room, that she knew nothing of what had happened till she heard the screams of her sisters, whom the prince beat severely and locked up together ; he then went to seek Finetta, whom he resolved to marry as a punishment for what she had done. He went into all the rooms of the castle, one after another ; and as he found them all open but one, which was fastened in the inside, he concluded for certain, that thither it was that Finetta had retired. As he had composed a string of compliments, he went to retail them at Finetta's door. But this princess heard him a good while, without making the least answer. At last, finding that he knew she

was in the room, she told him, if it were true that he had so strong and sincere a passion for her, as he would persuade her, she desired he would go down into the garden, and shut the door after him, and after that, she would talk to him as much as he pleased out of the window of the apartment, which looked into the garden. Rich-craft would not agree to this; and as the princess still resolutely persisted in not opening the door, this wicked prince, mad with impatience, went and got a billet, and broke it open. He found Finetta armed with a great hammer, which had been accidentally left in a wardrobe near her chamber. Emotion raised Finetta's complexion; and, though her eyes sparkled with rage, she appeared to Rich-craft a most enchanting beauty.

He would have cast himself at her feet: but she said to him boldly, as she retired: "Prince, if you approach me, I will cleave your head with this hammer."—"What! beautiful princess," cried Rich-craft, in his hypocritical tone, "does the love I have for you inspire you with such cruel hatred?" He added, that the only motive he had to put on such disguise, was with respect to offer her his hand and heart: and told her, that she ought to pardon, on account of the violence of his love, his boldness in breaking open her door. The adroit princess feigning herself entirely pacified, told him, that she must find out her sisters, and after that, they would take their measures altogether: but Rich-craft answered, that he could by no means resolve upon that, till she had consented to marry him, because her sisters would not fail to oppose the match, on account of their right of elder-

ship. Finetta, who with good reason distrusted this prince, found her suspicions redoubled by this answer. But she told Rich-craft, that she readily consented to marry him; but she was fully persuaded that marriages which were made at night, were always unhappy; and, therefore, desired he would defer the ceremony of plighting to each other their mutual faith, till the next morning. She added, he might be assured she would not mention a syllable of all this to the princesses, her sisters, and begged him to give her only a little time to say her prayers; that afterwards, she would lead him to a chamber where he should have a very good bed, and then she would return to her own room till the morrow morning.

Rich-craft consented to what the princess desired, and went away, to give her some time to meditate. He was no sooner gone, than Finetta hastened to make a bed over the hole of a sink in one of the rooms of the castle.

This room was as handsome as any of the rest. Finetta put over the hole two weak sticks across, then very handsomely made the bed upon them, and immediately returned to her chamber. A moment after came Rich-craft, and the princess conducted him into the room where she had made him his bed, and retired. The prince threw himself hastily upon the bed, and his weight having all at once broken the slender sticks, he fell down to the bottom of the sink. Finetta was delighted to hear (by the noise of his falling) what had happened; but her first care was to seek her sisters, and she was sorry to find their own misconduct had caused all their troubles. In the meantime, Rich-craft

passed the night very uncomfortably, and when day came, with a great deal of painful struggling, he came to the end of the drain, which ran into a river at a considerable distance from the castle. He found means to make himself heard by some men who were fishing in the river, by whom he was drawn out in such a pickle, as raised compassion in those good people.

He caused himself to be carried to his father's court to get cured; and this disgrace made him take such a strong hatred and aversion to Finetta, that he thought less on his cure than on revenge. That princess passed her time very sadly, as her sisters continued so ill from their bruises, as to require many comforting, nourishing things which she had not the means of procuring, and she dreaded much her father's anger upon finding that their distaffs were broken. The cunning Rich-craft guessed all this, and contrived that baskets of cordials and medicines should be placed under the window at night, to tempt Finetta to come down for them; and though she feared there was some trick in it, she was too courageous and generous to let her sisters languish for what it was in her power to obtain for them; she, therefore, let herself down in the basket, but was no sooner there, than Rich-craft's officers seized hold of her and carried her to a country-house, where the prince was, for the recovery of his health. When the prince was a little better, he had her taken to the top of a high mountain, whither he followed immediately after. Here it was that he told her, they were going to put her to death. Then that base prince very barbarously showed Finetta a barrel stuck in the inside all round with penknives,

razors, and hooked nails, and told her they were going to put her into that vessel, and roll her down from the top of the mountain into the valley. Though Finetta was no Roman, she was no more afraid of the punishment, than Regulus heretofore was at the sight of a like destiny.

Rich-craft bent himself down to look into the barrel, which was to be the instrument of his vengeance, to examine if it were well provided with all its murdering weapons. Finetta lost no time, but very dexterously pushed him into it, and rolled him down the mountain, without giving the prince any time to know where he was. After this, she ran away, and the prince's officers, who had seen after what a cruel manner their master would have treated this amiable princess, made not the least attempt to stop her; besides, they were so much frightened at what happened to Rich-craft, that they thought of nothing else but stopping the barrel, but their endeavours were all in vain; he rolled down to the bottom of the mountain, where they took him out wounded in a thousand places. The good king his father, and Bel-a-voir his brother, were very unhappy about him, as they saw he could not live many days: but Rich-craft, perfidious to his last moment, studied how to abuse the tenderness of his brother. "You have always loved me, prince," cried he, "and I am dying; but if ever I have been dear to you, grant this one thing, I beg of you, which I am going to ask of you." Bel-a-voir promised, with the most terrible oaths, to grant him whatever he should desire. As soon as Rich-craft heard these oaths, he said to his brother, embracing him: "I die contented,

brother, since I am revenged ; for that which I beg of you to do for me, is to ask Finetta in marriage, immediately on my decease ; you will undoubtedly obtain this wicked princess ; and the moment she shall be in your power, plunge your poinard into her heart."

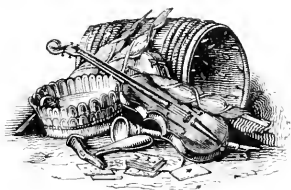
Bel-a-voir trembled with horror at these words ; but he had no mind his repentance should be taken notice of by his brother, who expired soon after. Finetta, who had returned to her sisters, heard soon after of the death of Rich-craft : and some time after that, news came to the three princesses, that the king their father was come home. This prince came in a hurry to the tower ; and his first care was to see the distaffs. No one could show her's but Finetta : and the king fell into such a rage against his two eldest daughters, that he sent them away to the fairy, who had given him the distaffs, desiring her to punish them according to their deserts. The fairy gave them plenty of hard work, and long lessons to learn. Pratalia was never allowed to talk excepting in repeating her lessons. Drona could not help falling into despair at leading a life which was so little conformable to her inclinations, and died with fatigue and vexation. Pratalia, who some time after found means to make her escape by night out of the fairy's castle, broke her scull against a tree, and died in the arms of some country people. Finetta's good-nature made her very sensibly grieve for her sisters' fate ; and in the midst of these troubles, she was informed, that prince Bel-a-voir had asked her in marriage of the king her father, who had consented to it, without giving her any notice thereof. Finetta trembled at

this news, and went to consult the sage fairy, who esteemed her as much as she despised Drona and Pratilina.

The fairy only said to her : " Princess, you are sage and prudent ; you would not hitherto have taken such measures for your conduct, had you not always borne in mind, that distrust is the mother of security." Some days after, the princess was married, by an ambassador, in the name of Prince Bel-a-voir, and she set out to go to her spouse in a magnificent equipage. When Bel-a-voir saw her, he was struck with her charms ; but made her his compliments in a very confused manner. Finetta, who was always thinking on the maxim which the fairy had revived in her mind, had a design in her head. This princess had gained over one of the women, who had the key of the closet belonging to the apartment which was designed for her ; and she had privately given orders to that woman to carry into the closet some straw, a bladder filled with sheep's blood, and the entrails of some of those animals which had been dressed for supper. The princess, on some pretence, went into that closet and made a puppet of the straw, into which she put the entrails and the bladder full of blood : after that, she dressed it up in a woman's night-clothes. When Finetta had finished this puppet, she returned to her company, where she supped with the prince ; and after some time, they conducted the princess and her spouse to their apartment. When they had allowed as much time at the toilet as was necessary, the ladies of honour took away the flambeaux, and retired. Finetta immediately threw the image of straw upon the bed, and went and hid herself in one of the corners of the chamber.

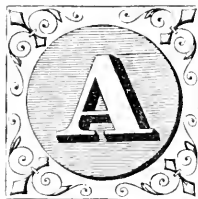
The prince, having sighed three or four times very loud, drew his sword, and ran it through the body of the pretended Finetta ; at the same instant, he found the blood trickle all about, and the straw wife without motion. “ Alas ! what have I done ? ” cried Bel-a-voir ; “ what, after so many cruel conflicts ! could any one so much as dream to punish a woman for having too much virtue. Well, Rich-craft, I have satisfied thy unjust vengeance ; but now I will revenge Finetta in her turn, by my death. Yes, beautiful princess, my sword shall—— ” by these words, the princess, understanding that the prince, who in his transport let fall his sword, was feeling for it, in order to thrust it through his body, was resolved he should not be guilty of such a folly, and therefore, cried out : “ My prince, I am not dead ; the goodness of your disposition made me divine your repentance, and by an innocent cheat, I have hindered you from committing the worst of crimes.”

Upon which she related to Bel-a-voir the foresight she had in relation to the figure of straw. The prince, all transported to find Finetta alive, admired the prudence she was mistress of on all occasions ; and tenderly embracing her, renewed his vows of unalterable affection. Soon after, they became king and queen, and long, happy, and glorious was their reign.





THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.



GREAT many years ago there lived in the county of Norfolk a gentleman and his lady. The gentleman was brave, kind, and of a noble spirit; and the lady was gentle, beautiful, and virtuous. They were very much loved by all who knew them; for they were always trying to do service to every body who came near them, or who had any thing at all to do with them. This lady and gentleman lived together very happily for many years, for they loved each other most tenderly. They had two children, who were as yet very

young ; for the eldest, who was a boy, was about three years old, and the youngest, who was a girl, not quite two years old. The boy was very much like his father, and the girl was like her mother. By the end of this time the gentleman fell sick, and day after day he grew worse. His lady, as I have said, loved him with the greatest fondness ; and she was so much grieved by his illness that she fell sick too. No physic, nor any thing else, was of the least use to them, for their illness got worse and worse, and they saw that they should soon be taken away from their two little babes, and be forced to leave them in the world without a father or mother. They bore this cruel thought as well as they could, and trusted that after they were dead, their children would find some kind friend or another to bring them up. They talked to one another tenderly about them, and at last agreed to send for the gentleman's brother, and give their darlings into his care.

As soon as ever the gentleman's brother heard this news, he made all the haste he could to the bedside where the father and mother were lying sick. "Ah! brother," said the dying man, "you see how short a time I can expect to live: yet neither death, nor pain, can give me half so much grief as I feel at the thought of what these dear babes will do without a parent's care. Brother, brother," continued the gentleman, putting out his hand as well as he could, and pointing to the children, "they will have none but you to be kind to them; none but you to see them clothed and fed, and teach them to be good and happy."—"Dear, dear brother," said the dying lady, "you must be father, mother,

and uncle too, to these lovely little lambs. First let William be taught to read ; and then he should be told how good his father was. And little Jane—Oh ! brother, it wrings my heart to talk of her : think of the gentle usage she will stand in need of, and take her fondly on your knee, brother, and she and William too will repay your care with love.”

The uncle then answered : “ Oh ! how it grieves my heart to see you, my dearest brother and sister, in this sad state ! but take comfort, there may still be hope of your getting well : yet, if we should happen to lose you, I will do all you can desire for your darling children. In me they shall find a father, mother, and uncle. William shall learn to read ; and shall be often told how good his father was, that he may turn out as good himself when he grows up to be a man. Jane shall be used with the most tender care, and shall be kindly fondled on my knee. But, dear brother, you have said nothing of the riches you must leave behind. I am sure you know my heart too well to think that I speak of this for any other reason than your dear children’s good, and that I may be able to make use of all your money only for their sake.”—“ Pray, brother,” said the dying man, “ do not grieve me with talking of any such thing ; for how could you, who will be their father, mother, and uncle too, once think of wronging them ? Here, here, brother, is my will. You will see how I have done the best I could for my babes.” A few moments after the gentleman had said these words, he pressed his cold lips to his children ; the lady did the same, and in a short time they both died. The uncle shed a few tears at this sad sight,

and then broke open the will; in which he found that his brother had left the little boy, William, the sum of three hundred pounds a year, when he should be twenty-one years old, and to Jane, the girl, the sum of five hundred pounds in gold, to be paid her the day of her being married. But if the children should happen to die before coming of age, then all the money was to belong to their uncle. The will of the gentleman next ordered that he and his dear wife should be buried side by side in the same grave.

The two little children were now taken home to the house of their uncle; who, for some time, did just as their parents had so lately told him upon their death-bed; and so he used them with great kindness. But when he had kept them about a year, he forgot by degrees to think how their father and mother looked when they gave their children to his care, and how he himself had made a promise to be their father, mother, and uncle all in one. After a little more time had passed, the uncle could not help thinking that he wished the little boy and girl would die, for then he should have all their money for himself; and when he had once begun to think this, he went on till he could hardly think of any thing else. At last he said to himself: "It would not be very hard for me to kill them so as for nobody to know any thing about the matter, and then the money will be mine at once." When the cruel uncle had once brought his mind to kill the helpless little creatures, he was not long in finding a way to bring it about. He hired two sturdy ruffians, who had already killed many travellers, in a dark thick wood, some way off, for the sake of robbing them of their money. These two wicked

creatures now agreed with the uncle, for a large sum of money, to do the most cruel deed that ever yet was heard of; and so the uncle began to get every thing ready for them. He told an artful story to his wife, of what good it would do to the children to put them forward in their learning; and how he had a friend in London who would take care of them. He then said to the poor little things: "Should you not like, my pretty ones, to see the famous town of London; where you, William, can buy a fine wooden horse to ride upon all day long, and a whip to make him gallop, and a fine sword to wear by your side? And you, Jane, shall have pretty frocks, and dolls, and many other pretty play-things; and a nice gilded coach shall be got to take you there."—"Oh yes, I will go, uncle," said William. "Oh yes, I will go, uncle," said Jane: and the uncle, with a heart as hard as stone, soon got them ready for the journey. The harmless little creatures were put into a fine coach a few days after; and along with them the two cruel wretches, who were soon to put an end to their merry prattle, and turn their smiles into tears. One of them drove the coach, and the other sat inside between little William and little Jane.

When they had reached the entrance to the dark thick wood, the two ruffians took them out of the coach, telling them they might now walk a little way and gather some flowers; and while the children were skipping about like lambs, the ruffians turned their backs to them, and began to talk about what they had to do. "In good truth," said the one who had been sitting between the children all the way, "now I have seen their sweet faces,

and heard their pretty talk, I have no heart to do the cruel deed : let us fling away the ugly knife, and send the children back to their uncle.”—“ But, indeed, I will not,” said the other : “ what is their pretty talk to us ?”—“ Think of your own children at home,” answered the first. “ Yes, but I shall get nothing to take back to them, if I turn coward as you would have me do,” replied the other. At last, the two ruffians fell into such a great passion about killing the poor babes, that the one who wished to spare their lives took out the great knife he had brought to murder them, and stabbed the other to the heart, so that he fell down dead at his feet. The one who had killed him was quite at a loss what to do with the children ; for he wanted to get away as fast as he could, for fear of being found in the wood. At last, he thought the only thing he could do was, to leave them in the wood by themselves, and trust them to the kindness of any body that might happen to pass by and find them there. “ Come here, my pretty ones,” said he ; “ you must take hold of my hands and go a little way along with me.” The poor children took each a hand, and went on ; but the tears burst from their eyes, and their little limbs shook with fear all the while. In this way he led them for about two miles further on in the wood, and then told them to wait there till he came back from the next town, where he would go and get them some food. William took his sister Jane by the hand, and they walked in fear up and down the wood. “ Will the strange man come with some cakes, Billy ?” said little Jane. “ By-and-by, dear Jane,” said William : and soon after, “ I wish I had some cakes, Billy,” said she.

They then looked about with their little eyes to every part of the wood ; and it would have melted a heart as hard as stone, to see how sad they looked, and how they listened to every sound of wind in the trees. After they had waited a very long time, they tried to fill their bellies with blackberries ; but they soon ate all that were within their reach. Night was now coming on : and William who had tried all he could to comfort his little sister, at last, wanted comfort himself : so when Jane said once more, “ How hungry I am, Billy, I b-e-l-ieve—I cannot help crying,”—William burst out a-crying too ; and down they lay upon the cold earth ; and putting their arms round each other’s neck, there they starved, and there they died.

Thus were these two pretty harmless babes murdered ; and as no one knew of their deaths, so there was no one to dig a grave and bury them. In the meantime, the wicked uncle thought they had been killed as he ordered, so he told all the folks who asked him about them, an artful tale of their having died in London of the smallpox ; and he then took all their fortune to himself, and lived upon it as if it had been his own by good right. But all this did him very little service ; for soon after his wife died ; and as he could not help being very unhappy, and was always thinking, too, that he saw the bleeding children before his eyes, he did not attend at all to his affairs ; so that, instead of growing richer, he grew poorer every day. Besides this, his two sons had gone on board a ship to try their fortune abroad, but they both were drowned at sea, and he became quite wretched, so that his life was a burden to him. When things had gone on

in this manner for some years, the ruffian, who took pity on the children and would not kill them, robbed some person in that very wood ; and being pursued, he was laid hold of and brought to prison, and soon after, was tried before a judge and was found guilty ; so that he was condemned to be hanged for the crime. As soon as he found what his death must be, he sent for the keeper of the prison, and owned to him all the crimes he had been guilty of in his whole life.

Thus he made known the story of the two children ; and, at the same time, told what part of the wood he had left them to starve in. The news of this matter soon reached the uncle's ears ; who was already broken-hearted for the many ills that had happened to himself, and could not bear the load of public shame that he knew must now fall upon him, so he lay down upon his bed, and died that very day. As soon as ever the tidings of the death of the two children were made public, proper persons were sent to search the wood for them ; and, after a great deal of trouble, the pretty babes were at last found, stretched in each other's arms ; with William's arm round the neck of Jane, his face turned close to hers, and his frock pulled over her body. They were quite covered with leaves, which in all that time had never withered ; and on a bush near this cold grave, there sat a robin-redbreast, watching and chirping ; so that many gentle hearts still think it was this kind bird that did bring the leaves and cover the little babes over with them.



THE THREE WISHES.



HERE was once a man, not very rich, who had a pretty woman to his wife. One winter's evening, as he sat by the fire, they talked of the happiness of their neighbours, who were richer than they. Said the wife, "If it were in my power to have what I wish, I should soon be happier than all of them."—"So should I, too," said the husband; "I wish we had fairies now, and that one of them was kind enough to grant me what I should ask." At that instant, they saw a very beautiful lady in their room, who told them: "I am a fairy; and

I promise to grant you the three first wishes you shall wish ; but, take care : after having wished for three things, I will not grant one wish further." The fairy disappeared ; and the man and his wife were much perplexed. "For my own part," said the wife, "if it is left to my choice, I know very well what I shall wish for : I do not wish yet, but I think nothing is so good as to be handsome, rich, and to be of great quality." But the husband answered : "With all these things, one may be sick, fretful, and one may die young : it would be much wiser to wish for health, cheerfulness, and a long life."—"But to what purpose is a long life with poverty ?" said the wife : "it would only prolong our misery. In truth, the fairy should have promised us a dozen of gifts, for there is at least a dozen of things which I want."—"That's true," said the husband ; "but let us take time ; let us consider, from this time till morning, the three things which are most necessary for us, and then wish."—"I'll think all night," said the wife ; "meanwhile, let us warm ourselves, for it is very cold." At the same time the wife took the tongs to mend the fire ; and seeing there were a great many coals thoroughly lighted, she said, without thinking on it : "Here's a nice fire ; I wish we had a pudding for our supper, we could dress it easily." She had hardly said these words, when down the chimney came tumbling a pudding. "O, you silly woman," said her husband ; "here's a fine wish, indeed ! Now we have only two left ; for my part, I am so vexed, that I wish the pudding fast to the tip of your nose."

The man soon perceived that he was sillier than his wife ; for, at this second wish, up starts the pudding, and sticks so fast to

the tip of his poor wife's nose, there was no means to take it off. "Wretch that I am!" cried she; "you are a wicked man for wishing the pudding fast to my nose."—"My dear," answered the husband, "I did not think of it; but what shall we do? I am about wishing for vast riches, and propose to make a golden case to hide the pudding."—"Not at all," answered the wife; "for I should kill myself, were I to live with this pudding dangling at my nose: be persuaded, we have still a wish to make; leave it to me, or I shall instantly throw myself out of the window." With this she ran and opened the window; but her husband, who loved his wife, called out: "Hold, my dear wife, I give you leave to wish for what you will."—"Well," said the wife, "my wish is, that this pudding may drop off." At that instant, the pudding dropped off; and the wife who did not want wit, said to her husband: "The fairy has imposed upon us: she was in the right; possibly we should have been more unhappy with riches, than we are at present. Believe me, friend, let us wish for nothing, and take things as it shall please God to send them: in the meantime, let us sup upon our pudding, since that's all that remains to us of our wishes." The husband thought his wife judged right; they supped merrily, and never gave themselves farther trouble about the things which they had designed to wish for





PRINCE CHERRY



HERE was one time a king who was so excellent a man that his subjects named him "The Good." One day while he was hunting, a small white rabbit, which the hounds were upon the point of killing, sprang into his arms.

The king caressed the little rabbit, and said: "Since she has placed herself under my protection, I will not permit her to suffer any injury." He carried her home to his palace, and gave her a very pretty little house, and plenty to eat. In the night, when he was alone in his chamber, there appeared to him a beautiful lady.

She was not dressed in silver or gold, but her robe was as white as snow, and instead of a cap, she wore upon her head a crown of white roses. The good king was astonished at sight of the lady, for his door was shut, and he could not conceive how she had entered. She said to him : “ I am the fairy Candide ; I was passing by in the woods while you were hunting, and I wished to know if you were as good as every body said you were ; for this purpose, I assumed the form of a little white rabbit, and was saved in your arms, for I knew that those who had compassion for animals, had still more for men ; but if you had refused me your protection, I would have ever afterwards believed you to be a wicked man. I come to thank you for the good action you have done, and to assure you, I shall always be of the number of your friends. You have but to ask of me whatever you wish, and I promise to grant it.”

“ Madam,” said the good king, “ since you are a fairy, you ought to know all that I wish ; I have but one son, the prince Cherry, whom I dearly love : if you have any kindness for me, become the friend of my son.”—“ With all my heart,” said the fairy ; “ I can make your son the most beautiful prince in the world, or the richest, or the most powerful ; choose whichever you wish.”—“ I desire nothing of that sort for my son,” replied the good king ; “ but I will be very much obliged to you, if you will render him the best of princes ; what use will it be to him to be handsome, rich, or master of all the kingdoms in the world ? So long as he is wicked, you know well that he will be unhappy, for there is nothing but virtue that can bestow contentment.”

“You reason well,” said Candide; “but it is not in my power to make the prince Cherry a good man in spite of himself; he must himself labour to become virtuous; all that I can promise you, is to give him good advice, to reproach him with his faults, and to punish him if he will not correct them himself.”

The good king was completely satisfied with this promise, and died a while after. Prince Cherry mourned greatly for his father, for he loved him with all his heart, and would have willingly given all his kingdoms, his gold and his silver, to have saved him, if these things had been able to change the decrees of fate. Two days after the death of his father, while Cherry was lying on his couch, Candide appeared to him. “I have promised your father,” said she to him, “to be one of your friends, and to keep my word, I have come to make you a present;” at the same time she placed on the finger of Cherry, a small gold ring, and said to him, “take good care of this ring; it is more precious than diamonds; every time that you do a bad action, it will prick your finger; but if, in spite of its pricking, you continue this bad conduct, you will lose my friendship, and I will become your enemy.” Finishing with these words, Candide disappeared, and left Cherry very much astonished. He was for some time so discreet, that the ring never pricked him once, and this pleased him so much that he added to his former name of Cherry, that of the “Happy.” Some time afterwards he went a hunting, and having caught nothing, he fell into a bad humour, it appeared then to him, that his ring slightly pressed his finger; but as it did not prick him, he paid it scarce any attention. Returning to

his chamber, his little dog Bibi came jumping upon him to caress him, but he said: "Get away; I am not in the humour to receive your caresses." The poor little dog, who did not understand him, pulled him by his dress to oblige him at least to look at him. This put Cherry completely out of temper, who gave him a severe kick. At this moment, the ring pricked him as if it had been a pin; he was very much ashamed, and sat down grieved in one corner of his room. He thought to himself: "I believe the fairy is mocking me; what great wrong have I done in giving a kick to a troublesome animal? What advantage is it to me to be master of a great empire, if I am not at liberty to beat my own dog?"

"I am not mocking you," said a voice, which replied to the thought of Cherry. "You have committed three faults instead of one. You have been bad humoured because you cannot bear contradiction, and because you think that men and beasts were born to obey you. You fell into a rage, which is still worse; and, besides, you have been cruel to a poor animal, who deserved not to be abused. I know that you are far superior to a dog; but if it were right and allowable for the great to maltreat all who are below them, I could at this moment beat you, yes, kill you, since a fairy is greater than a prince. The advantage of being master of a great empire, consists not in doing evil when one wishes, but in effecting all the good we are able." Cherry acknowledged his fault, and promised to amend, but he kept not his word. He had been brought up by a foolish nurse, who had indulged him when he was little; if he wished to have any thing,

he had but to cry, to be petful, and to stamp his foot, and this woman gave him every thing that he asked for; this had made him self-willed; she told him also from morning to night, that he was to be one day a king, and that kings were very happy because every body was obliged to obey them, to treat them with respect, and no one was allowed to hinder them from doing whatever they wished. When Cherry had grown to be a large boy, he soon found out that there was nothing so wrong as to be proud, irascible, and obstinate. He made some efforts to correct himself, but these faults had become habits, and nothing is more difficult to overcome than evil habits. It was not that he had naturally a bad heart. He cried through vexation when he had committed a fault, and said: "I am very unfortunate to have to contend all the time with my anger and my pride; if they had corrected me when I was young, I should have been spared all this trouble now." His ring pricked him very often; sometimes he stopped himself all of a sudden, at others, he continued on, and what was very singular, it pricked him but slightly for a small fault, but when he was wicked, the blood gushed from his finger. At last, this became insupportable, and wishing to be bad at his ease, he cast aside his ring. He thought himself the happiest of men, when he found himself freed from these prickings; he gave himself up to all sorts of wickedness that he felt disposed to, so that he became odious to every one.

One day, while Cherry was taking a walk, he saw a young woman who was so beautiful that he resolved to marry her. Her name was Zelia, and she was as wise as she was handsome.

Cherry believed that Zelia would think herself very happy in becoming a great queen, but this girl said to him, with the greatest frankness : “ Sir, I am but a peasant girl ; I have no fortune, but for all that, I will not marry you.’ —“ Is my appearance displeasing to you ?” asked Cherry, with a slight emotion. “ No, no, prince,” replied Zelia to him : “ I see you as you are ; that is to say, very handsome ; but of what use will be to me your beauty, your wealth, the fine dresses, the splendid carriages, you will give me, if the wicked actions I see you every day commit, oblige me to despise and hate you ?” Cherry became very angry at Zelia, and commanded his attendants to carry her by force to the palace. He kept thinking all the day of the contempt which this girl had exhibited towards him, but as he was truly in love with her, he could not resolve to maltreat her. Among the favourites of Cherry, was a fosterbrother, on whom he had bestowed all his confidence. This man, whose inclinations were as base as was his birth, flattered the passions of his master, and gave him the very worst advice. As he noticed that Cherry was quite sad, he asked of him the cause of his uneasiness. The prince replied to him, that he could not bear the contempt of Zelia, and that he was resolved to correct his defects, since it was only by being virtuous that he could please her. This wicked man said to him : “ You are very good to put yourself to all this trouble for a young girl ; if I were in your place, I would compel her to obey me. Recollect that you are a king, and that it would be scandalous for you to submit to the will of a peasant girl, who ought to be too happy to be received among your

slaves ; make her live upon bread and water, place her in a dungeon, and if she still refuses to marry you, torture her to death, to teach others to yield to your wishes. You would be utterly disgraced, if it came to be known that a simple girl could resist you, and your subjects would forget that they were born to obey you.”—“ But,” said Cherry, “ would I not be disgraced if I put to death this innocent girl, for in truth Zelia is guilty of no crime ?” —“ No one is innocent, who refuses to do your bidding,” replied the confidant. “ But I will suppose that you commit an act of injustice ; it is much better you should be accused of that, than that you should teach the people it is sometimes permitted them to fail in their respect for you, and contradict you.” The courtier attacked Cherry on his weak side, and the fear of seeing his authority lessened, made such an impression on the king, that he stifled the good emotions which prompted him to amend ; he resolved to go that very evening to the chamber of the country girl, and to abuse her if she still continued to refuse him. The fosterbrother of Cherry, who feared, lest he should repent, collected three young lords as wicked as himself, to hold a revel with the king ; they supped together, and they took good care to overthrow the reason of the king, by causing him to drink excessively.

During supper, they excited his anger against Zelia, and made him so ashamed of his weakness for her, that he got up in a fury, swearing that he would go and make her obedient, or that, on the morrow, he would sell her for a slave.

Cherry, on entering the room where the girl had been confined,

was very much surprised at not finding her, for he had kept the key in his pocket; he fell into a frightful rage, and took an oath to be revenged upon all whom he suspected to have aided in her escape. His confidants hearing him speak thus, resolved to take advantage of his indignation, and effect the destruction of a nobleman who had formerly been the preceptor of Cherry. This honourable man had sometimes taken the liberty of informing the king of his faults, for he loved him as though he had been his own son; at first, Cherry thanked him, then he became impatient at being opposed, and finally, he thought that it was from a spirit of contradiction that his preceptor found fault, while every other person was full of his praises. He then gave him orders to quit the court, but in spite of the orders, he acknowledged frequently that he was an honourable man, that he did not love him, but that in spite of himself he was obliged to esteem him. The confidants were always in fear lest the king should take a fancy to recall his governor, and they now thought they had found a favourable opportunity to make way with him. They made the king believe that Suliman (for this was the name of this worthy man) had boasted of giving liberty to Zelia; three men, bribed with presents, declared that they had heard Suliman say so himself; and the prince transported with rage, commanded his foster-brother to send soldiers to bring before him his governor in chains. After giving these orders, Cherry retired to his chamber; but scarcely had he entered, when the earth shook, he heard a loud clap of thunder, and Candide appeared before his eyes. "I promised your father," said she, in a severe tone. "to give you

my advice, and to punish you if you refused to follow it. You have despised this advice, you have preserved but the figure of a man, while your crimes have changed you into a monster the dread of heaven and earth. It is time by punishing you I fulfil my promise. I condemn you to become like the beasts whose inclinations you have assumed. You will resemble the lion for your rage, the wolf for your gluttony, the serpent for destroying him who has been a second father to you, and the bull for your brutality. Carry in your new figure the marks of all these animals." Scarcely had the fairy ended these words, when Cherry saw himself with horror to be what she had wished; he had the head of a lion, the horns of a bull, the feet of a wolf, and the tail of a viper. At the same time, he found himself in a vast forest, upon the margin of a fountain, where he saw his horrible figure, and heard a voice saying to him: "Observe attentively the state to which you are reduced by your crimes; your soul is a hundred times more deformed than your body." Cherry recognised the voice of Candide, and in his madness he turned suddenly round to spring upon and devour her; but he saw no one, and the same voice said to him: "I laugh at your impotent rage. I am about still further to mortify your pride, by putting you in the power of your own subjects."

Cherry thought that in removing from this fountain, he should find relief from his evils, since he would no longer have before his eyes his hideousness and deformity; he plunged then into the woods, but scarcely had he advanced a few steps before he fell into a pit, which had been dug for taking bears, while at the

same instant, the hunters who were concealed beneath the trees, descended into the pit, and having put him in chains, carried him to the capital of his kingdom. On the way, instead of acknowledging himself justly chastised for his faults, he cursed the fairy, bit his chains, and gave way to the utmost ferocity. When they came near the city whither they were taking him, he observed great rejoicings, and the hunters having asked what had happened so recently, were told that the prince Cherry, whose only pleasure consisted in annoying his people, had been destroyed in his chamber by a stroke of lightning, (for thus they believed), “the gods, (added their informers,) no longer being able to endure the excess of his cruelties, had rid the earth of him. Four lords, accomplices in his crimes, thought to profit by them, and divide the empire among themselves, but the people who knew that their bad advice had ruined the king, tore them in pieces, and had offered the crown to Suliman whom the wicked Cherry had wished to destroy. This worthy nobleman is about to be crowned, and we are celebrating this day, as that of the deliverance of the kingdom, for he is virtuous and is about to restore to us peace and abundance.” Cherry writhed with rage, hearing language like this, but he was still worse off when he came to the public square before his palace; he saw Suliman upon a splendid throne, and a whole people wishing him a long life, to repair the evils they had suffered under his predecessor. Suliman made a sign with his hand to ask silence, and said to the people: “I accept the crown which you have offered me, but it is to preserve it for Prince Cherry. He is not dead, as you believe; a fairy

has taken him away, and perhaps some day he will return to you as virtuous as he was in his earlier years. Alas !” continued he, shedding tears, “flatteries have seduced him ; I knew his heart, it was formed for virtue, and had it not been for the impoisoned discourses of those who surrounded him, he had been a father to all of us ; but let us lament him, and beseech the gods that they restore him to us ; as for myself, I would esteem myself too happy to moisten the throne with my blood, could I see him re-ascend it in a temper worthily to fulfil its duties.” The words of Suliman went to the heart of Cherry. He then saw the attachment and fidelity of this man had been sincere, and, for the first time, reproached himself with his crimes. Scarcely had he felt this good emotion, than he began to perceive his passion decline ; he reflected upon all the evil actions of his life, and found that he was not punished as severely as he deserved ; he ceased then to beat himself against the iron cage in which he was chained, and became as mild as a lamb. They carried him to the menagerie, where they kept all kinds of strange animals and wild beasts, and placed him with the rest.

Cherry then resolved to begin repairing his faults, by showing himself obedient to his keeper ; this man was brutal in his temper, and although Cherry was very gentle, whenever he was in a bad humour, he beat him without cause. One day, when this man was asleep, a tiger, who had broken his chain, rushed upon him ; then Cherry felt an emotion of pleasure in seeing himself about being delivered from his persecutor, but he quickly reproached himself, and wished to be free “I would return good

for evil, by saving the life of this unfortunate man." Scarcely had he formed this wish, when he saw his cage open ; he sprang to the side of the man who had awaked, and was struggling with the tiger ; the keeper gave himself up for lost, when he saw the monster, but his fear was soon changed into joy ; the beneficent monster threw himself upon the tiger, strangled him, and afterwards lay down at the feet of the person he came to save. The man, deeply impressed with gratitude, wished to caress the monster who had rendered him so great service ; but he heard a voice, saying to him : " A good action never goes unrewarded," and at the same instant, he saw nothing but a handsome dog at his feet. Cherry, delighted at this change, played a thousand gambols round his master, who took him in his arms and carried him to the king, to whom he related the wonder. The queen wished to have the dog, and Cherry would have found himself happy in his new condition, if he could have forgotten that he was a man, and a king. The queen loaded him with caresses, but from a dread lest he should become fatter than he was, she consulted her family physician, who told her she should feed him only on bread, and of that she should give him but a limited quantity. Poor Cherry was dying of hunger half the time, but he was obliged to have patience.

One day, after they had given him a small piece of bread for breakfast, the fancy took him of going and eating it in the garden of the palace ; he took it in his mouth, and proceeded towards a canal, he recollected, that was not afar off ; he found not this canal, but he saw on its site, a large house, whose exterior shone

with gold and precious stones ; he saw entering a great number of men and women, magnificently dressed ; within there were singing, dancing, and feasting ; but all who came out were pale, thin, covered with sores, and almost entirely naked, for their dresses were torn into tatters. Some of them fell down dead as soon as they came out, others removed themselves with difficulty from it, others lay reclined upon the bare ground, dying of famine, and asking a morsel of bread of those who were entering the house—but they took not the slightest notice of them. Cherry approached near a young girl, who was endeavouring to pull up some grass to devour it. Touched with compassion, the prince said to himself: “I have a good appetite, but I shall not die of hunger before dinner time ; and if I give up my breakfast to this poor creature, perhaps I shall save her life.” He determined to pursue this good resolve, and he placed his bread into the hand of this girl, who carried it to her mouth with avidity. She soon appeared entirely restored, and Cherry, overjoyed at having assisted her so opportunely, thought of returning to the palace, when he heard loud cries ; it was Zelia in the hands of four men, who were dragging her towards the fine house, which they forced her to enter. Cherry then wished for the form of the monster, which would have enabled him to assist Zelia, but a weak dog, he could only bark at her ravishers, and make efforts to follow them ; they drove him off with kicks, but he resolved not to quit the place, until he had found out what had become of Zelia.

He reproached himself with the misfortunes of this beautiful girl. “Alas !” said he to himself, “I am enraged at those who

were taking her away ; have I not committed the same crime ? and if the justice of the gods had not prevented my attempt, would I not have treated her with the same indignity ?”

These reflections of Cherry, were interrupted by a noise above his head ; he saw a window open, and his joy was extreme when he perceived Zelia, who threw out of the window a plate of meat, so well seasoned, that the very sight of it gave him an appetite. She shut the window immediately, and Cherry, who had eaten nothing the whole day, thought that he would profit by the opportunity.

He was going to eat of this meat, when the young girl to whom he had given his bread, shrieked out, and taking him in her arms : “ Poor little fellow,” said she to him, “ touch not this meat ; *this house is the palace of pleasure*, all that comes out of it is *poisoned*.”

At this instant, Cherry heard a voice which said to him : “ You see that a good action never goes unrewarded ;” and immediately he was changed into a little white pigeon ; he recollected that this was the colour of Candide, and began to hope that she would at last restore him to her favour ; his first wish was to approach Zelia, and rising in the air, he flew around the house ; he saw with joy that there was one window open, but he traversed the house in vain ; he could not find her, and in despair at his loss, he resolved never to stop until he had met with her.

He flew for many days, and having entered a desert, he saw a cavern, which he approached. What was his joy ! Zelia was sitting beside a venerable hermit, and was taking with him a

frugal repast. Cherry, overjoyed, flew upon the shoulder of the charming girl, and expressed by his tenderness, the pleasure he took in seeing her.

Zelia, charmed with the gentleness of the little creature, patted it softly with her hand, and although she believed that he could not understand her, she told him, that “she accepted the gift which he had made of himself, and she would always love him.”

“What have you done, Zelia?” said the hermit to her; “you have pledged your faith.”—“Yes, charming Zelia,” said Cherry to her, assuming at that moment his natural form, “the end of my metamorphoses was dependant upon your consent to our union; you have promised ever to love me; confirm my happiness, or I shall entreat the fairy Candide, my protectress, to restore me to the form under which I had the happiness to please you.”

“You have nothing to fear from his inconstancy,” said Candide to her, who, quitting the form of a hermit, under which she had been concealed, appeared to their eyes such as in reality she was; “Zelia loved you as soon as she saw you, but your vices constrained her to conceal from you the partiality you had inspired; the change in your heart allows her to yield to her tenderness: you shall live happily, since your union will be based upon virtue.”

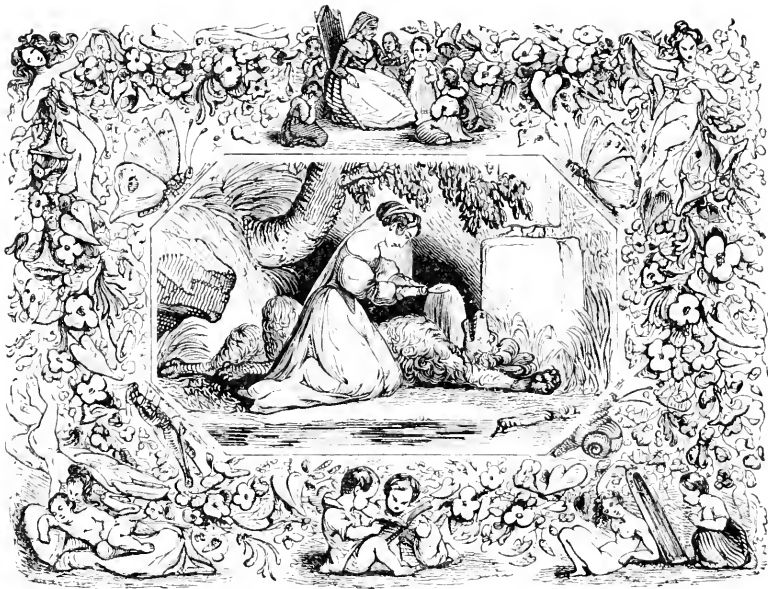
Cherry and Zelia cast themselves at the feet of Candide: the prince never could cease thanking her for her goodness; and Zelia, delighted to hear that the prince detested his errors, confirmed her avowal of affection. “Arise, my children,” said the fairy; “I am about to transport you to your palace, to restore to

Cherry a crown, of which, for a time, his vices had rendered him unworthy."

Scarcely had she ceased speaking, when they found themselves in the chamber of Suliman, who, charmed at the return of his dear master, once more become virtuous, surrendered to him his throne, and remained the most faithful of his subjects.

Cherry reigned a long time with Zelia, and it is said, that he paid such attention to his duties, that the ring which he had replaced upon his finger, never again pricked him a single time, so as to draw blood.





BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.



HERE was once a very rich merchant, who had six children, three boys and three girls. As he was himself a man of great sense, he spared no expense for their education, but provided them with all sorts of masters for their improvement. The three daughters were all handsome, but particularly the youngest : indeed, she was so very beautiful, that in her childhood every one called her the Little Beauty ; and being still the same when she was grown up, nobody called her by any other name, which made her sisters very jealous of her. This

youngest daughter was not only more handsome than her sisters, but also was better tempered. The two eldest were vain of being rich, and spoke with pride to those they thought below them. They gave themselves a thousand airs, and would not visit other merchants' daughters; nor would they indeed be seen with any but persons of quality. They went every day to balls, plays, and public walks, and always made game of their youngest sister for spending her time in reading, or other useful employments. As it was well known that these young ladies would have large fortunes, many great merchants wished to get them for wives; but the two eldest always answered, that for their parts, they had no thoughts of marrying any one below a duke, or an earl at least. Beauty had quite as many offers as her sisters, but she always answered with the greatest civility, that she was much obliged to her lovers, but would rather live some years longer with her father, as she thought herself too young to marry.

It happened that by some unlucky accident, the merchant suddenly lost all his fortune, and had nothing left but a small cottage in the country. Upon this, he said to his daughters, while the tears ran down his cheeks all the time: "My children, we must now go and dwell in the cottage, and try to get a living by labour, for we have no other means of support." The two eldest replied, that for their part, they did not know how to work, and would not leave town; for they had lovers enough who would be glad to marry them, though they had no longer any fortune. But in this they were mistaken; for when the lovers heard what

had happened, they said : “ The girls were so proud and ill-tempered, that all we wanted was their fortune ; we are not sorry at all to see their pride brought down ; let them give themselves airs to their cows and sheep.” But every body pitied poor Beauty, because she was so sweet-tempered and kind to all that knew her ; and several gentlemen offered to marry her, though she had not a penny ; but Beauty still refused, and said, she could not think of leaving her poor father in this trouble, and would go and help him in his labours in the country. At first Beauty could not help sometimes crying in secret for the hardships she was now obliged to suffer ; but in a very short time she said to herself : “ All the crying in the world will do me no good, so I will try to be happy without a fortune.”

When they had removed to their cottage, the merchant and his three sons employed themselves in ploughing and sowing the fields, and working in the garden. Beauty also did her part, for she got up by four o'clock every morning, lighted the fires, cleaned the house, and got the breakfast for the whole family. At first she found all this very hard ; but she soon grew quite used to it, and thought it no hardship at all ; and indeed, the work greatly amended her health. When she had done, she used to amuse herself with reading, playing on her music, or singing while she spun. But her two sisters were at a loss what to do to pass the time away : they had their breakfast in bed, and did not rise till ten o'clock. Then they commonly walked out ; but always found themselves very soon tired ; when they would often sit down under a shady tree, and grieve for the loss

of their carriage and fine clothes, and say to each other : “ What a mean-spirited, poor, stupid creature our young sister is, to be so content with our low way of life ! ” But their father thought in quite another way ; he admired the patience of this sweet young creature ; for her sisters not only left her to do the whole work of the house, but made game of her every moment.

After they had lived in this manner about a year, the merchant received a letter which informed him that one of the richest ships, which he thought was lost, had just come into port. This news made the two eldest sisters almost mad with joy ; for they thought they should now leave the cottage, and have all their finery again. When they found that their father must take a journey to the ship, the two eldest begged he would not fail to bring them back some new gowns, caps, rings, and all sorts of trinkets. But Beauty asked for nothing ; for she thought in herself that all the ship was worth would hardly buy every thing her sisters wished for. “ Beauty,” said the merchant, “ how comes it about that you ask for nothing ; what can I bring you, my child ? ”—“ Since you are so kind as to think of me, dear father,” she answered, “ I should be glad if you would bring me a rose, for we have none in our garden.” Now Beauty did not indeed wish for a rose, nor any thing else, but she only said this, that she might not affront her sisters, for else they would have said she wanted her father to praise her for not asking him for any thing. The merchant took his leave of them, and set out on his journey ; but when he got to the ship, some persons went to law with him about the cargo, and after a deal of trouble, he

came back to his cottage as poor as he had gone away. When he was within thirty miles of his home, and thinking of the joy he should have in again meeting his children, his road lay through a thick forest, and he quite lost himself. It rained and snowed very hard, and besides, the wind was so high as to throw him twice from his horse. Night came on, and he thought to be sure he should die of cold and hunger, or be torn to pieces by the wolves that he heard howling round him. All at once, he now cast his eyes towards a long row of trees, and saw a light at the end of them, but it seemed a great way off. He made the best of his way towards it, and found that it came from a fine palace, lighted all over. He walked faster, and soon reached the gates, which he opened, and was very much surprised that he did not see a single person or creature in any of the yards. His horse had followed him, and finding a stable with the door open, went into it at once ; and here the poor beast, being nearly starved, helped himself to a good meal of oats and hay. His master then tied him up, and walked towards the house, which he entered, but still without seeing a living creature. He went on to a large hall, where he found a good fire, and a table covered with some very nice dishes, and only one plate with a knife and fork. As the snow and rain had wetted him to the skin, he went up to the fire to dry himself. "I hope," said he, "the master of the house or his servants will excuse me, for to be sure it will not be long now before I see them." He waited a good time, but still nobody came : at last the clock struck eleven, and the merchant, being quite faint for the want of food, helped him-

self to a chicken, which he made but two mouthfuls of, and then to a few glasses of wine, yet all the time trembling with fear. He sat till the clock struck twelve, but did not see a single creature. He now took courage, and began to think of looking a little more about him ; so he opened a door at the end of the hall, and went through it into a very grand room, in which there was a fine bed ; and as he was quite weak and tired, he shut the door, took off his clothes, and got into it.

It was ten o'clock in the morning before he thought of getting up, when he was amazed to see a handsome new suit of clothes laid ready for him, instead of his own, which he had spoiled. "To be sure," said he to himself, "this place belongs to some good fairy, who has taken pity on my ill luck." He looked out of the window, and, instead of snow, he saw the most charming arbours, covered with all kinds of flowers. He returned to the hall, where he had supped, and found a breakfast table, with some chocolate got ready for him. "Indeed, my good fairy," said the merchant aloud, "I am vastly obliged to you for your kind care of me." He then made a hearty breakfast, took his hat, and was going to the stable to pay his horse a visit ; but as he passed under one of the arbours, which was loaded with roses, he thought of what Beauty had asked him to bring back to her, and so he took a bunch of roses to carry home. At the same moment he heard a most shocking noise, and saw such a frightful beast coming towards him, that he was ready to drop with fear. "Ungrateful man!" said the beast, in a terrible voice, "I have saved your life by letting you into my palace, and in return

you steal my roses, which I value more than any thing else that belongs to me. But you shall make amends for your fault with your life : you shall die in a quarter of an hour." The merchant fell on his knees to the beast, and clasping his hands, said : " My lord, I humbly beg your pardon : I did not think it would offend you to gather a rose for one of my daughters, who wished to have one."—" I am not a lord, but a beast," replied the monster ; " I do not like false compliments, but that people should say what they think : so do not fancy that you can coax me by any such ways. You tell me that you have daughters ; now I will pardon you, if one of them will agree to come and die instead of you. Go : and if your daughters should refuse, promise me that you will return yourself in three months."

The tender-hearted merchant had no thoughts of letting any one of his daughters die instead of him ; but he knew that if he seemed to accept the beast's terms, he should at least have the pleasure of seeing them once again. So he gave the beast his promise ; and the beast told him he might then set off as soon as he liked. " But," said the beast, " I do not wish you to go back empty-handed. Go to the room you slept in, and you will find a chest there ; fill it with just what you like best, and I will get it taken to your own house for you." When the beast had said this, he went away ; and the good merchant said to himself : " If I must die, yet I shall now have the comfort of leaving my children some riches." He returned to the room he had slept in, and found a great many pieces of gold. He filled the chest with them to the very brim, locked it, and mounting his horse, left the

palace as sorry as he had been glad when he first found it. The horse took a path across the forest of his own accord, and in a few hours they reached the merchant's house. His children came running round him as he got off his horse; but the merchant, instead of kissing them with joy, could not help crying as he looked at them. He held in his hand the bunch of roses, which he gave to Beauty, saying: "Take these roses, Beauty; but little do you think how dear they have cost your poor father:" and then he gave them an account of all that he had seen or heard in the palace of the beast. The two eldest sisters now began to shed tears, and to lay the blame upon Beauty, who they said would be the cause of her father's death. "See," said they, "what happens from the pride of the little wretch: why did not she ask for fine things as we did? But, to be sure, miss must not be like other people; and though she will be the cause of her father's death, yet she does not shed a tear."—"It would be of no use," replied Beauty, "to weep for the death of my father, for he shall not die now. As the beast will accept of one of his daughters, I will give myself up to him; and think myself happy in being able at once to save his life, and prove my love for the best of fathers."—"No, sister," said the three brothers, "you shall not die; we will go in search of this monster, and either he or we will perish."—"Do not hope to kill him," said the merchant, "for his power is far too great for you to be able to do any such thing. I am charmed with the kindness of Beauty, but I will not suffer her life to be lost. I myself am old, and cannot expect to live much longer; so I shall but give up a few years

of my life, and shall only grieve for the sake of my children.” “Never, father,” cried Beauty, “shall you go to the palace without me; for you cannot hinder my going after you; though young, I am not over fond of life; and I would much rather be eaten up by the monster, than die of the grief your loss would give me.” The merchant in vain tried to reason with Beauty, for she would go; which, in truth made her two sisters glad, for they were jealous of her, because every body loved her.

The merchant was so grieved at the thoughts of losing his child, that he never once thought of the chest filled with gold; but at night, to his great surprise, he found it standing by his bedside. He said nothing about his riches to his eldest daughters, for he knew very well it would at once make them want to return to town; but he told Beauty his secret, and she then said, that while he was away, two gentlemen had been on a visit at their cottage, who had fallen in love with her two sisters. She then begged her father to marry them without delay; for she was so sweet-tempered, that she loved them for all they had used her so ill, and forgave them with all her heart. When the three months were past, the merchant and Beauty got ready to set out for the palace of the beast. Upon this, the two sisters rubbed their eyes with an onion, to make believe they shed a great many tears; but both the merchant and his sons cried in earnest: there was only Beauty who did not, for she thought that this would only make the matter worse. They reached the palace in a very few hours, and the horse, without bidding went into the same stable as before. The merchant and Beauty

walked towards the large hall, where they found a table covered with every dainty, and two plates laid ready. The merchant had very little appetite ; but Beauty, that she might the better hide her grief, placed herself at the table, and helped her father ; she then began herself to eat, and thought all the time that to be sure the beast had a mind to fatten her before he ate her up, as he had got such good cheer for her. When they had done their supper, they heard a great noise, and the good old man began to bid his poor child farewell, for he knew it was the beast coming to them. When Beauty first saw his frightful form, she could not help being afraid ; but she tried to hide her fear as much as she could. The beast asked her if she had come quite of her own accord ; and though she was now still more afraid than before, she made shift to say, “ Y-e-s.”—“ You are a good girl, and I think myself very much obliged to you.” He then turned towards her father, and said to him : “ Good man, you may leave the palace to-morrow morning, and take care never to come back to it again. Good night, Beauty.”—“ Good night, beast,” said she ; and then the monster went out of the room.

“ Ah ! my dear child,” said the merchant, kissing his daughter. “ I am half dead already, at the thoughts of leaving you with this dreadful beast ; you had better go back, and let me stay in your place.”—“ No,” said Beauty, boldly, “ I will never agree to that ; you must go home to-morrow morning.” They then wished each other good night, and went to bed, both of them thinking they should not be able to close their eyes ; but as soon as ever they had laid down, they fell into a deep sleep, and did not wake

till morning. Beauty dreamed that a lady came up to her, who said : “ I am very much pleased, Beauty, with the goodness you have shown, in being willing to give your life to save that of your father : and it shall not go without a reward.” As soon as Beauty awoke, she told her father this dream ; but though it gave him some comfort, he could not take leave of his darling child without shedding many tears. When the merchant got out of sight, Beauty sat down in the large hall, and began to cry also : yet she had a great deal of courage, and so she soon resolved not to make her sad case still worse by sorrow, which she knew could not be of any use to her, but to wait as well as she could till night, when she thought the beast would not fail to come and eat her up. She walked about to take a view of all the palace, and the beauty of every part of it much charmed her.

But what was her surprise, when she came to a door on which was written, “ *Beauty's room !*” She opened it in haste, and her eyes were all at once dazzled at the grandeur of the inside of the room. What made her wonder more than all the rest was, a large library filled with books, a harpsichord, and many other pieces of music. “ The beast takes care I shall not be at a loss how to amuse myself,” said she. She then thought that it was not likely such things would have been got ready for her, if she had but one day to live ; and began to hope all would not turn out so bad as she and her father had feared. She opened the library, and saw these verses written in letters of gold on the back of one of the books :—

“Beauteous lady, dry your tears,
Here’s no cause for sighs or fears ;
Command as freely as you may,
Enjoyment still shall mark your sway.”

“Alas !” said she, sighing, “there is nothing I so much desire as to see my poor father and to know what he is doing at this moment.” She said this to herself ; but just then, by chance, she cast her eyes on a looking-glass that stood near her, and in the glass she saw her home, and her father riding up to the cottage in the deepest sorrow. Her sisters came out to meet him, but for all they tried to look sorry, it was easy to see that in their hearts they were very glad. In a short time, all this picture went away out of the glass ; but Beauty began to think that the beast was very kind to her, and that she had no need to be afraid of him.

About the middle of the day, she found a table laid ready for her ; and a sweet concert of music played all the time she was eating her dinner without her seeing a single creature. But at supper, when she was going to seat herself at table, she heard the noise of the beast, and could not help trembling with fear. “Beauty,” said he, “will you give me leave to see you sup ?” “That is as you please,” answered she, very much afraid. “Not in the least,” said the beast ; “you alone command in this place. If you should not like my company, you need only to say so, and I will leave you that moment. But tell me, Beauty, do you not think me very ugly ?”—“Why, yes,” said she, “for I cannot tell a story ; but then I think you are very good.”—“You are

right," replied the beast; "and, besides being ugly, I am also very stupid; I know very well enough that I am but a beast."

"I should think you cannot be very stupid," said Beauty, "if you yourself know this."—"Pray do not let me hinder you from eating," said he: "and be sure you do not want for any thing; for all you see is yours, and I shall be vastly grieved if you are not happy."—"You are very kind," said Beauty: "I must needs own that I think very well of your good-nature, and then I almost forget how ugly you are."—"Yes, yes, I hope I am good-tempered," said he: "but still I am a monster."—"There are many men who are worse monsters than you are," replied Beauty; "and I am better pleased with you in that form, though it is so ugly, than with those who carry wicked hearts under the form of a man."—"If I had any sense," said the beast, "I would thank you for what you have said; but I am too stupid to say any thing that would give you pleasure." Beauty ate her supper with a very good appetite, and almost lost all her dread of the monster; but she was ready to sink with fright, when he said to her: "Beauty, will you be my wife?" For a few minutes she was not able to speak a word, for she was afraid of putting him in a passion, by refusing. At length, she said: "No, beast." The beast made no reply, but sighed deeply and went away. When Beauty found herself alone, she began to feel pity for the poor beast. "Dear!" said she, "what a sad thing it is that he should be so very grateful, since he is so good-tempered!"

Beauty lived three months in this palace, very well pleased. The beast came to see her every night, and talked with her while

she supped; and though what he said was not very clever, yet, as she saw in him every day some new mark of his goodness, instead of dreading the time of his coming, she was always looking at her watch, to see if it was almost nine o'clock; for that was the time when he never failed to visit her. There was but one thing that vexed her; which was that every night before the beast went away from her, he always made it a rule to ask her if she would be his wife, and seemed very much grieved at her saying no. At last, one night, she said to him: "You vex me greatly, beast, by forcing me to refuse you so often; I wish I could take such a liking to you as to agree to marry you; but I must tell you plainly, that I do not think it will ever happen. I shall always be your friend; so try to let that make you easy."—"I must needs do so then," said the beast, "for I know well enough how frightful I am; but I love you better than myself. Yet I think I am very lucky in your being pleased to stay with me; now promise me, Beauty, that you will never leave me." Beauty was quite struck when he said this; for that very day she had seen in her glass that her father had fallen sick of grief for her sake, and was very ill for the want of seeing her again. "I would promise you with all my heart," said she, "never to leave you quite; but I long so much to see my father, that if you do not give me leave to visit him, I shall die with grief."—"I would rather die myself, Beauty," answered the beast, "than make you fret; I will send you to your father's cottage; you shall stay there, and your poor beast shall die of sorrow."—"No," said Beauty, crying, "I love you too well to be the cause of your

death ; I promise to return in a week. You have shown me that my sisters are married, and my brothers are gone for soldiers, so that my father is left all alone. Let me stay a week with him.” —“ You shall find yourself with him to-morrow morning,” replied the beast ; “ but mind, do not forget your promise. When you wish to return, you have nothing to do but to put your ring on a table when you go to bed. Good-by, Beauty !” The beast then sighed as he said these words, and Beauty went to bed very sorry to see him so much grieved. When she awoke in the morning, she found herself in her father’s cottage. She rung a bell that was at her bedside, and a servant entered ; but as soon as she saw Beauty, the woman gave a loud shriek ; upon which the merchant ran up stairs, and when he beheld his daughter, he was ready to die of joy. He ran to the bedside, and kissed her a hundred times. At last, Beauty began to remember that she had brought no clothes with her to put on ; but the servant told her she had just found in the next room a large chest full of dresses, trimmed all over with gold, and adorned with pearls and diamonds.

Beauty, in her own mind, thanked the beast for his kindness, and put on the plainest gown she could find among them all. She then told the servant to put the rest away with a great deal of care, for she intended to give them to her sisters ; but as soon as she had spoken these words, the chest was gone out of sight in a moment. Her father then said, perhaps the beast chose for her to keep them all for herself ; and as soon as he had said this, they saw the chest standing again in the same place

While Beauty was dressing herself, a servant brought word to her that her sisters were come with their husbands to pay her a visit. They both lived unhappily with the gentlemen they had married. The husband of the eldest was very handsome : but was so very proud of this, that he thought of nothing else from morning till night, and did not attend to the beauty of his wife. The second had married a man of great learning ; but he made no use of it, only to torment and affront all his friends, and his wife more than any of them. The two sisters were ready to burst with spite when they saw Beauty dressed like a princess, and look so very charming. All the kindness that she showed them was of no use ; for they were vexed more than ever, when she told them how happy she lived at the palace of the beast. The spiteful creatures went by themselves into the garden, where they cried to think of her good fortune. “ Why should the little wretch be better off than we ? ” said they : “ we are much handsomer than she is. ” — “ Sister, ” said the eldest, “ a thought has just come into my head : let us try to keep her here longer than the week that the beast gave her leave for ; and then he will be so angry, that perhaps he will eat her up in a moment. ” — “ That is well thought of, ” answered the other : “ but to do this we must seem very kind to her. ” They then made up their minds to be so, and went to join her in the cottage : where they showed her so much false love, that Beauty could not help crying for joy.

When the week was ended, the two sisters began to pretend so much grief at the thoughts of her leaving them, that she agreed to stay a week more ; but all that time Beauty could not

help fretting for the sorrow that she knew her staying would give her poor beast; for she tenderly loved him, and much wished for his company again. The tenth night of her being at the cottage, she dreamed she was in the garden of the palace, and that the beast lay dying on a grass plot, and, with his last breath, put her in mind of her promise, and laid his death to her keeping away from him. Beauty awoke in a great fright, and burst into tears. "Am not I wicked," said she, "to behave so ill to a beast who has shown me so much kindness; why will not I marry him? I am sure I should be more happy with him than my sisters are with their husbands. He shall not be wretched any longer on my account; for I should do nothing but blame myself all the rest of my life."

She then rose, put her ring on the table, got into bed again, and soon fell asleep. In the morning, she with joy found herself in the palace of the beast. She dressed herself very finely, that she might please him the better, and thought she had never known a day pass away so slow. At last the clock struck nine, but the beast did not come. Beauty then thought to be sure she had been the cause of his death in earnest. She ran from room to room all over the palace, calling out his name, but still she saw nothing of him. After looking for him a long time, she thought of her dream, and ran directly towards the grass plot; and there she found the poor beast lying senseless and seeming dead. She threw herself upon his body, thinking nothing at all of his ugliness; and finding his heart still beat, she ran and fetched some water from a pond in the garden, and threw it

on his face. The beast then opened his eyes, and said : “ You have forgot your promise, Beauty. My grief for the loss of you has made me resolve to starve myself to death ; but I shall die content, since I have had the pleasure of seeing you once more.’ “ No, dear beast,” replied Beauty, “ you shall not die ; you shall live to be my husband : from this moment I offer to marry you, and will be only yours. Oh ! I thought I felt only friendship for you : but the pain I now feel, shows me that I could not live without seeing you.”

The moment Beauty had spoken these words, the palace was suddenly lighted up, and music, fireworks, and all kinds of rejoicings, appeared round about them. Yet Beauty took no notice of all this, but watched over her dear beast with the greatest tenderness. But now she was all at once amazed to see at her feet, instead of her poor beast, the handsomest prince that ever was seen, who thanked her most warmly for having broken his enchantment. Though this young prince deserved all her notice, she could not help asking him what was become of the beast. “ You see him at your feet, Beauty,” answered the prince ; “ for I am he. A wicked fairy had condemned me to keep the form of a beast till a beautiful young lady should agree to marry me, and ordered me, on pain of death, not to show that I had any sense. You, alone, dearest Beauty, have kindly judged of me by the goodness of my heart ; and in return I offer you my hand and my crown, though I know the reward is much less than what I owe you.” Beauty, in the most pleasing surprise, helped the prince to rise, and they walked along to the palace, when her

wonder was very great to find her father and sisters there, who had been brought by the lady, Beauty had seen in her dream. “Beauty,” said the lady, (for she was a fairy,) “receive the reward of the choice you have made. You have chosen goodness of heart, rather than sense and beauty ; therefore, you deserve to find them all three joined in the same person. You are going to be a great queen : I hope a crown will not destroy your virtue. As for you, ladies,” said the fairy to the other two sisters, “I have long known the malice of your hearts, and the wrongs you have done. You shall become two statues ; but under that form you shall still keep your reason, and shall be fixed at the gates of your sister’s palace ; and I will not pass any worse sentence on you than to see her happy. You will never appear in your own persons again, till you are fully cured of your faults ; and to tell the truth, I am very much afraid you will remain statues for ever.”

At the same moment, the fairy, with a stroke of her wand, removed all who were present to the young prince’s country, where he was received with the greatest joy by his subjects. He married Beauty, and passed a long and happy life with her, because they still kept in the same course of goodness that they had always been used to.





PRINCE CHARMING



HERE was one time a prince, who was but six years old when he lost his father ; at first, he was rather sad, but the pleasure of being a king quickly consoled him. This prince was called Charming : he had not a bad heart, but he had been brought up as a prince ; that is to say, he had his own way in every thing ; and this bad education would in consequence have undoubtedly rendered him wicked. He had already begun to exhibit symptoms of anger when any one told him of his faults ; he neglected his business to deliver himself

up to his pleasures ; above all, he was so passionately attached to the chase, that he passed the greater part of his time in this amusement. He would have been spoiled, as are almost all princes ; however, he had a good governor, whom he loved very much when he was young ; but after he became king, he thought his governor too virtuous. “ I will never dare to follow my own notions before him,” said he to himself ; “ for he says that a prince ought to give all his time to the business of his kingdom, and should not be too fond of pleasure. Even though he should say nothing, he will look sad, and I shall perceive by his countenance, that he is dissatisfied with me ; I must remove him to a distance, for his presence will be a constraint upon me.” On the morrow, Charming assembled his council, bestowed great praises upon his governor, and said, that to reward him for the attention he had shown him, he bestowed upon him the government of a province, which was at a great distance from the court. When his governor had departed, he plunged into all species of indulgence, and particularly hunting, of which he was fond to distraction.

One day, while Charming was in a large forest, there passed by him a doe of a snowy whiteness ; she had a collar of gold around her neck, and when she had approached near the prince, she looked at him earnestly, and then retreated. “ Let no one attempt to kill her,” cried Charming. He then gave orders to his people, to remain with the dogs, while he pursued the doe. It appeared as if she waited for him ; but when he came near her, she kept retreating ; at the same time, frisking and gambolling.

So great was his desire of taking her, that following her, he had proceeded a great way unconsciously. The night came on, and he lost sight of the doe. He was greatly embarrassed, for he knew not where he was. All on a sudden, he heard the sound of musical instruments, but it appeared to come from a distance. However, he followed the direction of this agreeable noise, until he arrived at a large castle, whence proceeded the music. The porter asked him what he desired, and the prince related his adventure. "You are welcome," said the man to him: "let me lead you to supper, for the doe belongs to my mistress, and whenever she goes out, it is to bring her company." At this moment, the porter whistled, and a great number of servants appeared with flambeaux, and led the prince to a well-lighted apartment. The furniture of this apartment was not splendid, but every thing was so appropriate, and so well arranged, that it was pleasant to see it. Immediately the mistress of the house made her appearance; the prince was struck with her beauty, and having thrown himself at her feet, he could not address her, so deeply intent was he in looking upon her. "Arise, prince!" said she to him, presenting him her hand: "I am delighted at the admiration I excite. You appear to me so agreeable, that I wish from my heart it may be your fate to draw me from this solitude. I am called True Glory, and am immortal; I have lived in this castle since the beginning of the world, awaiting a husband; a great number of kings have come hither to see me, but although they had sworn to me an eternal fidelity, they have failed to keep their word, but have abandoned me for the most cruel of my enemies"

“ Ah, beautiful princess, can any one who has once seen you, ever forget you ? I swear never to love other than you, and from this moment, I choose you for my queen.”—“ And I accept you for my king,” said True Glory to him : “ but it is not permitted me to marry you immediately. I go to make you acquainted with another prince, who is at my palace, and who desires also to marry me. If I were my own mistress, I would select yourself in preference ; but this depends not on myself. You must quit me for three years, and that one of the two, who shall be most faithful to me during this time, shall have the preference.”

Charming was deeply grieved at these words, but he was still more so, when he saw the prince of whom True Glory had spoken. He was so beautiful, and possessed so much intellect, that he feared lest True Glory should love him more than himself.

He was called Absolute, and possessed a large kingdom. Both of them supped with True Glory, and were very sad, when they had to quit in the morning ; she told them to wait for three years, and then come together to the palace. Scarcely had they proceeded two hundred paces in the forest, when they saw a palace, far more magnificent than that of True Glory. The gold, the silver, the marble, the diamonds, dazzled their eyes ; the gardens were superb, and curiosity induced them to enter. They were very much surprised to find their princess, but her dress was changed ; her hair, instead of white roses, as on the evening before, was decorated with pearls, and her robe, before simple and plain, was ample, and loaded with diamonds. “ I showed you yesterday my country-seat, but since I have two princes for

my lovers, I find it unworthy of me ; I have abandoned it for ever, and I will wait for you in the palace ; for princes ought ever to love the magnificent. Gold and precious stones, are only made for them, and when their subjects behold their splendour, they respect them the more." At the same time, she led her two lovers into a great hall. "I am going to show you," said she to them, "the portraits of most of the princes, who have been my favourites : behold him called Alexander, whom I would have married, but he died too young ; with a very small number of soldiers, he laid waste all Asia, and made himself master of it ; he loved me to madness, and often risked his life to please me : look at this other, named Pyrrhus ; the desire of becoming my husband, made him leave his own kingdom to gain others ; he was ever running about, but was unfortunately killed by a tile, which a woman threw upon his head. This other, was Julius Cesar ; to merit my love, he waged war for ten years with the Gauls. He conquered Pompey, and subjugated the Romans ; he would have been my husband, but having, contrary to my advice, pardoned his enemies, they murdered him with their daggers."

The princess showed them a still greater number of portraits, and having given them a splendid breakfast, which was served up on dishes of gold, she requested them to resume their journey. When they had left the palace, Absolute said to Charming : "Acknowledge that the princess was a thousand times more agreeable to-day, in her fine dress, and that she also had a great deal more wit."—"I don't know," said Charming : "she was

painted to-day ; she appeared to me changed, partly owing to her beautiful dress ; but in truth, she pleased me much more in her simple attire." The two princes separated, and returned to their kingdoms, resolved to do all that lay in their power to please their mistress.

When Charming arrived at his palace, he recollected that when he was small, his governor had often spoken to him of True Glory, and he said to himself : " Perhaps he knows the princess. I will recall him to court, he will tell me what I must do to please her." He then sent an express to seek him, and as soon as his governor, who was called *Sincere*, had reached the court, he summoned him into his cabinet, and related to him what had happened. The good *Sincere*, weeping with joy, said to the king : " Ah ! my dear prince, I am happy I have returned ; without me you would have lost your princess. You must know that she has a sister, who is called *False Glory*. This wicked creature, is not so handsome as True Glory, but she paints herself to conceal her defects. She waits for all those princes who come out from True Glory, and as she resembles her sister, she misleads them ; they believe they are toiling for True Glory, but they lose her, by following the advice of her sister. You have seen that all the lovers of False Glory, have perished miserably. Prince Absolute, who is about to follow their example, will never survive his thirtieth year ; but as for you, if you conduct yourself by my advice, I promise, that at last you will be the husband of your princess. She must marry the greatest king in the world ; exert yourself to become so."

“My dear Sincere,” replied Charming, “you know that is impossible; however great my kingdom may become, my subjects are so ignorant, and rude, that I never could employ them in war, for to become the greatest king in the world I must gain a great number of battles, and take many cities.”—“Ah! my dear prince,” replied Sincere, “you have already forgotten the lessons I gave you. Though you should have but a single city, and two or three hundred subjects—and though you should never go to war, you may become the greatest king in the world; all that is required for this, is to be the most just, and the most virtuous. This is the way to acquire True Glory. Those who take away the kingdoms of their neighbours—those who, to build large castles, to purchase fine dresses and plenty of diamonds, rob their people, are mistaken, and find but the princess False Glory, who then will no longer be painted, but will appear to them in all her deformity. You say that your subjects are rude, and ignorant; it is your duty to instruct them · make war upon ignorance and crime, contend against your own passions, and you will be truly a great king, and a conqueror far above Cesar, Pyrrhus, Alexander, and all those heroes, whose portraits False Glory pointed out to you.”

Charming resolved to follow the advice of his governor. For this purpose, he requested one of his relations to govern his kingdom in his absence, and departed with his governor, to travel through the world, and to inform himself of all that he must do to render his subjects happy.

Whenever he found a wise or able man, he said to him: “If

you will accompany me, I will reward you handsomely." When he had become well instructed himself, and had collected a great many distinguished men, he returned to his kingdom, and gave them orders to instruct his subjects, who were very poor and ignorant. He caused great cities, and a navy to be built, the young to be educated, the poor, the sick, and the aged to be taken care of; he distributed justice himself to his people, so that he rendered them an honourable and happy nation. He spent two years in these labours, and at the end of this time, he said to Sincere: "Do you believe that I am yet worthy of True Glory?"—"There still remains a great work for you to do," said his governor. "You have overcome the vices of your subjects, your own indolence and love of pleasure, but you are still the slave of your anger; it is the last enemy you have to contend with."

Charming had much difficulty in correcting himself of this last defect; but he was so much in love with the princess, that he made the greatest efforts to become forbearing and mild. He succeeded, and the three years having elapsed, he went back to the forest, where he had seen the white doe. He did not take with him a great train; Sincere alone accompanied him. There he quickly met Absolute, in a grand chariot, on which, were painted the battles he had gained, and the cities he had taken; before him walked a great many princes, whom he had taken prisoners, and who were chained together like slaves. When he perceived Charming, he laughed at him, and the conduct he had pursued. At the same moment, they saw the palaces of the two

sisters, which were not far distant from each other. Charming took the road to the first, and Absolute was delighted, because she whom he mistook for the princess, had told him that he would never return. But scarcely had he quitted Charming, when the princess True Glory, a thousand times more beautiful, but quite as simply attired, as when he saw her for the first time, appeared before him. "Come hither, my prince," said she: "thanks to your friend Sincere, who has taught you to distinguish myself, from my sister; you are worthy of being my husband."

At the same time, True Glory commanded the Virtues, who were her subjects, to prepare for the celebration of her marriage with Charming. While he was engrossed with his happiness in becoming the husband of such a wife, Absolute arrived at False Glory's, who received him most kindly, and offered to marry him upon the spot. He consented, but scarcely had she become his wife, when he perceived, in looking at her nearer, that she was old and wrinkled, although she had not neglected to lay on a great deal of paint, to conceal it.

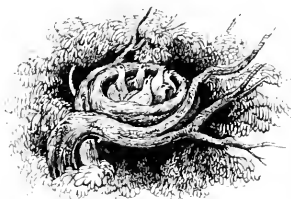
While she was speaking to him, a golden thread, which fastened her false teeth, broke asunder, and out they fell upon the ground.

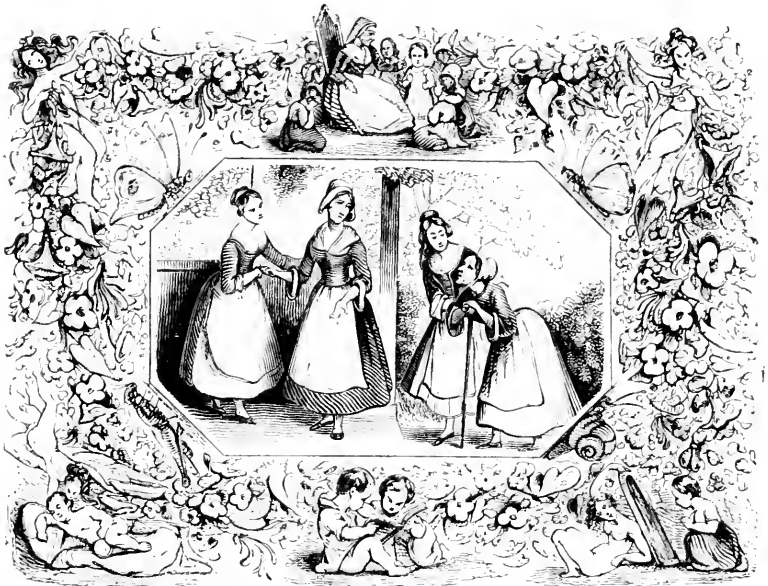
Prince Absolute, was so much enraged at having been deceived, that he jumped upon her to beat her, but as he took hold of her beautiful black hair, which was very long, what was his astonishment, to find it remaining in his hands. For False Glory wore a wig, and while her head was uncovered, he saw that she

had but a dozen hairs and they were quite gray. Absolute left this wicked and ugly creature, and ran to the palace of True Glory, who had married Charming; and his grief at having lost the princess was so great, that he died of mortification.

Charming grieved for his fate, and lived a long time with True Glory. They had many daughters, but one alone perfectly resembled her mother.

He placed her in this country palace, waiting until she could find a husband; and to prevent her wicked aunt from seducing her lovers, he wrote her history, to teach those princes, who wish to marry his daughter, that the only way of possessing True Glory, is to render themselves virtuous, and useful to their subjects, and that to succeed in this design, it is indispensably necessary to have a sincere friend.





BLANCH AND ROSALINDA.



In a pleasant village, some miles from the metropolis, there lived a very good sort of woman, who was much beloved by all her neighbours, because she was always ready to assist every one who was in need. She had received in her youth a better education than the inhabitants of the little village in which she dwelt, and for this reason, the poor people looked up to her with a degree of respect. She was the widow of a very good man, who, when he died, left her with two children. They were very pretty girls. The eldest, on account of

the fairness of her complexion, was named Blanch, and the other, Rosalinda, because her cheeks were like roses, and her lips like coral. One day, while Goody Hearty sat spinning at the door, she saw a poor old woman going by, leaning on a stick, who had much ado to hobble along. "You seem very much tired, dame," said she to the old woman: "sit down here and rest yourself a little;" at the same time, she bid her daughters fetch a chair: they both went, but Rosalinda ran fastest, and brought one. "Will you please to drink?" said Goody Hearty. "Thank you," answered the old woman, "I do not care if I do; and methinks if you had any thing *nice* that I liked, I could eat a bit."—"You are welcome to the best I have in my house," said Goody Hearty; "but as I am poor, it is homely fare."

She then ordered her daughters to spread a clean cloth on the table, while she went to the cupboard, from whence she took some brown bread and cheese, to which she added a mug of cider. As soon as the old woman was seated at the table, Goody Hearty desired her eldest daughter to go and gather some plums off her own plum-tree, which she had planted herself, and took great delight in. Blanch, instead of obeying her mother readily, grumbled and muttered as she went. "Surely," said she to herself, "I did not take all this care and pains with my plum-tree for that old greedy creature." However, she durst not refuse gathering a few plums; but she gave them with a very ill will, and very ungraciously. "As for you, Rosalinda," said her mother, "you have no fruit to offer this good dame, for your grapes are not ripe."—"That's true," said Rosalinda, "but my hen has

just laid, for I hear her cackle, and if the gentlewoman likes a new-laid egg, 'tis very much at her service ;” and, without staying for an answer, she ran to the henroost, and brought the egg ; but just as she was presenting it to the old woman, she turned into a fine beautiful lady ! “ Good woman,” said the old dame to Goody Hearty, “ I have long seen your industry, perseverance, and pious resignation, and I will reward your daughters according to their merits :—the eldest shall be a great queen ; the other shall have a country farm :” with this she struck the house with her stick, which immediately disappeared, and in its room up came a pretty little snug farm. “ This, Rosalinda,” said she, “ is your lot. I know I have given each of you what you like best.”

Having said this, the fairy went away, leaving both mother and daughters greatly astonished. They went into the farmhouse, and were quite charmed with the neatness of the furniture : the chairs were only wood, but so bright, you might see your face in them. The beds were of linen-cloth, as white as snow. There were forty sheep in the sheep-pen ; four oxen and four cows in their stalls ; and in the yard all sorts of poultry—hens, ducks, pigeons, &c. There was also a pretty garden, well stocked with flowers, fruit, and vegetables. Blanch, saw the fairy’s gift to her sister, without being jealous, and was wholly taken up with the thoughts of being a queen ; when, all of a sudden, she heard some hunters riding by, and going to the gate to see them, she appeared so charming in the king’s eyes, that he resolved to marry her. When Blanch was a queen, she said to her sister Rosalinda . “ I do not care you should be a farmer

Come with me, sister, and I will match you to some great lord.” —“I am very much obliged to you, sister,” replied Rosalinda, “but I am used to a country life, and I choose to stay where I am.” Queen Blanch arrived at her palace, and was so delighted with her new dignity, that she could not sleep for several nights : the first three months, her thoughts were wholly engrossed by dress, balls, and plays, so that she thought of nothing else. She was soon accustomed to all this, and nothing now diverted her ; on the contrary, she found a great deal of trouble. The ladies of the court were all very respectful in her presence, but she knew very well that they did not love her ; and, when out of her sight, would often say to one another : “See, what airs this little country girl gives herself ; sure his majesty must have a very mean fancy, to make choice of such a consort.” These discourses soon reached the king’s ears, and made him reflect on what he had done ; he began to think he was wrong, and repented his marriage. The courtiers saw this, and accordingly paid her little or no respect : she was very unhappy, for she had not a single friend to whom she could declare her griefs : she saw it was the fashion at court to betray the dearest friend for interest ; to caress and smile upon those they most hated ; and to lie every instant. She was obliged to be always serious, because they told her, a queen ought to look grave and majestic. She had several children, and all the time there was a physician to inspect whatever she ate or drank, and to order every thing she liked off the table : not a grain of salt was allowed to be put in her soup, nor was she permitted to take a walk, though she had

ever so much a mind to it. Governesses were appointed to her children, who brought them up contrary to her wishes; yet she had not the liberty to find fault. Poor Queen Blanch was dying with grief, and grew so thin, that it was a pity to see her. She had not seen her sister for three years, because she imagined it would disgrace a person of her rank and dignity to visit a farmer's wife. Her extreme melancholy made her very ill, and her physicians ordered change of air. She therefore resolved to spend a few days in the country, to divert her uneasiness, and improve her health.

Accordingly she asked the king leave to go, who very readily granted it, because he thought he should be rid of her for some time. She set out, and soon arrived at the village. As she drew near Rosalinda's house, she beheld, at a little distance from the door, a company of shepherds and shepherdesses, who were dancing and making merry. "Alas!" said the queen, sighing, "there was once a time, when I used to divert myself like those poor people, and no one found fault with me." The moment Rosalinda perceived her sister, she ran to embrace her. The queen ordered her carriage to stop, and, alighting, rushed into her sister's arms: but Rosalinda had grown so plump, and had such an air of content, that the queen, as she looked on her, could not forbear bursting into tears.

Rosalinda was married to a farmer's son, who had no fortune of his own—but then he ever remembered, that he was indebted to his wife for every thing he had; and he strove to show his gratitude by his obliging behaviour. Rosalinda had not many

servants ; but those she had, loved her as though she had been their mother, because she used them kindly. She was beloved by all her neighbours, and they all endeavoured to show it. She neither had, nor wanted, much money : corn, wine, and oil, were the growth of her farm : her cows supplied her with milk, butter, and cheese. The wool of her sheep was spun to clothe herself, her husband, and two children she had. They enjoyed perfect health ; and when the work of the day was over, they spent the evening in all sorts of pastimes. “ Alas ! ” cried the queen, “ the fairy made me a sad present in giving me a crown. Content is not found in magnificent palaces, but in an innocent country life.” Scarce had she done speaking, before the fairy appeared. “ In making you a queen,” said the fairy, “ I did not intend to reward, but punish you, for giving me your plums with an ill will. To be contented and happy, you must, like your sister, possess only what is necessary, and wish for nothing else.”—“ Ah ! madam,” cried Blanch, “ you are sufficiently revenged : pray, put an end to my distress.”—“ It is at an end,” said the fairy ; “ the king, who loves you no longer, has just married another wife, and to-morrow his officers will come to forbid you returning any more to the palace.” It happened just as the fairy had foretold ; and Blanch passed the remainder of her days with her sister Rosalinda, in all manner of happiness and content : never thought again of court, unless it was to thank the fairy for having brought her back to her native village.



AURORA AND AMY.

THERE was one time a lady, who had two daughters ; the eldest, who was called *Aurora*, was as beautiful as the day, and possessed also an excellent disposition ; the second, who was named *Amy*, was as handsome as her sister, but was bad tempered ; her sole delight consisted in doing evil. The mother had been also quite beautiful, but she began to decline, and the circumstance gave her a great deal of vexation. *Aurora* was sixteen, and *Amy* but twelve ; so the mother, who was afraid of appearing old, quitted the place where every body

was acquainted with her, and sent her elder daughter into the country, because she did not wish it to be known, that she had a daughter so old. She kept the younger with her, went to another city, telling every one, that Amy was but ten years old, and was born before she had reached her fifteenth year. But as she was afraid her deceit would be discovered, she sent Aurora still further into the country, while the man who carried her thither, left her in a large wood, where, resting herself awhile, she had fallen asleep. When Aurora awoke and found herself alone in the wood, she began to cry. It was almost night, but getting up, she endeavoured to find her way out of the forest, but instead of succeeding, she only wandered still farther in it. At last, she saw a great way off, a light, and proceeding in the direction, she found a small house.

Aurora knocked at the door, and a shepherdess opened it, and asked her what she wanted. "My good mother," said Aurora to her: "I beg you for pity's sake, to allow me to lie down in your house, for if I remain in the wood, I shall be devoured by wolves."—"With all my heart, my sweet girl," replied the shepherdess to her: "but tell me how come you to be so late in the woods?" Aurora related her story, and asked: "Am I not very unfortunate to have so cruel a mother? Would it not have been better, if I had died at my birth, than have lived to be so cruelly treated? What have I done, good God, that I should be so miserable?"—"My dear child," replied the shepherdess, "we must never murmur against God; he is all-powerful, he is wise, he loves you, and you ought not believe he has permitted your

misfortune, except for your good. Trust in Him, and remember that God always protects the virtuous, and that the troubles which happen to them, are not always misfortunes. Dwell with me, I will be a mother to you, and love you as my daughter." Aurora agreed to the proposal, and on the morrow, the shepherdess said to her: "I will give you a little flock to keep; but I am afraid you will grow tired, my dear girl, so take a distaff with you, and spin; this will be amusement for you."—"Mother," replied Aurora, "I am a girl of fashion, I do not know how to work."—"Take then a book," said the shepherdess. "I am not fond of reading," replied Aurora to her, blushing. It was because she was ashamed to acknowledge to the fairy, that she could read but indifferently.

She had for all that, to confess the truth; she said to her protector, that she was unwilling to learn when she was small, and that since she had grown up, she had had no time.

"You have then had a great deal to do," said the shepherdess.—"Yes, my dear mother," replied Aurora, "I had to go a walking with my friends in the morning; after dinner, I dressed my hair; in the evening, I was at the assembly; after that, I went to the play and the opera, and finished the night at the ball."—"Truly," said the good woman, "you had plenty of employment, and without doubt you never got tired."—"I ask your pardon, my dear mother, when I was a quarter of an hour all alone, which sometimes would happen, I was tired to death. But when we went into the country, it was still worse; I spent the whole of the time in dressing and undressing, simply to

amuse myself.”—“Then you were not happy in the country,” said the shepherdess. “I was not happier in the city,” replied Aurora: “if I played, I lost my money; if I was at an assembly, I saw my companions better drest than myself, and this mortified me much. If I went to the ball, I was employed in finding out the defects of those who danced more gracefully than myself. In short, I never passed a day without vexation.”—“Complain then no more of Providence, in conducting you into this solitude. He has deprived you of more mortifications than pleasures; but this is not all: you would in consequence, have become still more unhappy; for indeed, one is not always young, the time of balls and of plays would have passed. When we become old, and still desirous of attending assemblies, young people laugh at us; besides, we can no longer dance, we care no longer to dress, we must then grow weary to death, and become very unhappy.”—“But my good mother,” said Aurora, “we cannot always remain alone; the day appears as long as a year, when we have no company.”—“I differ with you, my dear,” replied the shepherdess: “I am alone here, and the years appear to me as short as days. If you wish, I will communicate to you, the secret of never growing tired.”—“I wish very much,” said Aurora: “you can direct me as you think proper, I will willingly obey you.”

The shepherdess, taking advantage of the good disposition of Aurora, wrote upon a paper, all that she was to do; every day was spent in devotion, reading, labour, and exercise. There was no clock in the wood, and Aurora knew not what was the hour,

but the shepherdess knew the time by the sun. She told Aurora to come to dinner. "Dear mother," said this beautiful girl to the shepherdess: "you dine early; it is not a long time since we got up." It is for all that, two o'clock," replied the shepherdess, smiling, "and we have been up since five; but my dear girl, when one is usefully employed, time passes very quickly, and we never grow tired."

Aurora, delighted at no longer suffering from ennui, applied herself earnestly to her reading, and her labours; and found herself a thousand times more happy in the midst of her rustic occupation, than she ever was in the city.

"I see plainly," said she to the shepherdess, "that God does every thing for our happiness. If my mother had not been unjust and cruel towards me, I would have remained in my ignorance; and vanity, indolence, and the desire to please, would have made me wicked and unhappy."

Aurora had been over a year with the shepherdess, when the brother of the king came to hunt in the woods where she kept her sheep; he was called Ingenuous, and was the best prince in the world. But the king, his brother, who was called Crafty, did not resemble him in the least; for his greatest delight consisted in deceiving his neighbours, and abusing his subjects. Ingenuous was charmed at the beauty of Aurora, and told her he would be most happy, if she would marry him. Aurora found him very agreeable; but she knew that a prudent girl should not listen to such discourses as these.

"Sir," said she to Ingenuous, "if what you tell me be true,

go and find my mother, who is a shepherdess ; she lives in that small house you see below there. If she consents you should be my husband, I am also willing, for she is prudent, and so reasonable, that I will never disobey her.”—“My beautiful girl,” said Ingenuous, “I will go with all my heart, to ask your mother ; but I wish not to marry you against your will ; if she consents that you shall be my wife, it may, perhaps, be displeasing to you, and I would rather die, than give you the slightest pain.”—“A man who thinks thus, must be virtuous,” said Aurora “and a girl can never be unhappy, with a man of virtue.”

Ingenuous quitted Aurora, and went to find the shepherdess, who was acquainted with his character, and who willingly consented to his marriage ; he promised to return in three days to see Aurora with herself, and departed perfectly satisfied, after having given her his ring as a pledge. In the meantime, Aurora was very impatient to return to the house. Ingenuous appeared to be so agreeable, that she feared, lest she, whom she called her mother, might have refused him ; but the shepherdess said to her : “It is not because Ingenuous is a prince, that I have agreed to your marriage with him, but because he is a most honourable man.”

Aurora awaited with some impatience, the return of the prince ; but on the second day after his departure, as she was bringing home her flock, she fell so unfortunately into a bush, that she scratched her face dreadfully ; she looked at herself quickly in a brook, and she was very much frightened, for the blood streamed from every part of her. “Am I not very unfortunate,” said she

to the shepherdess, as she entered the house. "Ingenuous will see me to-morrow, and will love me no longer; he will find me hideous."

The shepherdess said to her smiling: "Since the gracious God has permitted you to fall, no doubt it is for your good; for you will know that he loves you, and he will know more assuredly that you are good."

Aurora acknowledged her fault, for it is so to murmur against Providence, and she said to herself: "If the prince Ingenuous will not marry me because I am no longer handsome, it is certain I should have lived unhappily with him."

In the meantime, the shepherdess cleansed her face and took out some thorns that were buried within the flesh. On the morrow, Aurora looked frightful, for her face was horribly swelled, and her eyes could scarcely be seen. About six o'clock in the morning, they heard a carriage stop before the gate, but instead of Ingenuous, they saw King Crafty descend. One of the courtiers, who had been a hunting with the prince, told the king that his brother had come across a most beautiful girl, and was about to marry her. "You are very bold to wish to marry without my permission," said Crafty to his brother: "to punish you I will myself marry this girl, if she is as handsome, as is said."

Crafty, on meeting the shepherdess, asked of her where her daughter was. "Here she is," replied the shepherdess, pointing out Aurora. "What! this monster!" said the king: "Have you no other daughter, to whom my brother has given his ring?"—"Look at my finger," replied Aurora. At these words, the king

burst into a loud fit of laughter, and said : “ I did not think my brother had such a wretched taste ; but I am delighted that I can punish him.”

At the same time, he commanded the shepherdess to throw a veil over the head of Aurora, and having sent for Prince Ingenuous, he said to him : “ My dear brother, since you love the beautiful Aurora, I wish you to marry her immediately.”—“ And as for myself, I will deceive nobody,” said Aurora, throwing aside her veil. “ Look at my face, Ingenuous ; I have become excessively ugly since three days ; do you still wish to marry me ?”—“ You appear more lovely than ever, to my eyes,” said the prince : “ for I perceive you are more virtuous, even than I thought.”

Immediately, he gave her his hand. Crafty laughed aloud. He then commanded that they should be married on the spot, and afterwards, he said to Ingenuous : “ As I love not monsters, you can dwell with your wife in this hut ; I forbid you to bring her to court.” At the same time, he remounted his chariot, and left Ingenuous transported with joy. “ Well,” said the shepherdess to Aurora, “ do you still believe it has been unfortunate that you fell ? Had it not been for this accident, the king would have fallen in love with you, and had you refused to marry him, he would have slain Ingenuous.”—“ You are right, my dear mother,” replied Aurora, “ but for all that, I am become so hideous as to excite fear, and I dread lest the prince should regret having married me.”—“ No, no, I assure you,” cried Ingenuous ; “ we may become accustomed to an ugly face, but we can never get used to a bad temper.”—“ I am delighted with your senti-

ments," said the shepherdess, "but Aurora shall again be handsome; I have a lotion that will cure her face."

Indeed, at the end of three days, the face of Aurora became as it was before; but the prince begged her always to wear her veil, for he was afraid his wicked brother would steal her away, should he see her.

In the meantime, Crafty, who wished to get married, sent off many painters, to bring him the portraits of the most beautiful girls in his kingdom. He was enchanted with that of Amy, the sister of Aurora, and sending for her to court, he married her. Aurora was very uneasy when she found her sister was queen. She dared no longer go out, for she knew how deep was the hatred of her wicked sister.

At the termination of a year, Aurora had a son, who was called Welcome, and whom she loved devotedly. This little prince, as soon as he began to speak, showed such a deal of talent, that he was a great favourite with all the family. One day, while he was playing before the door with his mother, she fell asleep, and when she awoke, she missed her son. She screamed aloud, and ran through the whole forest to seek him. The shepherdess endeavoured in vain to make her recollect that nothing happens except for her own good. She had the greatest difficulty to console her, but on the morrow, she was obliged to confess that the shepherdess was right.

Crafty and his wife, enraged at not having any children, sent soldiers to kill their nephew, and seeing that they could not find him they placed Ingenuous, his wife, and the shepherdess, into

a small boat, and sent them out to sea, that they might never hear any thing more of them.

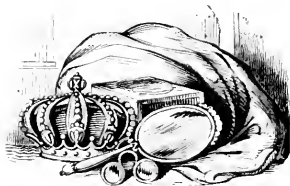
This time Aurora believed herself very unfortunate, but the shepherdess kept constantly repeating that God did every thing for the best ; as the weather was fine, the boat kept travelling on its way, for three days, and stopped at a city, which was on the border of the sea.

The king of this city was engaged in a serious war, and his enemies were to attack him on the next morning. Ingenuous, who possessed great courage, asked for some troops from the king ; he engaged in many skirmishes, and in one of them, had the good fortune to kill their commander. The army, having lost their general, fled, and the king in whose cause he had so honourably distinguished himself, having no children, as a mark of his esteem, adopted Ingenuous for his son.

Four years afterwards, they learned that Crafty had died of mortification, at having married a wicked wife. The people, who hated her, drove her away with insults, and sent ambassadors to Ingenuous, to offer him the crown. He embarked with his wife and the shepherdess, but a great tempest having arisen, they were shipwrecked, and thrown upon a desert island.

Aurora become wise by all that had happened, did not allow herself to be disquieted, and thought that it was for their good, that God had permitted this shipwreck. They fixed up a long pole upon the shore, and the white apron of the shepherdess at the end of it, to induce vessels passing by, to come to their assistance. About evening, they saw approaching, a woman, lead-

ing along a little boy ; Aurora had scarcely glanced her eyes over him, before she recognised her son Welcome. She asked the woman, whence she had taken the child ; she replied, that her husband, who was a corsair, had stolen it, but that having been shipwrecked near this isle, she had been saved with the child, whom she had held in her arms. Two days afterwards, the vessels sent to search for the bodies of Ingenuous and Aurora, whom they believed to have perished, saw the white linen, and landing at the island, they carried the king and his family to their kingdoms ; and whatever accident afterwards happened to Aurora, she never murmured, because she knew, by her own experience, that those things which appear to us as evils, are very often the occasions of our happiness.





PRINCE TITY.



HERE was once on a time, a king, whose name was Stingy. He was very avaricious. He wished to marry, but he desired not a handsome princess, all that he wished, was that she might have plenty of money, and be more saving than himself. He found such as he wanted. He had by her two sons, the elder of whom, was named Tity, and the second, Myrtillo. Tity was more beautiful than his brother, but the king and queen could not endure him, because he loved to share all that was given him, with his playmates. As for Myr-

tillo, he loved better to let his sugar candies spoil, than to give any away; he shut up his playthings, afraid of using them, and when he got any thing in his hand, he grasped it so strongly, that no one could take it from him; and this he did even in his sleep. The king and his wife were extravagantly fond of this child, because he so much resembled themselves. The princes grew up, and for fear that Tity would squander what was given him, they scarcely allowed him a shilling. One day while Tity was hunting, a squire of his ran over an old woman, and threw her in the dirt. She cried out that he had broken her leg, but the squire only laughed at her. Tity, who was kind-hearted, severely rebuked his squire, and approaching the old woman with Wakeful, his favourite page, he assisted her to get up, and each of them taking her by an arm, helped her into a small hut, where she lived. The prince was much mortified, that he had no money to give the old woman. "What use is it to me, to be a prince," said he, "since I am not permitted to do good? There can be no pleasure in being a powerful lord, except one is able to relieve the afflicted."

Wakeful, who heard the prince speaking thus, said to him: "I have only one crown, it is at your service."—"I will remunerate you, when I am king," said Tity. "I accept your crown, to give it to this poor woman."

Tity, having returned to the court, the queen reproached him, because he had assisted in relieving this poor woman. "A great misfortune, indeed, if this old witch had died!" said she to her son: (for the avaricious have no pity.) "It must have been a fine

sight to see a prince degrading himself, so far as to help along an old beggar woman.”—“Madam,” replied Tity to her, “princes never appear greater, than when doing a good action.”—“Begone!” said the queen; “you are a spendthrift, for all your fine talk.”

The next day, Tity again went a hunting, but his principal object was to see how the old woman came on; he found her perfectly cured, and she thanked him for the kindness he had shown her. “I have but one request to make you,” said she: “I have some medlars and nuts which are very good; do me the favour to eat some.” The prince wished not to refuse the woman, lest she should think he despised her; he tasted the nuts and the medlars, and he found them excellent. “Since you find them so good,” said the aged woman, “please me by taking the rest for your dessert.”

While she was saying this, a hen, who had just laid an egg, began to cackle; the old woman begged the prince to have the goodness to carry home also the egg; which through complaisance he took, but at the same time he gave her four guineas, for Wakeful had given him this sum, having borrowed it from his father, who was a country gentleman. When the prince arrived at his palace, he ordered them to give him the egg, the medlars, and the nuts, for his supper; but as soon as he had broken the egg, he was astonished to find within it, a large diamond; the medlars and nuts, were also filled with smaller ones. One of the by-standers ran to tell the queen of it, who came to the apartment of Tity, and was so delighted to see these dia-

monds, that she embraced him, and called him her dear son, for the first time in her life. "Will you give me these diamonds?" said she to her son. "All that I have is at your service," said the prince to her. "Come, you are a good child," said the queen to him; "I will reward you."

She then took away the treasure, and sent in return to the prince four guineas, very neatly put up in a small piece of paper. Those who saw this present, could not refrain from speaking harshly of the queen, "wondering that she was not ashamed to send so contemptible a sum in return for the diamonds, which were worth more than five hundred thousand guineas." But the prince drove them from his chamber, telling them they were too bold, in failing in the respect which was due his mother. In the meantime, the queen said to Stinky: "This old woman, whom Tity has relieved, is evidently a great fairy; we must go and see her to-morrow; but, instead of taking Tity with us, we will carry his brother; for I do not wish that she should become too attached to this booby, who had not the wit to keep his diamonds."

At the same time, she gave orders that they should clean up the carriages, and hire horses, for she had sold those of the king, because they cost too much to keep. She caused two of these carriages to be filled with doctors, surgeons, and apothecaries, and the royal family placed themselves in the other.

When they had reached the hut of the old woman, the queen told her, that she had come to request her to excuse the carelessness of the Tity's squire. "It is because my son has not sense

enough to choose good servants," said she to the good woman : " but I will oblige him to turn away the brute."

At last she told her, that she had brought with her the most skilful persons in the whole kingdom, to cure her foot ; but the good woman replied to her, that her foot was perfectly well, and that she was obliged to her for her kindness, in visiting a poor woman like her. " Oh, indeed," said the queen to her, " we know that you are a great fairy, for you have given to prince Tity a large quantity of diamonds."—" I assure you, Madam," said the old woman, " that I have given nothing to the Prince but an egg, some medlars, and nuts ; I have some more, which are at the service of your majesty."—" I accept them most willingly," said the queen, who was delighted at the idea of getting more diamonds. She received the present, embraced the old woman, and begged her to come and see her quickly. All the courtiers, after the example of the king and queen, paid her the greatest compliments ; the queen asked her how old she was. " I am sixty years of age," replied she. " You do not look over forty," said the queen, " and you may still hope to be married, for you are yet quite good-looking."

At this language, Prince Myrtillo, who had been very badly brought up, began openly to laugh at the old woman, and told her that it would give him a great deal of pleasure, to dance at her wedding. The whole court departed, and the queen had no sooner reached her palace, than she had the egg cooked, and broke open the nuts and medlars. She found nothing but a little chicken ; the nuts and medlars were filled with worms

Immediately she flew into a violent rage: "This old witch is a sorceress," said she, "who has wished to insult me; I shall have her put to death."

She then called together the judges, to try the old woman, out Wakeful, who had heard every thing, ran to the cabin, to tell her to save herself. "Good day, my squire of old women," said she to him: (for she had given him this name, since he had assisted in dragging her out of the mud.) "Alas! good mother," said Wakeful to her, "make haste and save yourself in my father's house; he is a very honourable man, and will willingly conceal you, for if you remain in your cabin, she will send soldiers to seize and put you to death."—"I am very much obliged to you," said the old lady; "but I stand in no fear of the wickedness of the queen."

At this instant, quitting the figure of an old woman, she appeared to Wakeful under her natural form; he stood dazzled at her beauty; he was about to throw himself at her feet, but she prevented him, and said: "I forbid you to tell the prince, or any other person, what you have seen. I wish to reward your goodness: ask of me a gift."—"Madam," said Wakeful to her, "I very much love the prince, my master, and I wish from the bottom of my heart to be of service to him; thus I will ask of you to be invisible when I wish, that I may know which of the courtiers truly loves my prince."—"Your request is granted," replied the fairy; "but it remains for me to pay the debts of Tity. Did you not borrow four guineas of your father?"—"He has returned them to me," replied Wakeful: "he knows that it is disgraceful in

princes, not to discharge their debts, so he repaid me with the four guineas he received from the queen.”—“ I know this very well,” said the fairy: “ but I also know that the prince is very much grieved, that he could give you no more, for he feels that a prince should reward with generosity, and it is this debt which I wish to discharge; take this purse, which is full of gold, and carry it to your father; he will always find in it the same sum, provided he only takes out of it for good purposes.”

At this moment, the fairy disappeared, and Wakeful went to carry the purse to his father, to whom he disclosed its secret properties. In the meantime, the judges, who had met together to condemn the old woman, were very much embarrassed, and they said to the queen: “ Why do you wish us to condemn this woman? She has not deceived your majesty; she expressly told you: ‘ I am a poor woman, and I have no diamonds.’ ”

The queen, becoming enraged, told them: “ If you do not condemn this witch, who has derided me, and caused me to spend unprofitably a great deal of money, in hiring horses, and paying the doctors, you shall have cause to repent it.”

The judges said to themselves: “ The queen is a wicked woman, if we disobey her, she will find means to destroy us; it is much better that the old woman should perish than we.” The judges then condemned the old woman to be burnt alive as a sorceress. There was but one of them who declared that he had rather be burnt himself, than condemn an innocent person. A few days after, the queen procured false witnesses, who said this judge had slandered her; he was deprived of his office, and reduced to

beggary, together with his wife and children. Wakeful took a large sum from the purse of his father, and giving it to the judge, he advised him to quit the country. In the meantime, Wakeful found out every thing, since he could render himself invisible; he learned many secrets, but as he was an honourable youth, he never related any thing which could injure any body, except it were necessary to serve his master. As he went often into the cabinet of the king, he heard all that the queen said to her husband. “Is it not unfortunate for us that Tity is the elder? We shall lay up a great amount of treasure, which he will dissipate as soon as he becomes king; but Myrtillo, who is a good manager, instead of touching these treasures, would increase them. Is there no way of disinheriting him?”—“We must try,” said the king, “and if we cannot succeed, we must bury these treasures, lest he waste them.”

Wakeful overheard also all those courtiers, who, to please the king and the queen, spoke ill of Tity, and praised Myrtillo to the skies; then they would, after leaving the king, come to the prince, and tell him, that they had taken his part before the king and queen; but the prince, who knew the truth, through means of Wakeful, despised and laughed at them in his heart. There were at court four very honest people, who espoused the side of Tity, but they never boasted of it; on the contrary, they always exhorted him to love the king and queen, and be very obedient to them.

There was a neighbouring king, who had sent ambassadors to Stingy, upon a business of importance. The queen, according

to her usual custom, wished not that Tity should appear before the ambassadors. She requested him to go to a beautiful country house, belonging to the king: "Because," added she, "the ambassadors, without doubt, will desire to visit the house, and you must be there to do the honours of the place."

After Tity had departed, the queen prepared for the reception of the ambassadors at as little expense as possible. She took a velvet petticoat, and gave it to the tailors, to make the backs of a dress for Stingy and Myrtillo; she made the fronts of new velvet; for the queen thought that the king and the prince being seated, no one would see the back of their dresses. To render them magnificent, she took the diamonds that she had found in the medlars, to serve as buttons for the dress of the king; she fastened to his hat the diamond she had found in the egg, and the small ones, which have come from the nuts, were employed to make buttons for the dress of Myrtillo, and a necklace, and sleeve-buttons for herself. In truth, they looked splendidly, with all their diamonds. Stingy and his wife placed themselves upon the throne, while Myrtillo placed himself at their feet; but scarcely had the ambassadors entered the hall of audience, than the diamonds disappeared, and there remained nothing but medlars, nuts, and a single egg. The ambassadors, believing that Stingy had attired himself in so ridiculous a manner to insult their master, departed in great rage, and said that their master should learn that he was indeed but a king of medlars. It was in vain to call them back; they would listen to nothing, but returned to their own country. Stingy and his wife were very

much ashamed, and quite indignant. "It is Tity who has served us this turn," said she to the king, when they were alone. "We must disinherit him, and leave our crown to Myrtillo."—"I agree with all my heart," said the king.

At this moment, they heard a voice, saying to them: "If you are wicked enough to do this, I will break all your bones, one after another." They were in a great fright at hearing this voice, for they knew not that Wakeful was in their cabinet, and that he had overheard their conversation. So they dared do no evil to Tity, but they caused search to be made for the old woman in every direction, that they might put her to death, but they were unable to find her. King Violent, who had sent the ambassadors to Stingy, really believed that he had intended to insult him, and resolved to take his revenge, by declaring war against Stingy. The latter, was very much alarmed, for he was deficient in courage, and was afraid of being killed; but the queen said to him: "Do not afflict yourself, we will place Tity at the head of our army, under pretence of doing him honour; he is a rash fellow, who will be killed, and then we shall have the pleasure of leaving our crown to Myrtillo."

The king found this design an admirable one; having recalled Tity from the country, he named him commander in chief of all his troops, and to give him more frequent occasions of exposing his life, he granted to him full power to continue the war, or to conclude a peace.

Tity, having arrived at the frontiers of his father's kingdom, resolved to await the enemy, and employed himself, in the mean-

time, in building a fortress, commanding a narrow passage by which the enemy were obliged to enter. One day, while he was overlooking his soldiers at work, he became very thirsty, and seeing a house upon a neighbouring eminence, he went up to it to get something to drink; the master of the house, who was called Abor, gave him what he wanted, and as the prince was about returning, she saw entering this house, a girl, so beautiful that he was dazzled at her charms. It was Biby, the daughter of Abor; and the prince, enraptured with this beautiful girl, returned often to the house under different pretexts. He frequently conversed with Biby, and finding her very prudent and sensible, he said to himself: "If I were master of my own conduct, I would marry Biby; she is not, indeed, born a princess, but she possesses so many virtues that she is worthy of becoming a queen."

Every day he became more enamoured of her, and at last he took the resolution of writing to her. Biby, who knew that a virtuous girl ought not to receive letters from men, carried it unopened to her father. Abor, perceiving that the prince was deeply in love with his daughter, asked her if she loved Tity. Biby, who had never uttered a false word in her whole life, told her father that the prince had appeared such an honourable man, that she could not prevent herself from loving him: "but," added she, "I well know that he cannot marry me, since I am but a country girl; so I beg you to send me to my aunt, who resides far off from this."

Her father sent her off the same day, and the prince was so grieved at her loss, that he fell sick. Abor said to him: "My

prince, I am very sorry to grieve you, but since you love my daughter, you would only wish to make her happy; you know well that you would despise, as the dust you tread upon, a woman who would receive the visits of a lover, who wished not to marry her.”—“Listen to me, Abor,” said the prince: “I would rather die, than fail in respect to my father, in marrying without his permission; but promise me to take care of your daughter, and I promise you to marry her when I become king; I agree never to see her until that time.”

At this moment, the fairy appeared in the chamber, and very much surprised the prince, for he had never seen her under her present form. “I am the old woman you assisted,” said she to the prince. “You are so honourable a man, and Biby is so discreet, that I take you both under my protection. You will marry her in two years, but before this time, you will meet with many reverses; besides, I promise to visit you once a month, and bring Biby each time with me.”

The prince was overjoyed at this promise, and resolved to seek for glory, the better to please Biby. King Violent appeared before him, and offered him battle, which Tity not only gained, but took Violent prisoner. Tity was advised to deprive him of his kingdom, but he said: “I will not do it; his subjects, who always love their own king better than a foreign one, will revolt, and restore him his crown. Violent will never forget his imprisonment, and this will produce a continual war, which must render two nations unhappy. I will, on the contrary, restore liberty to Violent, and demand nothing for doing so. I know

that he is generous, he will become my friend, and his friendship will avail us better than his kingdom, which does not belong to us. Thus I shall avoid a war, which must cost the lives of many thousand men."

What Tity had foreseen came to pass. Violent was so charmed at his generosity, that he swore an eternal alliance with King Stingy and his son.

But Stingy was very angry when he learned that his son had restored his liberty to Violent, without obliging him to pay a heavy ransom. The prince in vain represented to him, that as he had given him orders to act as he thought fit, it was his duty to pardon him. Tity, who loved and respected his father, fell sick of mortification at having displeased him. One day, while he was alone in his bed, not thinking that it was the first day of the month, he saw entering by the window, two pretty canary birds, and was very much surprised, when these two canaries, resuming their natural figures, presented to his sight the forms of the fairy and his dear Biby. He was about thanking the good fairy, when the queen entered his apartment, holding in her arms a large cat which she dearly loved, since it caught the mice that devoured her provisions, and cost her a mere nothing to keep.

As soon as the queen saw the canaries, she was vexed that they should be suffered to run about, lest they should spoil the furniture. The prince told her that he would put them into a cage. But she replied, that she wished them caught immediately, as she loved them very much, and she would eat them for

her dinner. The prince, in despair, vainly expostulated; all the courtiers and domestics ran after the canaries, and none of them paid him the slightest attention. One of the footmen took a broom and smote to the earth poor Biby. The prince jumped out of bed to help her, but he would have arrived too late; for the cat belonging to the queen, had escaped from her arms, and was about killing her with a blow of its paw, when the fairy taking all of a sudden the figure of a large dog, leaped upon the cat and strangled her; then she assumed, as did also Biby, the form of a small mouse, and fled together through a little hole in the corner of the room.

The prince fell fainting, at the sight of the danger which his dear Biby had escaped; but the queen paid him no attention, she was only occupied with the death of her cat, for whom she uttered the loudest lamentations; she told the king that she would kill herself, if he did not revenge the death of this poor animal; that Tity had intercourse with sorcerers, that he might mortify her; and that she would never have a moment's peace till he was disinherited and the crown given to his brother. The king agreed to do what she requested, and said that on the morrow he would cause the prince to be arrested and bring him to trial.

The faithful Wakeful slumbered not on this occasion; he glided from the cabinet of the king, and went immediately to inform the prince. The fright which the latter had met with, had broken his fever, and he was about mounting his horse to save himself, when he saw the fairy, who said to him: "I am

tired of the wickedness of your mother, and the weakness of your father; I will furnish you with a powerful army; go, seize them in the palace, put them in prison with their son Myrtillo, ascend the throne, and marry Biby immediately.”—“Madam,” said the prince to the fairy, “you know that I love Biby better than my own life; but my desire of marrying her shall never make me forget what is due to my father and mother; I would sooner die instantly upon this spot than take up arms against them.”—“Come, let me embrace you,” said the fairy; “I wished to test your virtue; had you accepted my offers, I would have abandoned you for ever; but since you have had the strength to refuse them, I shall always be your friend; I am about to give you a proof of it. Take the form of an old man, and, sure of never being recognised under this figure, travel through your kingdom, inform yourself of all the injustice that is committed against your poor subjects, that you may repair them when you become king. Wakeful, who will remain at court, will render you a particular account of all that may happen in your absence.” The prince obeyed the fairy, and saw things that made him groan. Justice was bought and sold, governors pillaged the people, the powerful oppressed the weak, and all this was done in the name of the king. At the end of two years, Wakeful wrote to him, that his father was dead, and that the queen had wished his brother to be crowned, but that the four lords, who were honourable men, had opposed it, because they were informed that he was still living; and he informed him also, that the queen had arrived safely with her son, in a province she had caused to

revolt. Tity, who had resumed his own figure, entered his capital, and was recognised as king. After which, he wrote a very respectful letter to the queen, beseeching her not to excite a rebellion; he offered also a good pension to her, and his brother Myrtillo. The queen, who had a large army, wrote to him that she wanted the crown, and that she would come and snatch it from his head. This letter was not able to induce Tity to fail in the respect which he owed to his mother; but this wicked woman, having learned that King Violent was coming to the assistance of his friend Tity, with a great force, was obliged to accept the conditions of her son. This prince thus saw himself the peaceable possessor of his throne, and he married the beautiful Biby, to the satisfaction of all his subjects, who were delighted to have so lovely a queen.

Tity being firmly established on his throne, commenced by establishing good order in the state. And to effect it, he gave directions that all who had any complaints to make him, of whatever kind of injustice, should be welcome. He forbade his guards to turn away any person who desired to speak with him, even if it were a beggar. "For," said this good prince, "I am the father of all my subjects, the poor as well as the rich." At first, the courtiers were not alarmed at this language; they said: "The king is quite young, this will not last a great while, he will acquire a taste for pleasure, and will be obliged to resign to his favourites the care of his business." They were mistaken; Tity husbanded his time so well, that he had sufficient for all; besides, the severity with which he punished his ministers, who

had been convicted of injustice, obliged every one to attend diligently to his duties. He sent ambassadors to King Violent, to thank him for the assistance he had proffered him. This prince informed him, that he would be delighted to see him once more, and that if he would come to the frontiers of his kingdom, he would most willingly attend there, to pay him a visit. As every thing was quiet in the kingdom of Tity, he accepted this offer, which suited a design he had formed. It was to ornament the small house, where he had seen his dear Biby for the first time. He therefore commanded his officers to purchase all the ground that surrounded it, but he forbade their using force to any person. "For," said he, "I am not a king that I may commit violence against my subjects, and after all, every one should be master of his little inheritance." In the meantime, Violent having arrived upon his frontiers, the two courts met together. They were brilliant: Violent had brought with him his only daughter, Eliza, who was the greatest beauty in the world, and possessed a corresponding disposition. Tity had brought with him, in addition to his wife, one of his cousins, named Blanche, and who, besides being beautiful and virtuous, possessed a great deal of talent. As they were (so to speak,) in the country, the two kings declared that they would live in the greatest freedom; that most of the ladies and gentlemen would be permitted to sup with the two kings and their princesses; and to do away with ceremony, they declared further, that the kings should not be addressed by the title of your majesty, and that those who did so, should pay guinea as a forfeit. They had scarcely been a quarter of an

hour at table, when a little old woman, shabbily dressed, was seen to enter the hail. Tity and Wakeful, who immediately recognised her, would have paid their respects, but from a glance of her eye, they perceived that she wished not to be known. They then said to King Violent and to the princesses, that they asked their permission to present one of their good friends, whom they had invited to supper. The old woman, without hesitation, placed herself upon a seat which was close to that of Violent, and which no person had taken out of respect to him. She said to the prince: "As the friends of our friends are our friends, you see I use no ceremony with you." Violent, who was naturally of a haughty disposition, was a little put out at the familiarity of this old woman, but he showed no sign of it. The good woman was informed of the forfeit to be paid, every time any one said *your majesty*, yet, scarcely had seated herself at table, when she said to Violent: "Your majesty appears surprised at the liberty I have taken; but it is an old custom of mine, and I am too old to correct it, so your majesty will have the goodness to pardon me."—"Your forfeit," cried Violent: "you owe two guineas."—"Let not *your majesty* be vexed," said the old woman; "I had forgot that I should not say *your majesty*; but does not *your majesty* think, that in forbidding us to say *your majesty*, you cause every one to recollect that he is constrained by this troublesome respect, which it is your wish to banish. It is as with those, who, to be familiar, say to those they receive at their table, although they are far beneath them: 'Drink my health.' There is nothing so impertinent, as this sort of kind

ness. It is just as if they should say to them : 'Recollect, you are not allowed to drink my health, except I give you permission.' This that I say, moreover, is not to exempt myself from the payment of my forfeit; I owe six guineas, here they are." At the same time, she drew from her pocket, a purse, as much used, as if it had seen a hundred years' service, and threw the six guineas upon the table. Violent knew not whether to smile, or be vexed, at this speech of the old woman; he was apt to get angry at nothing, and his blood began to grow heated. Nevertheless, he resolved to constrain himself out of respect for Tity; and, treating the affair in a jesting manner: "Well! my good mother," said he to the old woman, "speak according to your fancy, whether you say *your majesty* or not. I wish not the less to be one of your friends."—"I count it much," said the old woman; "and it is for this reason that I have taken the liberty of speaking my mind, for we cannot render a greater service to our friends, than by informing them what we see amiss."—"You must not trust yourself to do so, there are times when I would not the most willingly receive such advice."—"Acknowledge, my prince," said the old woman to him, "that you are now not far removed from one of these moments; and that you would give any thing, to have the liberty of sending me packing, at your good pleasure. See our heroes, they are in despair, whenever they are reproached with having fled before an enemy, and of giving up the victory without a contest; yet they acknowledge, with indifference, that they have not the firmness to resist their anger. As if it were not a greater shame

weakly to yield to passion, than to an enemy it is not always in our power to overcome. But let us change the conversation, since it is not the most agreeable to you; allow me to introduce my pages, who have some presents to make to the company." At this moment, she struck on the table, and four winged boys were seen entering through the four windows of the hall; the most beautiful creatures in the world; each one bore a basket full of different kinds of jewels, of astonishing richness. King Violent, having at the same time cast his eyes upon the old woman, was surprised to see her changed into a lady, so beautifully and magnificently adorned, that she dazzled his eyes. "Ah! madam," said he to the fairy, "I recollect you as the dealer in medlars and nuts, who put me in so violent a passion; pardon the slight respect I have shown you. I had not the honour of knowing you."—"This ought to teach you, then, never to fail in respect for any person," replied the fairy. "But, my prince, to show you that I have no rancour, I wish to make you two presents; the first is this goblet, made of a single diamond; but it is not this which renders it so precious. Whenever you are tempted to get into a passion, fill up this goblet with water, and drink of it at three different times, and you will find your anger subside and give place to reason. If you profit by this first present, you will render yourself worthy of the second. I know that you are in love with the princess Blanche; she finds you very agreeable, but she dreads your sudden bursts of temper, and will never marry you, except on condition of your making use of the goblet." Violent, surprised that the fairy knew so well his

defects and his inclinations, acknowledged that he would think himself very happy in marrying Blanche; "but," added he, "there is one difficulty to surmount, even though I should be so happy as to obtain the consent of Blanche. I have always been afraid of marrying again, for fear of depriving my daughter of a crown."—"This feeling is honourable," said the fairy: "there are but few fathers capable of sacrificing their inclinations to the welfare of their children; but let not this prevent you. The king of Mongolan, who was one of my friends, has died without children, and, by my advice, he has bequeathed his crown in favour of Wakeful. He is not a prince by birth, but he deserves to become one; he loves the princess Eliza; she is worthy to reward the fidelity of Wakeful, and if her father consents, I am sure she will obey him without hesitation." Eliza blushed at this discourse; it is true that she had found Wakeful very agreeable, and had listened, with pleasure, to what had been related to her of his fidelity to his master. "Madam," said Violent, "I am accustomed to speak my mind openly; I esteem Wakeful, and if custom did not bind my hands, his want of royal birth would not prevent my giving him my daughter; but men, and particularly kings, ought to respect prevailing usages; and it would be to impair those usages, were I to give my daughter to a simple gentleman; she comes from one of the most ancient families; for you know very well, that for three hundred years we have been seated upon this throne."—"My prince," said the fairy to him, "do you not know that the family of Wakeful is as old as your own; since you had the same ancestor, and that you come

from two brothers. Wakeful ought to have the priority, for he is descended of the elder, and your father from the younger.”—“If you will prove this to me, said King Violent,” I swear to give my daughter to Wakeful, although the subjects of the former king of Mongolan refuse to acknowledge him for their sovereign.”—“Nothing is easier than to prove the antiquity of the family of Wakeful,” said the fairy: “he is descended from Elisha, the eldest of the sons of Japheth, son of Noah, who established himself in Peloponnesus; and you are descended from the second son of the same Japheth.” Every one had the greatest difficulty in suppressing a burst of laughter, at hearing the fairy so seriously ridicule King Violent. As for him, his anger was beginning to afflict his senses, when the princess Blanche, who was at his side, presented the goblet of diamond; he drank it at three several times, as the fairy had directed; and during this interval, he thought to himself, that in truth, all men were really equal in their birth, since they all came from Noah, and that there was no true difference among them, except such as was produced by their virtues. Having finished his glass, he said to the fairy: “Indeed, madam, I am under great obligations to you; you have corrected me of two great faults: my pride on the subject of nobility, and my tendency to passion. I admire the properties of the goblet you have given me; I drank, I perceived my anger decline, and the reflections which I made in the intervals of the three times I drank, have rendered me reasonable.”—“I will not deceive you,” said the fairy: “there is no virtue in the goblet I have given you, and I wish to teach the whole of

this company in what consists the witchcraft of this water, drank at three times. A reasonable man would never become enraged, if this passion did not take him by surprise, and leave him no time for reflection; but in taking the trouble to fill this glass with water, and drinking at three intervals, *we take time*, the senses grow calm, reflection comes, and when this ceremony is finished, reason has had time to prevail over passion.”—“In truth,” said Violent to her, “I have learned more to-day, than in the whole of my life. Happy Tity, you will become the greatest prince in the world, with such a protectress; but I beg of you to employ the power you have over the mind of madam, to make her recollect that she has promised to be my friend.”—“I recollect it too well to forget it,” said the fairy. “I have given you some proofs of it, and I will continue to do so, as long as you are docile, and this I hope will be the case to the end of your life. To-day let us think of nothing but of devising how to celebrate your marriage, and that of the princess Eliza’s.” At this moment, Tity was informed that the officers, who were charged with the purchase of all the houses and ground which surrounded that of Biby, desired to speak with him. He commanded them to enter, and they showed him the design of the work which they wished to have done to this small house; they had added to it a large garden, and a beautiful park, which would have been perfect, if they could have torn down a small cottage, which stood in the middle of one of the alleys of the park, and spoiled its symmetry. “And why have you not removed this blemish?” said Violent, speaking to the officers and architects.

“My lord,” replied they to him, “our king has forbidden us to use constraint to any one; but one man refuses to sell his house, although we have offered to pay him four times its value.”—“If this scoundrel were my subject, I would hang him,” said Violent. “You must empty your goblet immediately,” said the fairy. “I believe that the goblet would not save his life,” replied Violent; “for indeed, is it not horrible that a king should not be master in his own states, but that he should be compelled to abandon a work, which he desires to effect, through the obstinacy of a wretch, who ought to think himself too happy in making his fortune, while he obliged his master, without compelling him to contract or abandon his plans?”—“I will do neither one nor the other,” said Tity, laughing: “and I foresee that this house will be the greatest ornament in my park.”—“Oh! I defy you,” said Violent; “it is so placed, that it can have no other effect than to spoil it.”—“See what I will do,” said Tity: “it shall be surrounded by a wall, sufficiently high to prevent this man entering my park, but not so much so as to spoil his prospect, for it would not be right to shut him up, as in a prison; this wall shall be continued on two sides, and on it shall be written these words in letters of gold:—‘A king, who caused this park to be built, chose rather to leave this defect, than to commit an act of injustice towards one of his subjects, by ravishing from him the inheritance of his forefathers, over which he had no other right than that of superior strength.’”—“All that I see confounds me,” said Violent: “I acknowledge I have not even an idea of the heroic virtues which form great men. Yes, Tity, this wall will

be the ornament of your park, and the noble action of raising it, will be the ornament of your life. But, madam, how comes it that Tity so naturally gives birth to great virtues, of which I have not even an idea, as I have acknowledged?"—"Great king," replied the fairy to him, "Tity, brought up by parents who could not endure him, always has been contradicted; consequently, he has become accustomed to yield his own will to that of others, in all indifferent matters. As he had no power in his kingdom, during the life of his father, he could bestow no favours; and as it was known that the king desired to disinherit him, flatterers did not deign to spoil him, because they believed they had nothing to hope or to fear from him. They left him to those honest people whom a sense of duty alone attached to his person, and in their company he has learned that a king, who is an absolute master, when good is to be done, ought to have his hands tied when he is desirous of doing evil; that he rules over freemen, and not over slaves; that the people would not have submitted to their equals in giving them a crown, save only that they might have fathers, protectors of the laws, and a refuge for the poor and oppressed. You have never heard these great truths. A king at the early age of twelve, your governors, to whom your education was confined, thought of nothing but of making their fortune, by gaining your favour. Your pride was called a *noble elevation*; your fits of anger, *excusable vivacities*. In one word, they have caused to this day your own misfortune, and the evils of your own subjects, whom you have looked upon and treated as slaves, because you thought they were cre-

ated only to obey your caprices, in place of which, you yourself are but made to protect and defend them." Violent, convinced of the truths which the fairy had spoken, instructed himself in his duties, and endeavoured to conquer himself, so as to fulfil them. He was encouraged in these good resolutions by the example of Tity and Wakeful, who preserved upon the throne those virtues they had brought there.





PRINCE FATAL AND PRINCE FORTUNE.



HERE was a queen, who had two sweet pretty boys ; and a fairy, who was the queen's intimate friend, was invited to stand godmother to them, and make them some gift. "I endow the eldest," said she, "with all manner of misfortunes till he is five and twenty, and I name him Fatal." At these words, the queen gave a loud cry, and entreated the fairy to change her gift. "You do not know what you ask," said she to the queen; "if he do not meet with misfortunes, he will be wicked." The queen durst say no more, but begged the fairy to

let her choose for the second son. "Perhaps you will choose wrong," replied the fairy; "but no matter: I am willing to grant whatever you ask me for him."—"I wish," said the queen, "that he may succeed in whatever he undertakes; 'tis the way for him to be perfect."—"Perhaps you may be mistaken," said the fairy, "and for that reason I grant him this gift no longer than till he is five and twenty." Nurses were provided for the young princes; but the third day the nurse of the eldest was taken ill of a fever: he had another, and she fell down and broke her leg: and a third lost her milk as soon as Prince Fatal was put to the breast: and it being spread abroad that Prince Fatal was unfortunate in his nurses, nobody would suckle, or so much as come near him. The poor child was hungry, and cried, but met with no pity: at last, a mean homely countrywoman, who was very poor, and had a large family of children, which she could scarcely maintain, came and offered to bring him up, provided they would give her a large sum of money; and as the king and queen did not love Prince Fatal, they gave her what she asked, and bid her take him home to her village. The youngest prince, who was named Fortune, on the contrary, thrived surprisingly; his papa and mamma doted upon him, and never thought of the eldest. The wicked woman to whom they had given poor Fatal, no sooner got home, than she took off his fine swaddling clothes to bestow them on a son of her own, about Fatal's age; and having wrapped the poor prince in an old petticoat, she carried him into a wood, and left him to be devoured by the wild beasts: but a lioness, that had three young whelps, brought him into her den, and gave

him suck ; which made him grow so fast and strong, that at six months he could run alone. In the meantime, the nurse's son, whom she passed for the prince, died, and the king and queen were glad that they got rid of him. Fatal remained in the woods till he was two years old ; when a nobleman, an officer of the court, as he was hunting, was astonished to find a lovely boy in the midst of wild beasts. He was moved to pity, took him home ; and hearing that a child was wanted as a companion to play with Prince Fortune, he presented Fatal to the queen.

Fortune had a master to teach him to read ; but this master was charged not to make him cry. The young prince heard this, and cried every time he took his book in hand, so that at five years of age he could hardly tell his letters ; while Fatal, on the contrary, read perfectly well, and had already made some progress in writing. To frighten the prince, his master was ordered to whip Fatal whenever Fortune neglected his lesson ; so that it was in vain for Fatal to be good, and apply himself to his book he could not escape punishment : besides, Fortune was so ill-natured and wilful, that he used his brother very ill, though indeed, he did not know he was his brother. If Fatal had an apple or plaything, Fortune would snatch it away. He obliged him to be silent when he wanted to speak, and would make him talk when he wished to hold his tongue ; in a word, he was a little martyr, and pitied by no one. They lived together in this manner till their eleventh year, when the queen was amazed at her son's ignorance. " Certainly," said she, " the fairy has deceived me. I imagined my son would be the most learned that ever

was : since I wished him to succeed in whatever he undertook " Accordingly she went to consult the fairy about the matter, who said to her : " Madam, you should have desired a willing mind and virtuous inclinations for your son, rather than great talents, all his endeavours are to be wicked, and your majesty is a witness of the great progress he has made." After having said this, she turned from her, and the poor queen returned to the palace in the utmost affliction.

She hastened to reprove Fortune, in order to make him better, but instead of promising amendment, he told her that if they vexed him he would starve himself. The queen at this, frightened out of her senses, took him upon her knee, kissed him, gave him sweetmeats, and assured him that he should not learn any thing for a whole week, if he would eat his victuals as usual. All this time Fatal improved so much, that he was quite a wonder of learning and mildness of temper ; he had been so used to be contradicted, that, in a manner, he had no will of his own ; and he thought himself happy if he could but prevent the ill effects of Fortune's capricious humours ; but this sad child, enraged to see that Fatal improved more than himself, could not bear the sight of him ; and the tutors, to please their young master, beat poor Fatal every moment. At last, this wicked boy told the queen, that he would not have Fatal live with him any longer, and that he would not eat a morsel till he was sent away ; so that poor Fatal was turned into the street, no one daring to take him in for fear of displeasing the prince.

He passed the night under a tree, half dead with cold, (it was

winter,) with only a bit of bread for his supper, which some good person or other had given him out of charity. As soon as it was daylight, he said to himself: "I will not stay here doing nothing, but try if I cannot get my living till I am big enough to be a soldier. I remember to have read, in history, of several common men, who have afterwards been made great generals; and perhaps, if I behave well, I may have the same good fortune: 'tis true I have neither father nor mother; but God himself is the father of orphans, and he that gave me a lioness for my nurse, surely will not forsake me now." Having said this, Fatal kneeled down to say his prayers, for he never missed saying them night and morning, and always when he prayed, he fixed his eyes on the ground, with his hands lifted up and joined together, and neither turned his head one way nor the other.

While Fatal was on his knees, a countryman chanced to be going by; and seeing him pray so earnestly, said to himself: "I am sure this must be a good child; I have a great mind to have him to take care of my sheep, and God will bless me for his sake." So he waited till Fatal had ended his prayer, and then said to him: "Little boy, will you come and live with me, and mind my sheep? I will keep you and take care of you."—"With all my heart," said Fatal, "and I will do all in my power to serve you honestly." This countryman was a wealthy farmer, and had a great many servants, who wronged their master; and, indeed, so did his wife and children. They were mightily pleased when they saw Fatal; "for," said they, "this is but a child, and we can do whatever we will with him." One day the farmer's

wife said to him: "Child, my husband is a miser, and never gives me any money; let me take a sheep, and you shall tell him the wolf ran away with it."—"Madam," replied Fatal, "I would with all my heart do any thing to serve you, but I had rather die than be a thief and a liar."—"You are a fool," said she; "who will know it?"—"Oh! madam," Fatal answered, "God will know it; for he sees whatever we do, and punishes those who lie and steal." At these words, his mistress lost all patience; she flew upon him, beat him, and tore the hair of his head. The farmer, hearing Fatal cry, came and asked his wife what made her beat him in that manner. "Why, truly," said she, "because he is a glutton: the little greedy rascal has this morning eaten up a pot of cream which I was going to carry to market."—"O fie!" said the farmer, "I cannot bear liquorish people;" and immediately he called one of his servants, and ordered him to whip Fatal; and all that the boy could say to justify himself signified nothing; his mistress insisted that she saw him eat the cream, and she was believed. After this, he was sent into the fields to tend the sheep, and his mistress went to him, and said: "Well! will you give me one of the sheep now?"—"No, indeed," replied Fatal; "I should be sorry to do any such thing; you may use me as you please, but you shall never make me guilty of an untruth." So finding him resolute, this wicked woman, out of revenge, set all the other servants against him; they made him stay out late in the fields, and instead of giving him victuals, like the rest, she only sent him bread and water; and, when he came home, laid to his charge all the mis-

chief that was done in the family. He stayed a year at the farmer's; and though he lay on the ground, and was but indifferently fed, yet he grew so strong and tall, that at thirteen years of age, any one would have supposed him to be fifteen; besides, he was become so patient, that he bore all their ill-usage with the utmost calmness and meekness. One day, while he was at the farm, he heard that a king of a neighbouring country was at war, and wanted soldiers. Fatal went and asked his master to let him go; and having got leave, he travelled on foot to this prince's territories, where he enlisted himself under a captain, who, though he was a great nobleman, behaved more like a porter or a drayman than a person of quality: he swore, beat his soldiers, and cheated them of their pay; and with this officer Fatal was more miserable than at the farmer's. He had engaged for ten years; and though he saw the greatest number of his comrades desert, yet he would never follow their example; "for," said he, "I have received money to serve ten years, and it would be wronging the king to go away before my time is expired." Notwithstanding this captain was a bad man, and used Fatal no better than the rest, yet he could not help esteeming him, because he saw that he always did his duty: and he would send him on his messages, and intrust him with money, and give him the key of his room whenever he dined abroad, or went into the country: and though he did not love reading, he had a large library, to make people believe he was a man of great sense and learning; for in that country they despised an ignorant officer, and looked upon such as did not know something of books, or

at least of history, as unfit for any military action of importance.

When Fatal had done his duty as a soldier, instead of going to game and drink with his comrades, he would lock himself up in the captain's room, and there endeavour to learn his profession, by reading the lives of great men, till at last he became capable of commanding an army. He had been seven years enlisted, when his regiment was ordered to the field : his captain took him and six others, and went to reconnoitre a wood ; and when they were in the midst of it, the soldiers said one to another : " Let us kill this wicked fellow, who is always caning us, and cheats us of our pay." Fatal represented the baseness of such an action, and dissuaded them from it ; but instead of hearkening to him, they said they would kill him and the captain too, and immediately drew their swords. Fatal placed himself before the captain, and fought with so much bravery, that he alone slew four of the soldiers. His captain, seeing he owed his life to Fatal, asked his pardon for all the wrong he had done him ; and having informed the king of what had happened, Fatal was made a captain, and the king gave him a considerable pension.

Now, none of the soldiers ever wanted to kill Fatal ; he loved them as if they were his own children, and they had the same affection for him as for a father : instead of defrauding them of their pay, he gave them money out of his own pocket, to encourage them when they behaved well ; was careful and tender of them when they were sick or wounded, and never found fault with them out of caprice and ill-humour. About that time a

great battle was fought, and the commander in chief being slain, all the officers and soldiers fled; but Fatal cried out that he had rather die fighting, than fly meanly like a coward; and his soldiers told him they would not forsake him; and their example had so good an effect with the others, that they all came back, arranged themselves round Fatal, and fought with such success, that the son of the king of their enemies was taken prisoner. The other king was greatly rejoiced when he heard he had gained the victory, and told Fatal he made him general of all his armies. Afterwards he presented him to the queen, and to the princess his daughter, who gave him their hands to kiss; but at the sight of the princess, Fatal was struck motionless like a statue; she was so beautiful, that he fell in love with her to distraction; and then he was unhappy indeed, for he thought that such a one as he, must have no hopes of marrying a princess; he resolved, for that reason, to conceal his affection, and daily underwent the utmost torture. But it was much worse when he was informed that Fortune was also in love with Princess Graciosa, (for that was her name,) having seen her picture, and that an ambassador was arrived to ask her in marriage. Fatal was ready to die with grief; but Princess Graciosa, who knew that Fortune was a base and wicked prince, entreated her father with such earnestness not to force her to the match, that the ambassador was told, the princess did not choose to marry yet. Fortune, who had never been used to be contradicted, fell into a most violent passion, when they returned with the princess's answer; and his father, who could not deny him any thing, declared war against

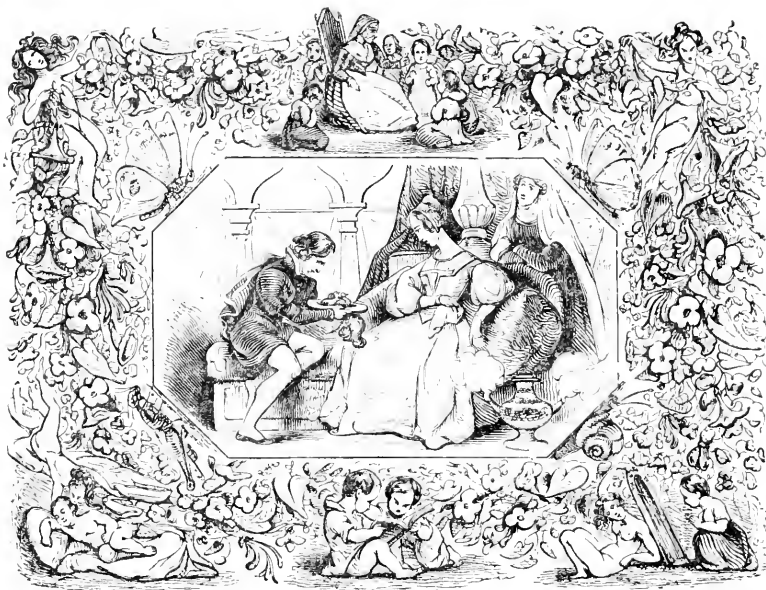
the father of Graciosa. But he was not much concerned about it; "for," said he, "while Fatal is at the head of my army, I am not at all afraid of being overcome." So, having sent for his general, he told him the affair, and bid him prepare for war. Fatal, at this, threw himself at his feet, and said, that "he was born in the dominions of Prince Fortune's father, and could not take up arms against his sovereign." But the king was very angry, and threatened to put him to death if he refused to obey him; and, on the contrary, promised to give him his daughter in marriage, if he defeated Fortune. This was a sad temptation to poor Fatal. However, he at last resolved to do his duty; and, therefore, without saying any thing to the king, he quitted the court, and forsook all his riches and great expectations. Fortune, soon after, put himself at the head of the army, and took the field; but before five days were at an end, he fell ill with fatigue, for he was very delicate and tender; and having never been used to any hardships, or to take any exercise, he could not bear heat or cold; in short, every thing made him sick.

About this time, the ambassador who had been sent to demand Graciosa for Fortune, in order to make his court to the prince, told him that he saw the little boy that had been turned out of his palace, at the court of Graciosa's father, and that it was generally reported, he had promised him his daughter in marriage. Fortune, at this piece of intelligence, fell into a most terrible fit of passion; and as soon as he was recovered, he set out, fully resolved to dethrone the father of Graciosa, and promised a great reward to whoever should take Fatal, either dead or

alive. Fortune gained several great victories, though he did not fight himself—for he was afraid of being killed—but he had able and experienced commanders. At last, he besieged the capital of the enemy, and was preparing to take it by storm, when, on the eve of the intended assault, Fatal was brought before him, bound in chains, (for great numbers of people had been sent in search of him). Fortune rejoiced at this opportunity of exercising his revenge, and gave orders for him to be beheaded, before they stormed the town, in sight of the enemy. That very day he gave a grand entertainment to his officers, to celebrate his birthday, being now twenty-five years complete. The besieged, hearing Fatal was taken, and was to have his head struck off in an hour, resolved to deliver him or perish, for they remembered how kind he had been to them while he was their general: they asked the king's leave to sally out, and were victorious. Fortune's gift of prosperity was now over, and in his flight from the enemy he was killed. The conquerors ran to unbind Fatal; and at the same moment, they saw two glittering chariots appear in the air, in one of which, was seated the fairy, and in the other Fatal's father and mother, who were both fast asleep. They did not awake till just as the chariot touched the ground, and were greatly surprised to find themselves in the midst of an army. The fairy then addressing herself to the queen, and presenting Fatal to her, said: "Madam, in this hero behold your eldest son: the misfortunes he has undergone, have corrected the defects of his temper, which was naturally violent and unruly; whereas, Fortune, who, on the contrary, was born with excellent inclina-

tions, has been utterly spoiled by indulgence and flattery ; and God would not permit him to live any longer, because he would only have grown more wicked every day he lived. He is just now killed ; but, to comfort you for his death, know that, impatient of ascending the throne, he was on the point of dethroning his father." The king and queen were greatly astonished, and embraced Fatal very affectionately, having heard great commendations of him. Princess Graciosa and her father were delighted with the discovery of Prince Fatal's rank. He married Graciosa, and they lived together to a good old age, perfectly happy and perfectly virtuous.





THE INTELLECTUAL PRINCE.



HERE was one time a fairy, who wished to marry a certain king; but as her reputation was very bad, the king chose rather to expose himself to all her wrath, than to become the husband of a woman whom nobody esteemed: for there is nothing so vexatious, for an honourable man, as to see his wife despised. A good fairy, who was named *Adamant*, induced this prince to marry a young princess whom she had brought up, and promised to defend him against the fairy *Fury*. But some time afterwards, *Fury* having been appointed queen of the fairies,

her power far surpassing that of Adamant, gave her the means of being avenged. She placed herself at the bedside of the queen, and bestowed upon the son she introduced into the world an ugliness that nothing could exceed. Adamant, who was concealed behind the curtains of the queen's bed, after Fury had departed, endeavoured to console her. "Be of good courage," said she to her: "in spite of the malice of your enemy, your son will one day be very happy. You will call him Intellectual; and not only will he have all possible talent, but in addition to this, he will be able to bestow the same upon whatever person he may love best." But the little prince was so ugly, that no one could look at him without fright; whether he laughed or whether he cried, he made such hideous faces, that the little children, who were brought to play with him, became frightened, and called him **BEAST**. When he came to the use of his reason, every body desired to hear him speak; but this shut their eyes, and the people, who, for the most times, do not know what they want, took so strong a dislike to Intellectual, that the queen, having had a second son, they obliged the king to name him for the heir; for in this country, the people had the right to choose their own rulers. Intellectual, without a murmur, yielded the crown to his brother; and, disgusted at the folly of men, who only thought of the beauty of the body, without caring for that of the mind, retired into a lonely place, where, applying himself to the study of wisdom, he became extremely happy. This was not the intention of the fairy Fury; she wished to render him miserable, and this is the way she took to destroy his happiness :

She had a son named *Enchanting*; she adored him, although he was the greatest dunce in the world. As she wished to make him happy, at any rate, she stole away a princess, who was perfectly beautiful; but, that she might not be disgusted at the folly of *Enchanting*, she made her as foolish as him. This princess, who was called *Bright Star*, lived in the same palace with *Enchanting*, and although they were over sixteen, she never could teach them to read. *Fury* had the picture of this princess painted, and carried the portrait to the small house where *Intellectual* lived. The malice of *Fury* was attended with success; and although *Intellectual* knew that the princess *Bright Star* was in the palace of his enemy, he became so much in love, that he resolved to go there; but, at the same time, recollecting his ugliness, he plainly saw that he should be the most unfortunate of men, since he was sure of appearing horrible in the eyes of this beautiful girl. He resisted for a long time the desire he had of seeing her, but at last love prevailed over reason. He departed with his servant, and *Fury* was delighted to see him take this resolution, as she could thus have the pleasure of tormenting him with more convenience to herself. *Bright Star* was walking in the garden with *Adamant*, her governess. When she saw the prince approach, she screamed out, she hid her face between her hands, and said to the fairy: "My dear nurse, drive away this hideous man; he will kill me with fright." The prince endeavoured to take advantage of the time, while her eyes were closed, to make her a well-turned compliment; but he might as well have spoken Greek; she was too stupid to understand

him. At this moment, Intellectual heard Fury laughing with all her might, and sneering at him. "You have done well enough for the first time," said she to the prince: "you can retire into an apartment I have prepared for you, and from whence you will have the pleasure of seeing the princess at your convenience." You think, perhaps, that Intellectual employed himself in retorting the insults of this wicked creature; but he had too much sense for this: he knew that she wished to vex him, and he would not give her the pleasure of seeing him out of temper. He was, however, deeply afflicted; but his situation became worse when he heard a conversation between Bright Star and Enchanting; for they said so many stupid things, that she no longer appeared to him half so handsome; and he resolved to forget her, and return to his solitude. He wished, before doing this, to take his leave of Adamant. What was his surprise, when the fairy told him he must by no means quit the palace, and that she knew the way of making him beloved by the princess. "I am very much obliged to you, madam," replied the prince: "but I am in no haste to marry. I acknowledge that Bright Star is charming, yet it is only when she does not speak. The fairy Fury has cured me, by allowing me to overhear one of her conversations: I will carry away with me her portrait, which is admirable, because it is silent."—"You have done wrong to despise her," said Adamant: "your happiness depends on your marrying the princess."—"I assure you, madam, I will never do so, unless I become deaf; besides, I must lose my memory, or otherwise I can never forget the tone of her conversation. I

would a hundred times rather marry a woman more ugly than myself, if it were possible to find such, than a stupid one with whom I could have no reasonable conversation, and who would make me tremble whenever I was in company with her, for fear of having her give utterance to some silly speech every time she opened her mouth.”—“Your fright diverts me,” said Adamant: “but, prince, learn a secret known only to your mother and myself. I have endowed you with the power of bestowing talent upon the person you love best; thus you have nothing but to wish it, and Bright Star becomes a most intelligent person. She will thus be perfect; she is the best-tempered in the world, and her heart is excellent.”—“Ah, madam!” said Intellectual, “you are about to render me miserable. Bright Star will become too lovely for my peace, and I will be utterly unable to please her; but it matters not, I will sacrifice my happiness to hers, and I wish her all the intellect I can bestow.”—“This is truly generous,” said Adamant; “and I hope this noble act will not go unrewarded; meet me in the palace-garden at midnight; it is the time when Fury is obliged to take her rest, and for three hours she loses all her power.” The prince having left her, Adamant went to the chamber of Bright Star; she found her seated, her head buried in her hands like a person who is thinking intensely; Adamant having addressed her, Bright Star replied to her, and said: “Ah, madam! if you could see what is passing in me, you would be very much surprised: since the last few moments, I have been, as it were, in a new world; I reflect, I think, my thoughts arrange themselves in a form that gives me a great deal

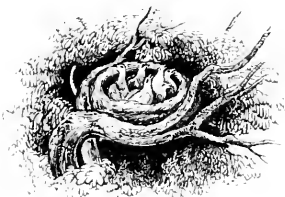
of pleasure, and I feel very much ashamed, when I recall my repugnance to books and knowledge.”—“Well,” said Adamant to her “you can correct yourself; you will in two days marry the prince Enchanting.”—“He is stupid, so stupid that he makes me tremble to think of him; but tell me, I pray you, why have I not sooner found out the stupidity of this prince?”—“It is because you were foolish yourself,” said the fairy: “but see! here comes Enchanting himself.” In truth, he entered the chamber with a nest full of sparrows in his hat. “Keep them,” said he: “I have made my master quite angry at me, because, instead of saying my lesson, I have been stealing this nest.”—“But your master is right to get angry,” said Bright Star to him: “it is shameful for a boy, of your age, not to know how to read.”—“Oh! you plague me as much as he,” replied Enchanting: “I am tired of this learning; as for me, I like my kite and my ball far better than all your musty books. Good-by, I am going to fly my kite.”—“And must I be the wife of this stupid dunce?” said Bright Star, after he had gone out. “What a difference there is between this prince, and him I saw but a little while ago! It is true, he is very ordinary, but when I recall his conversation, he no longer appears to me so disgusting. Why has he not such a face as Enchanting? But, after all, what use is a handsome face? A fit of sickness may destroy it, old age certainly takes it away, and what is then left to those who have no mind? In truth, my dear nurse, if I must choose, I could rather love this prince, in spite of his ugliness, than this stupid fellow who wishes to marry me.”—“I am glad to find you think in so just

a manner," said Adamant: "but I have one piece of advice to give you; conceal carefully from Fury all your talent; every thing is lost, if you let her know the change that is wrought in you."

Bright Star obeyed her governess; and as soon as the clock struck twelve, the good fairy proposed to the princess to go down into the garden; they seated themselves upon a bench, and Intellectual failed not to join them. What was his joy when he heard Bright Star speak, and became convinced that he had bestowed upon her as much talent as he possessed himself? Bright Star, on her part, was delighted with the conversation of the prince.

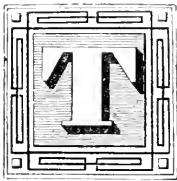
But when Adamant informed her of the obligation she was under to Intellectual, her gratitude made her forget his ugliness, although she saw it perfectly by the light of the moon. "How much I am indebted to you!" said she to him: "how can I ever repay the kindness?"—"You can do it very easily," replied the fairy, "by becoming the wife of Intellectual; there is nothing prevents your giving him as much beauty as he has given you mind."—"I should grow tired of it," replied Bright Star: "Intellectual pleases me as he is; I will not take the trouble to make him handsome; he is agreeable to me, and that is enough."—"Your misfortunes are over," said Adamant: "had you yielded to the temptation of making him handsome, you would have remained subject to Fury; but now you have nought to fear from her rage. I am about to transport you to the kingdom of Intellectual; for his brother is dead, and the hatred that

Fury had incited in the people against him, no longer prevails." Indeed, they saw Intellectual return with joy; and he had scarcely dwelt in his kingdom three months, before they became accustomed to his face, but could never sufficiently admire his talents.





BELOTE AND LAIDRONNETTE.



HERE was one time a nobleman, who had two twin-daughters, to whom he had given names that suited them perfectly. The eldest, who was very handsome, was named Belote, (or handsome,) and the second, who was very ordinary, was called Laidronnette (ugly). He gave them masters, and until the age of twelve years, they applied themselves to their studies. But then their mother did a very foolish thing; for, without thinking that there remained a great many things for them to learn, she carried them with her to parties. As the two

girls loved to amuse themselves, they were very well pleased to see the world, and they thought only of this, even during the time of their studies ; so that their masters began to grow weary of teaching them. They found a thousand prettexts to avoid study. This time they must celebrate their birthday, another time they were invited to a ball or an assembly, and they must pass the whole day in dressing and fixing themselves ; while letters upon letters were written to their teachers, to request them not to come. On the other hand, the masters, who saw that these two little girls no longer applied themselves, cared no longer to give them lessons ; for, in the country, teachers gave not instruction solely for money, but for the pleasure of witnessing the advancement of their scholars. They therefore came but seldom, and the girls were very well pleased at it. They lived thus until they became fifteen ; and, at this time, Belote had become so handsome, she was the admiration of all who saw her.

When the mother carried her daughters into company, all the gentlemen made their court to Belote ; one praised her mouth, another her eyes, her hand, her figure ; and while they were bestowing all their compliments, they scarce knew that her sister existed. Laidronnette was dying of mortification, at being so ugly ; and soon took a disgust at society, and parties, where all the civilities and preferences were reserved for her sister. She then began to wish not to go out ; and one day, when they were invited to a party, which was to finish with a ball, she told her mother that she had a headache, and wished to remain at home. She at first became tired to death ; and then, to pass the time,

she went to a bookcase of her mother, to find a romance ; and was very much disappointed to find that her sister had carried off the key.

Her father had also a bookcase, but the works were of a serious character, and she disliked them very much. She was at last obliged to take one. It was a collection of letters ; and on opening the book, she found what I will relate to you :—

“ You ask of me, how it happens that the greater part of handsome people are extremely foolish and stupid : I believe I can give you the reason ; it is not because they are born with less mind than others, but it is because they neglect to cultivate it. All women possess vanity ; they wish to please. An ugly woman knows that she cannot be loved for the sake of her face ; this induces her to distinguish herself by her intellect. She then earnestly applies herself to study, and she becomes agreeable, in spite of her person. The beauty, on the contrary, has nothing to do to excite pleasure but to show herself ; her vanity is satisfied, as she never reflects ; she thinks not that beauty endures out for a season ; besides, she is so engaged with her dress, and running to parties to show herself, and listening to flattery, that she has no time to cultivate her mind, even though she should acknowledge its necessity. She thus becomes a foolish creature, entirely immersed in trifles, millenary, and parties. This lasts till thirty, forty, and perhaps longer, provided the smallpox, or some other disease, does not sooner come to destroy her beauty. But when the season of youth has flown, we can no longer learn as in earlier life. Thus, this beautiful girl (who is so no longer)

remains a fool for the rest of her days ; although nature has given her quite as much mind as the other, who, notwithstanding her ugliness, is very agreeable, and laughs at disease and old age, which can take nothing from her."

Laidronnette, after having read this letter, which seemed expressly written for her, resolved to profit by the truths she had discovered. She sent again for the masters, applied herself to reading, judicious reflections upon whatever she read, and in a short time became an excellent scholar. Whenever she was obliged to attend her mother into company, she always placed herself beside those persons whom she observed to possess either wit or reasoning powers ; she asked them questions, and recollected all the good things that she heard ; she even made a practice of writing them down, that she might recollect them better ; and at seventeen, she spoke and wrote so well, that all persons of merit desired her acquaintance, and she kept up a correspondence, by letters, with some of the ablest. The two sisters were married on the same day.

Belote married a young prince, who was beautiful, and who was but twenty-two years of age.

Laidronnette married the minister of this prince, who was a man of forty-five ; he had been struck with her intelligence, and esteemed her very highly ; but her countenance could hardly inspire him with love ; he acknowledged, even to Laidronnette, that he had a sincere friendship for her ; it was what she asked : she was not at all jealous of her sister, who had married a prince who was so deeply in love with her that he could scarcely leave

her for a moment. Belote was very happy for three months ; but at the end of this time, her husband began to grow used to her beauty, and to think that he ought not to give up every thing for his wife. He went a hunting, and made parties of pleasure, to which she was not invited, which appeared very extraordinary to Belote, for she had persuaded herself that her husband would always love her with the same ardour as at first, and she thought herself a most unfortunate woman when she perceived his love diminished ; she complained to him, he grew vexed, they made up ; but as her complaints were resumed every day, the prince got tired of listening to them. Besides, Belote having had a son, she became thin, and her beauty was considerably impaired ; so that at last her husband, who had loved nothing of her but her beauty, loved her no longer. The mortification she felt, completed the ruin of her charms ; and as she was utterly ignorant, her conversation was very tedious.

The young people grew tired of her, because she was sad ; persons more advanced, and possessed of good sense, also grew tired of her, because she was foolish ; so that she remained alone almost the whole of the day. What increased her despair was, that her sister, Laidronnette, was as happy as possible. Her husband consulted her upon his business ; he trusted her with all his thoughts ; he conducted himself by her advice, and declared every where, that his wife was the best friend he had in the world.

The prince himself, who was a man of sense, enjoyed himself in the society of his sister-in-law ; and told her that he could not

stay a half an hour with Belote, without yawning, because she could only speak of caps and dresses, of which he knew nothing.

His disgust at his wife became so great, that he sent her in the country, where she had time to get tired at her leisure, and where she would certainly have died of vexation, had not her sister, Laidronnette, had the kindness to go and see her, as often as she could.

One day, while she was endeavouring to console her, Belote said to her : “ But, my sister, how comes this difference between you and myself? I cannot help observing, that you have much good sense, while I am but a foolish woman ; but when we were young, they said I had at least an equal share of understanding with yourself.”

Laidronnette then related her adventure to her sister, and said to her : “ You are very much vexed at your husband, because he has sent you into the country ; but even this, which you consider as the greatest evil of your life, may be made the occasion of happiness, if you are but willing. You are not yet nineteen ; this would be too late for you to apply yourself, if you were amidst the dissipation of a city ; but the solitude in which you live, leaves you all necessary time to cultivate your mind : it wants nothing, my dear sister, but to be adorned and strengthened by reading and reflection.”

Belote found much difficulty, at first, in following the advice of her sister, from a custom she had contracted of spending her time upon trifles ; but, by putting a constraint upon herself, she succeeded, and made a surprising progress in all her studies. In

a like degree, she became also rational ; and as philosophy consoled her for her misfortunes, she regained her flesh, and became more beautiful than she had ever been ; but she cared little for this, and never deigned to look into her glass.

In the meantime, her husband had taken so great a disgust to her, that he caused his marriage to be dissolved. This last misfortune liked to have entirely overwhelmed her ; Laidronnette came immediately to console her : “ Afflict not yourself,” said she to her : “ I have a way of restoring your husband to you, only follow my advice, and let nothing trouble you.”

As the prince had had a son by Belote, who would be his heir, he was not in haste to take another wife, and only thought of his diversions. He enjoyed extremely his conversations with Laidronnette, and he told her often that he would never marry again, at least, till he found a wife of as much sense as herself. “ But if she were as ugly as me !” said she, laughing. “ In truth, madam,” said the prince to her, “ that would not stop me a moment ; one gets accustomed to an ordinary face : your own no longer appears to me disagreeable, from the frequency with which I see you ; when you speak, it matters not that you are plain : and, moreover, to tell you the truth, Belote has disgusted me with handsome women ; every time I meet one, I get a notion that she is stupid ; I dare not speak to her, for fear she will make me some foolish reply.”

But the time of the Carnival was at hand ; the prince thought he could have a great deal of amusement, if he could attend the ball without being known. He trusted his secret to no one ex-

cept Laidronnette, and requested her to mask herself with him; for as she was his sister-in-law, no one could reproach her, and her reputation would not be injured in the least.

But Laidronnette asked permission of her husband, who agreed to it most willingly; for he had himself put this fancy in the head of the prince, that he might bring to a successful issue the design he had of reconciling him to Belote.

He wrote to this deserted princess, in concert with his wife, who, at the same time, particularly described to the princess how the prince was to be dressed.

In the middle of the ball, Belote seated herself between her husband and her sister, and began an extremely agreeable conversation with them; at first, the prince thought he recognised the voice of his wife; but she was not able to speak continuously for ten minutes, which destroyed the suspicion he had at the commencement. The rest of the night passed so quickly, as it appeared to him, that he rubbed his eyes when the day appeared, thinking he had been in a dream, and charmed with the wit of the incognita, whom he could not prevail upon to unmask; all that he could obtain was, that she would return at the next ball in the same disguise. The prince was among the first, and although the incognita arrived a quarter of an hour after him, he accused her of delay, and declared that he had been very impatient. He was still more charmed with the incognita the second time than at the first, and acknowledged to Laidronnette, that he was enamoured to madness of her.

“I acknowledge that she has a great deal of sense,” replied

his confidant to him ; “ but if you wish I should give you my opinion, I suspect that she is more ugly than myself ; she knows that you love her, and is afraid of losing your heart when you come to see her face.”—“ Ah, madam !” said the prince, “ would that she could read my heart ! The love which inspires me, is independent of her features. I admire her clearness of intellect, the extent of her knowledge, the superiority of her wit, and the goodness of her heart.”—“ How can you judge of the goodness of her heart ?” said Laidronnette. “ I am going to tell you,” replied the prince : “ when I pointed out to her any beautiful woman, she candidly praised them, and she even made me observe beauties they possessed, which had escaped my sight. When I wished (to try her) to relate slanderous stories which were imputed to them, she adroitly changed the discourse, or happily interrupted me, to relate some good action of these very persons ; and at last, when I wished to continue, she shut my mouth, saying that she could not endure calumny. You see plainly, madam, a woman who is not jealous of those who are handsome—a woman who takes pleasure in speaking well of her neighbours, and will not suffer them to be slandered—must be of an excellent disposition, and cannot fail of having a good heart. What would be wanting to my happiness with such a woman, even though she should be as ugly as you think her ? I am, therefore, resolved to declare to her my name, and to offer to share with her my power.”

Indeed, at the next ball, the prince informed the incognita of his rank, and told her that he could never hope for happiness

unless he obtained her hand. In spite of these offers, Belote continued obstinate in remaining masked, as she had agreed with her sister. The poor prince was in a dreadful uneasiness. He thought, like Laidronnette, that this person, so intellectual, must be a monster indeed, since she had so much repugnance to let him see her; but although she were as hideous as possible, this could never diminish the attachment, respect, and esteem that he had conceived for her understanding and virtue.

He was ready to fall sick of vexation, when the incognita said to him: "I love you, my prince, and I seek to conceal nothing from you; but the greater my love, the more I fear of losing you when you behold me. You figure to yourself that I have large eyes, a small mouth, beautiful teeth, a complexion of lilies and roses; and if, perchance, you should discover me with squinting eyes, a large mouth, snub nose, and black teeth, you will quickly bid me to again put on my mask. Besides, even though I should not be so horrible, I know that you are inconstant. You loved Belote to madness, and now you are disgusted with her."—"Ah, madam!" said the prince to her, "judge for yourself: I was young when I married Belote, and I confess to you, that I thought only of looking at, but never of listening to her; yet, when I became married, and the frequency of seeing her had dissipated my illusion, imagine, if you please, that my situation was far from agreeable; when I found myself alone with my wife, she spoke to me of some dress she was to try on in the morning, of the shoes of this one, and the diamonds of another. If she found at my table an intelligent person, who

wished to speak on any rational subject, Belote would begin by yawning, and finish by going to sleep. I was desirous of instructing her; she became impatient; she was so ignorant that she made me tremble and blush every time she opened her mouth; besides, she had all the defects of weak persons: when she had got a notion in her head, it was impossible to get it out, though you gave the best reasons against it, for she could not understand them. Besides, if she had allowed me to get rid of my weariness elsewhere, I should have had patience, but this she took no account of; she wished the foolish love she had inspired me with to last for ever, and to make me her slave. You see plainly, that she has forced me to dissolve our marriage.”—“I acknowledge, that you have had cause for complaint,” replied the incognita, “but all this does not reassure me. You say that you love me. Are you sufficiently courageous to marry me, before the eyes of your subjects, without having seen me?”—“I am the happiest of men, since you ask but this,” replied the prince. “Come to my palace with Laidronnette, and to-morrow, early in the morning, I will call my council together, to marry you in their presence.” The rest of the evening appeared very long to the prince, and having quitted the ball, and unmasked himself, he gave orders to all the lords of his court to appear at his palace, and summoned his ministers.

He related in their presence all that had passed between him and the incognita, and, after having finished his address, he swore never to have any other wife than her, whatsoever might be her figure.

There was no person who did not believe, with the prince, that she whom he had married was horrible to the sight.

What was the surprise of the bystanders when Belote, having taken off her mask, presented to their sight the most beautiful countenance imaginable! What was most singular, is, that neither the prince nor the others immediately recollected her, so much had rest and retirement improved her appearance.

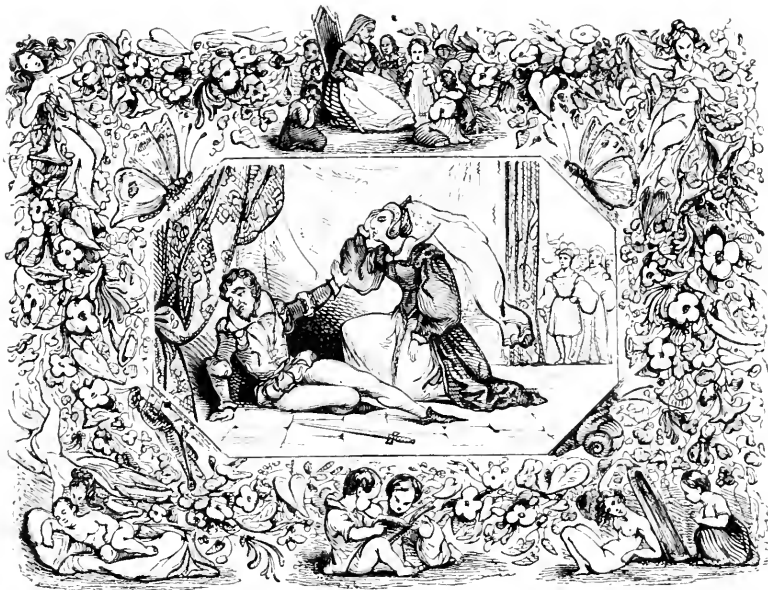
The prince, in an ecstasy, at having been deceived so agreeably, could not speak; but Laidronnette broke the silence to congratulate her sister on the return of her husband's affection.

"What!" cried out the king, "is this charming and intelligent person Belote? By what enchantment has she added to the charms of her person, those of the mind and disposition, in which she was so utterly deficient? What kind fairy has worked this miracle in her favour?"

"There is no miracle," replied Belote: "I had neglected to cultivate the gifts of nature; my misfortunes, solitude, and the advice of my sister, have opened my eyes, and assisted me to acquire those graces which are proof against time and disease."—"And these graces have inspired me with an attachment that is proof against inconstancy," said the prince, embracing her.

In truth, they loved each other through life, with a fidelity that completely effaced the remembrance of their past misfortunes.





JULIET.



HERE was one time a nobleman and his lady who had been married for many years, without having children. This alone remained to complete their felicity, for they were rich, and esteemed by every one. At last they had a daughter, and all the faeries residing in the country came to the christening, to make their presents. One declared that she should be as handsome as an angel; another, that she should dance to admiration; a third, that she should never be sick; and a fourth, that she should be very intelligent. The mother was overjoyed at all

the gifts which were bestowed on her daughter. Beauty, grace, good health, and talent—what better could they give her child?—whom she called Juliet. They seated themselves at table; but scarcely had dinner been half over, when news came to the father of Juliet, that the queen of the fairies, who was passing by, wished to come in. The fairies arose to meet their queen, but she had a countenance so severe, she made all of them tremble.

“My sisters,” said she, when she had seated herself, “is it thus you employ the power you have received from Heaven? Not one of you has thought of bestowing upon Juliet a good heart or virtuous inclinations. I shall endeavour to remedy the evil you have done. I declare that she shall be dumb until the age of twenty; would that God had placed it in my power to forbid her absolutely the use of speech!”

In an instant, the fairy disappeared, and left the father and mother of Juliet in the greatest despair, for they could conceive nothing more melancholy, than that their daughter should be dumb. In the course of time, Juliet became charming; she endeavoured to speak at two years of age, and they could perceive, by her little gestures, that she understood all that was said to her, and that she was very desirous of replying. She had all kinds of teachers, and she learned with a surprising aptness; she had so much smartness, that she explained herself by gestures, and gave an account to her mother of all she saw or heard. At first, this was admired; but the father, who was a man of good sense, said to his wife: “My dear, you are suffering Juliet to

acquire a very bad habit ; she is a little spy. What need is there of our knowing all that is done in the place. Nobody distrusts her, because she is a child, and they know she cannot speak, and yet you make her inform you of all she hears ; this fault must be corrected ; there is nothing so base as a talebearer.”

The mother, who idolized Juliet, and who was herself naturally inquisitive, reproached her husband with not loving the child because she was dumb ; and declared, that she was unhappy enough already, with her infirmity, and that she could not resolve to render her still more miserable by contradicting her. The husband, who was not satisfied with such weak reasoning, took Juliet aside, and thus addressed her : “ My dear child, you give me much anxiety. The good fairy, who has made you dumb, without doubt foresaw you would be a telltale. But what advantage is it that you cannot speak, since you make yourself understood by signs ? Do you know what will happen to you ? You will become hateful to every one ; they will fly you as a pestilence, and with good reason, for you will produce more evil than this frightful disease. A telltale embroils every one, and causes the most frightful evils ; as for myself, if you do not amend, I shall wish, from the bottom of my heart, that you were also blind and deaf.”

Juliet was not malicious ; it was through thoughtlessness that she repeated what she had heard. Thus, she promised him by signs that she would amend. She really intended to do so ; but two or three days afterwards, she heard a lady ridiculing one of her friends ; she could write very well at this time, and she com-

mitted to paper what she had heard. She had written out this conversation with so much smartness, that her mother could not help laughing at her pleasantry, and admiring her style. Juliet was vain ; she was so well pleased with the praises her mother bestowed upon her, that she wrote down all that passed in her presence. What her father predicted, came to pass ; she was hated by every body. They hid themselves from her, they spoke in an under tone whenever she came in ; and they were afraid to go to parties where they knew she was invited. Unfortunately for her, her father died when she was but twelve years old ; and, no one upbraiding her for her faults, she acquired such a habit of story-telling, that she did it even without thinking ; she spent the whole of the day in watching the servants, who hated her like death ; if she went into a garden, she made believe she was asleep, to overhear the conversation of those who were walking by. But, as many were speaking at the same time, and as she had not a sufficiently-good memory to recollect all that was said, she made *some* alter what was spoken by *others* ; she wrote the beginning of a conversation, without hearing the end, or the end, without being acquainted with the beginning. There scarcely passed a week without twenty broils or quarrels in the place ; and when they came to examine whence these difficulties proceeded, they universally traced them to the reports of Juliet. She embroiled her mother with all her friends, and occasioned the beating of two or three persons.

This lasted till she became twenty. She waited for this day with the greatest impatience, that she might speak out every

thing at her ease ; it came at last, and the queen of the fairies, presenting herself before her, said to her : “ Juliet, before I bestow upon you the use of your speech, which certainly you will abuse, I shall show you all the evils you have produced by your mischievous habit ”

At this moment, she placed before her a glass, and she saw a man followed by three children, who were asking alms with their father.

“ I do not know this man,” said Juliet, who had spoken for the first time : “ what evil have I done him ? ”—“ This man was a rich merchant,” replied the fairy : “ he had in his warehouse great quantities of goods, but he was in want of ready money. He came to borrow a sum from your father, to pay a bill of exchange ; you stood listening at the door of the cabinet, and then made known the situation of this merchant to many persons to whom he was in debt ; this destroyed his credit ; every body wished to be paid ; and the law having meddled in the business, the poor man and his children have been reduced to beggary for the last nine years.”—“ Gracious Heavens ! madam,” said Juliet : “ I am in despair at having committed this crime : but I am rich, I will repair the evil I have done, and restore him the property he has lost through my imprudence.”

After this, Juliet saw a beautiful woman in a chamber, whose windows were grated with bars of iron. She was lying upon some straw, and a pitcher of water and a morsel of mouldy bread beside her ; her thick black hair fell over her shoulders, and her face was bathed in tears.—“ Oh, mercy ! ” said Juliet :

“I know this lady; her husband has taken her to France, and two years ago he wrote that she was dead. Is it possible that I could have been the cause of this frightful situation of this lady?”—“Yes, Juliet,” replied the fairy: “but what is more terrible still, you are the means of the death of a man, whom the husband of this woman has slain. You recollect that one evening, while you were in a garden upon a bench, you pretended to be asleep, that you might hear what these two persons should say; you thought, from their discourse, that they were in love with each other; and you told it over the whole city. This report came to the ears of the husband of this lady, who is a very jealous man; he slew the gentleman, and has carried his lady to France, where he gave out that she had died, that he might torment her as you see. Yet, this poor woman was innocent; the gentleman was speaking to her of the love he had for one of her cousins, whom he wished to marry; but, as they spoke in a low tone of voice, you heard but a part of their conversation, and this has given rise to these horrible events.”—“Ah!” cried out Juliet, “I am a wretch; I deserve not to see the light of heaven.”—“Wait to condemn yourself, when you have seen all your crimes,” said the fairy to her. “Look at this man, rotting in this prison, loaded with chains; you have disclosed a very innocent conversation of his, and, as you heard but a portion of it, you believed you had found out that he had correspondence with the enemies of the king; a young giddy fellow, a very wicked man, and a woman, as tattling as yourself, who loved not this poor man, repeated and exaggerated what you said

of him; they have caused him to be confined in this prison, whence he will never come out, except to beat the slanderer within an inch of her life; and to treat you as the vilest of women, if ever he happens to meet you."

After this, the fairy showed to Juliet a great number of servants in the streets, famishing with hunger; husbands parted from their wives, children disinherited by their parents, and all the result of her tattling. Juliet was inconsolable, and promised to amend.

"You are too old to amend," said the fairy to her: "the faults you have indulged in to your twentieth year, are not to be corrected by a wish; I know but one remedy for it; it is to be blind, deaf, and dumb for ten years, and to pass all this time in reflecting upon the evils you have caused."

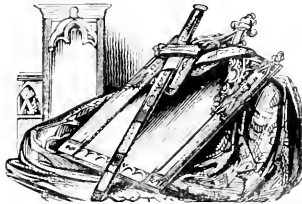
Juliet had not the courage to agree to a remedy which appeared to her so terrible. She promised, notwithstanding, to spare no trouble to become less talkative; but the fairy turned her back upon her, without listening to her, for she knew very well that if she had a real desire of correcting herself, she would have employed the means. The world is filled with this kind of people—people who say: "I am sorry that I am gluttonous, choleric, or lying; I wish with all my heart I could correct myself."

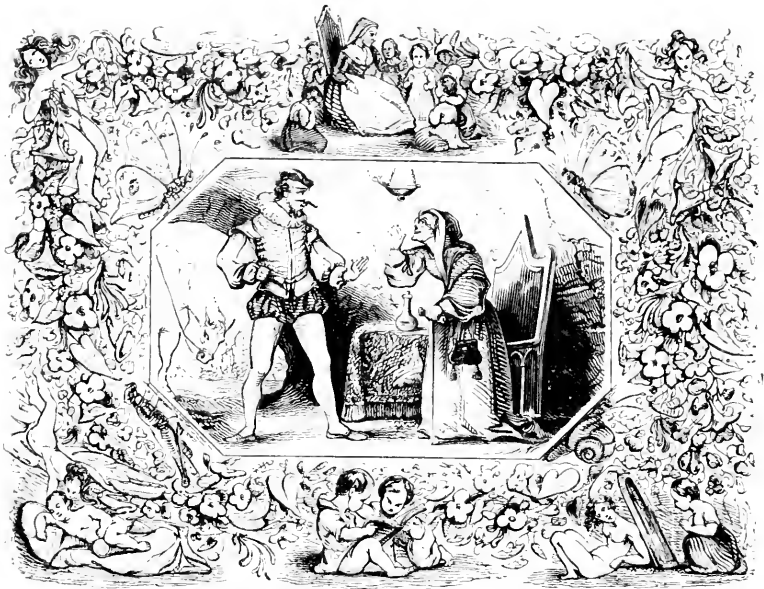
They undoubtedly deceive themselves; for if they should be told: "To correct your gluttony, you must never eat, except at your meals, and rise from the table with an appetite; to cure you of your choler, you must impose upon yourself, a severe

penance, every time you are hurried away by passion." If one should tell them to observe these means strictly, their only reply is: "This is too difficult." That is to say, they wish that God should work a miracle, to correct them all of a sudden, without their being put to the slightest trouble. Just so thought Juliet; but, with all her good intentions, she never amended. As she was detested by every body who knew her, in spite of her wit, her beauty, and her talents, she resolved to remove to another place. She sold all her property, and departed, in company with her foolish mother. They came to a large city, where every one was at first charmed with Juliet. Many great lords asked her in marriage; and she made choice of one, whom she loved passionately. She lived a year very happily with him. As the city was very large, no one knew that she was a tale-bearer, because she saw a great many people who were unacquainted with each other. One day, after supper, her husband, speaking of many persons, happened to say, that such a gentleman was not a very honourable man, since he had seen him commit many bad actions. Two days after, Juliet being at a large masquerade, a man, concealed in a domino, asked her to dance, and, afterwards, seated himself near her. As she spoke well, he was very much amused with her conversation; and the more, because she was acquainted with all the scandalous stories of the place, and told them with a great deal of spirit. The wife of the gentleman of whom her husband had spoken, got up to dance; and Juliet said to the mask in the domino: "This woman is very agreeable: it is a great pity she is married to a dishon-

ourable man.”—“Do you know her husband, of whom you speak so ill?” asked the mask. “No,” replied Juliet: “but my husband, who knows him very well, has told me a great many bad stories of him.” And immediately after, Juliet related these stories, which she exaggerated according to her usual practice, that she might have a better opportunity of showing her wit. The mask, listened to her in silence, and she was very much pleased at the attention he paid, because she attributed it to admiration. When she had finished, he left; and a quarter of an hour after, news was brought Juliet, that her husband was dying of a wound he had received of a man, whose reputation he had attacked. Juliet ran sobbing to the place where her husband was lying; he had not a quarter of an hour to live.

“Begone, you wicked creature!” said the dying man to her: “it is your tongue, and your stories, that have deprived me of life:” and in a short time he expired. Juliet, who loved him to madness, seeing him dead, threw herself all furious upon his sword, which passed through her body. The mother, who witnessed this terrible scene, was so struck with horror, that she fell sick, and dying, cursed her curiosity, and that foolish weakness for her daughter, which had ended in her ruin.





PRINCE NOSEY.

THERE was one time a king, who was passionately in love with a princess, but she could not marry, because she was enchanted. He went to consult a fairy, to know how he should act to become beloved by the princess; the fairy told him: "You know that the princess has a large cat, which she dearly loves; she will marry him who is sufficiently cunning to tread upon the tail of her cat." The prince said to himself: "This will not be very difficult." He then quitted the fairy, determined to mash in pieces the tail of the animal rather than not

tread upon it. He ran to the palace of his mistress, Minon (for so the cat was called) appeared before him, taking great state upon him as usual; the king raised up his foot, but when he believed he had got it upon his tail, Minon turned about so quickly, that he found nothing under his foot. He was for eight whole days trying to tread upon this unlucky tail; but it seemed to be made of quicksilver; it always slipped away. At last, the king had the luck to surprise Minon asleep, and put his foot upon his tail with all his might. Minon awoke with a terrible mewing, and then, all of a sudden, he assumed the figure of a large man, and looking at the king, with eyes full of rage, he said to him: "You shall marry the princess, since you have destroyed the enchantment which prevented it; but I shall have my revenge. You shall have a son, who shall be always unhappy, until he shall find out that he has too long a nose; and if you speak of this threat, on that instant you die." Although the king was a great deal alarmed at seeing this large man, who was an enchanter, he could not help laughing at this menace. "If my son has too long a nose," said he to himself, "at least he will be neither blind nor maimed; he will always be able to see and to smell." The enchanter having disappeared, the king went to find the princess, who consented to marry him; but he lived a very short time with her, and died at the end of eight months. A month after, the queen brought into the world, a little prince, who was called Nosey. He had large blue eyes, the most beautiful possible; a sweet little mouth, but his nose was so large that it covered the half of his face; the queen was inconsolable when she saw this

great nose ; but the ladies who were in attendance assured her, that the nose was not so large as it appeared to her ; that it was a Roman nose, and that she might see in history, that all great men had large noses. The queen, who loved her son to madness, was charmed at this language ; and by constantly looking at Nosey, his nose no longer appeared so great. The prince was brought up with care, and as soon as he was able to talk, they related in his presence all kinds of malicious stories, about persons with short noses ; they would permit about him only those whose noses, in some degree, resembled his own ; and the courtiers, to make their court to the queen and her son, pulled many times a day the noses of their children, to render them longer ; but they had their pains for their trouble ; they appeared snub-nosed beside the prince. When he came to years of sufficient understanding, they taught him history ; and whenever they spoke of any great prince, or any beautiful princess, they always asserted they had large noses ; his entire apartment was filled with portraits of persons with big noses ; and Nosey became so accustomed to look upon length of nose as a beauty, that he would not have consented for a kingdom to part with a jot of his own. When he became twenty years of age, and thought of getting married, the pictures of many princesses were shown him ; he was delighted with that of Mignone. She was the daughter of a great king, and the future heiress of many kingdoms. But Nosey scarcely thought of this, so entirely taken up was he with her beauty. This princess, whom he found so charming, had, above all, a little turn-up nose, which produced the prettiest ef

fect imaginable in her ; but which threw the courtiers in the greatest embarrassment. Sometimes a laugh, at the expense of the princess, would escape them by mistake. But the king would hear no raillery on this subject ; he even drove away from the court two courtiers who had dared to sneer at the nose of Mignone. The others, become prudent by this example, corrected themselves, and failed not to declare to the prince that, in truth, a man could not be handsome without a large nose ; but that the beauty of women was different ; and a certain learned man told him that he had read in an old Greek manuscript, that the beautiful Cleopatra had the end of her nose slightly turned up. The prince made a splendid present to this learned man, and immediately sent off ambassadors to ask the princess in marriage ; his request was complied with, and he advanced more than three leagues to meet her, so great was his desire of seeing her ; but when he approached to kiss her hand, he saw the enchanter descend, who snatched the princess from his sight, and left him in despair. Nosey resolved never to return to his kingdom before he had found Mignone ; he would permit none of his courtiers to follow him ; and being mounted on a good horse, he threw the bridle on his neck, and let him take his own way. The horse entered upon a vast plain, over which he went the whole day, without meeting with a single house ; the prince and his horse were dying of hunger ; at last, about evening, he saw a cavern where there was a light ; he entered it, and perceived a little aged woman, who seemed to be over a hundred years old. She attempted to put on her spectacles to look at the

prince, but it was a long time before she could keep them on, in consequence of the shortness of her nose.

The prince and the fairy (for the old woman was one) each burst out into a roar of laughter at beholding the other, and cried out, both at the same time : “ Ah ! what an odd nose ! ” — “ Not so droll as your own,” said Nosey to the fairy : “ but, madam, let our noses go for what they are worth : and be kind enough to give me some food, for I am dying of hunger, as is also my horse.” — “ With all my heart,” said the fairy : “ although your nose is very ridiculous, you are none the less the son of one of my best friends. I loved the king, your father, as if he were a brother ; he had a very well-made nose, this prince.” — “ And what does mine want ? ” said Nosey. “ Oh ! it wants nothing,” said the fairy ; “ on the contrary, it is a great deal too large ; but it matters not : one may be a very honest man, and have too long a nose. I was telling you I was the friend of your father ; he came to see me often in his time. I was very handsome then, so he told me ; I must tell you a conversation which we had together, the last time he saw me.” — “ Stop, madam,” said Nosey : “ I will hear you with the greatest pleasure, after I have taken my supper ; think, if you please, I have not eaten a morsel to-day.” — “ The poor fellow,” said the fairy, “ is right ; I did not think of it. I will go and get ready your supper ; and, while you are eating, I will tell you the story in two words, for I like not your long stories—too long a tongue is worse than too long a nose—and I recollect, when I was young, they admired me much because I was not a great talker ; they said to the queen,

my mother, for such as I am, I am the daughter of a great king. My father"— "Your father ate when he was hungry," said the prince, interrupting her. "Yes, certainly," said the fairy; "and you shall also have your supper in a moment. I was only going to say that my father"— "And I—I will listen to nothing before I have eaten," said the prince, who began to get angry; he checked himself quickly, for he needed the help of the fairy; and observed to her: "I acknowledge the pleasure I take, in hearing you, could make me forget my hunger; but my horse, who has not that pleasure, is very much in want of something to eat." The fairy bristled up at the compliment: "You shall be kept waiting no longer," said she, calling to her servants; "you are very much of a gentleman, and, notwithstanding the enormous size of your nose, you are vastly agreeable."—"Plague upon this old woman with my nose!" said the prince to himself; "one would think that my mother had stolen from her what is wanting of her own. If I were not in great want for food, I would leave this old babbler, who believes she talks very little. She must be very foolish not to know her defects; see what it is to be born a princess: her flatterers have spoiled her, and persuaded her that she is not talkative.

While he was thinking thus, the servants set the table, and the prince wondered at the fairy, who kept asking them a thousand questions, only for the pleasure of babbling. He wondered particularly at a chambermaid, who, in accordance with all he saw, flattered her mistress without stint. "Indeed," thought he, while he was eating, "I am glad I have come here; this instance

shows me how wisely I have acted in not listening to flatterers. This kind of people praise us with boldness; they conceal from us our defects, and even change them into excellences; as for me, I will never be their dupe: I know my deficiencies, God be thanked!" Poor Nosey thought this honestly, and yet never perceived that those who praised his nose, were making sport of him, as the waitingmaid of the fairy made sport of her; for the prince observed, that every now and then she turned aside to give vent to her laughter. As for him, he said not a word, eating with all his might. "My dear prince," said the fairy, when he began to grow satisfied, "turn yourself one side, I beg you; your nose casts a shadow which prevents my seeing what is on my plate. Ah! that is right; let us speak of your father; I was at court when he was quite a small lad; but it is now forty years since I have retired to this solitude. Tell me a little how they come on there at present? Do the women love to run about as much as ever? In my time, one might see them the same day at the assembly, the theatre, on the public walks, and at balls. How long your nose is! I cannot get used to seeing it."—"Indeed," replied Nosey, "please stop speaking of my nose; it is as it is. Of what consequence is it to you? I am contented with it—I do not wish it a bit shorter; every one to their liking."—"Oh! I see it provokes you, my dear Nosey," said the fairy: "but it was not my intention; on the contrary, I am your friend: but, in spite of all this, I cannot prevent myself being shocked at your nose. I will do my best not to speak of it any more; I will try even to think you are snub-nosed,

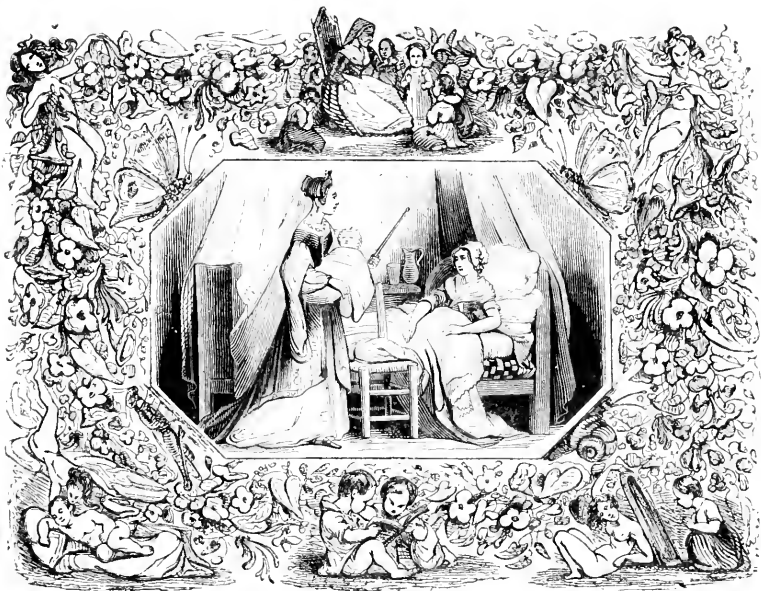
although, to say the truth, there is stuff enough in it to make three moderate-sized ones." Nosey, who had finished his meal, grew so impatient at this interminable harangue of the fairy, on the subject of his nose, that he mounted his horse, and rode off.

He continued his travels, and wherever he went, he thought the people were mad, for every body spoke of his nose. But in spite of all this, he had been so used to hear his nose called handsome, that he could never acknowledge to himself, that it was too long. The old fairy, who wished to do him a favour against his will, bethought herself of shutting up Mignone in a palace of crystal, and placing it upon the route of the prince. Nosey, transported with joy, endeavoured to break it open, but he could not succeed.

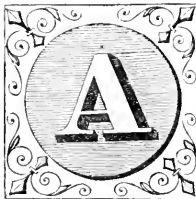
In his despair, he wished to approach, to speak, at least, to the princess, who, on her side, extended her hand to the glass; he wished to kiss it; but on whatever side he turned, he could not carry his mouth to it, for his nose was in the way. He perceived, for the first time, its extraordinary size; and, taking his hand to turn it aside, "I must confess," said he, "my nose is *too long*." At that moment, the palace of crystal fell into pieces, and the old woman, who stood holding Mignone by the hand, said to the prince: "Acknowledge that you are under great obligations to me. I had in vain spoken of your nose; you never would have found out the defect, had it not become an obstacle to your wishes; it is thus that self-love conceals from us the defects of our minds and bodies. Reason in vain endeavours to

unveil them to us, but we are never convinced, until self-love finds them opposed to its interest." Nosey, whose nose had become of an ordinary size, profited by this lesson. He married Mignone, and lived very happily with her for a great number of years.





FLORISE.



PEASANT-WOMAN became acquainted with a fairy in her neighbourhood. She entreated her to come and see her little girl, who had just been christened.

The fairy immediately took the infant in her arms, and said to the mother: "Make your choice—she shall be, if you wish, beautiful as the day, of a wit more enchanting than her beauty, and the queen of a great kingdom, but unfortunate: or, she shall be very ordinary, and a peasant-woman like yourself, but contented in her condition." The peasant-woman

chose immediately for her child, beauty and wit, with a crown, at the hazard of whatever misfortune might befall her. See growing up this little girl, whose beauty already began to shame the loveliness of the most beautiful ; her wit was pliant, polished, and insinuating ; she learned all they wished to teach her, and her knowledge soon exceeded that of her teachers. On festivals, she danced on the green with more grace than any of her companions ; her voice was more touching than any musical instrument, and she composed, herself, the ballads she sung. At first, she knew not that she was handsome ; but, in playing with her young friends upon the brink of a clear fountain, she saw herself, and remarking that she was different from the others, she admired herself for the first time. All the country, that ran in crowds to see her, made her still better acquainted with her charms. Her mother, who had depended on the predictions of the fairy, already regarded her as a queen, and spoiled her by her indulgence. The young girl would neither spin, sew, nor tend the sheep. She would amuse herself by gathering flowers, in dressing her hair, in singing and dancing in the shade of the woods. The king of this country was very powerful, and he had but one son, named Rosimond, whom he desired should be married. But he never could bring himself to listen to the proposal of any princess from the neighbouring states, because a fairy had assured him, that he should find a peasant-girl, far more beautiful, and perfect, than any princess whatever. He resolved to assemble all the young village-girls of his kingdom, below the age of eighteen, and select her who appeared most

worthy of his choice. He excluded, at first, an immense number of girls, who possessed but a moderate share of beauty, and placed aside thirty, who infinitely surpassed the rest. Florise (the name of the young girl) had not the mortification of being confounded with the multitude. These thirty girls were arranged in the centre of a large hall, in a species of amphitheatre, where the king and his son could behold them at once. Florise instantly appeared, in the midst of all others, as a beautiful anemone among marigolds, or an orange-tree, in blossom, amidst a wild thicket. The king cried out that she deserved the crown. Rosimond believed himself blessed, in possessing Florise; they stripped off her country-dress, and gave her one embroidered with gold. In an instant, she saw herself covered with diamonds and pearls; a great number of ladies were employed in waiting upon her; every one thought of guessing what would please her, that they might give it to her before she should be troubled to ask for it. She was lodged in a magnificent apartment of the palace, which had, in place of tapestry, large pieces of looking-glass, of the height of the room, surrounding the walls, that she might have the pleasure of seeing her beauty multiplied on all sides, and that the prince might admire her, in whatever direction he turned his eyes. Rosimond had given up the chase, play, and all his manly exercises, to be without interruption with her; and as the king, his father, had died a short time after his marriage, it was the prudent Florise, now become queen, whose advice decided the councils of the state. The queen, mother of the new king, named *Gronipote*, was jealous of her daughter-in-law. This

woman was artful, malignant, and cruel. Old age had added additional deformity to her natural ugliness, and she looked like a fury. The beauty of Florise made her appear still more hideous, and irritated her every moment. She could not endure the disagreeable contrast; she feared also her talents, and she surrendered herself up to all the fury of envy.

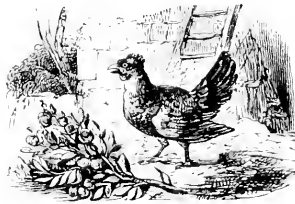
“You have no spirit,” said she frequently to her son, “to have consented to marry this little country-girl; and you have even the baseness to make her your idol. She is proud, as if she were born in the place where she now is. When the king, your father, wished to marry, he preferred me to every other, because I was the daughter of a king, equal to himself. So you ought to act; send back this little shepherdess to her own village, and turn your thoughts upon some young princess, suitable to your rank.”

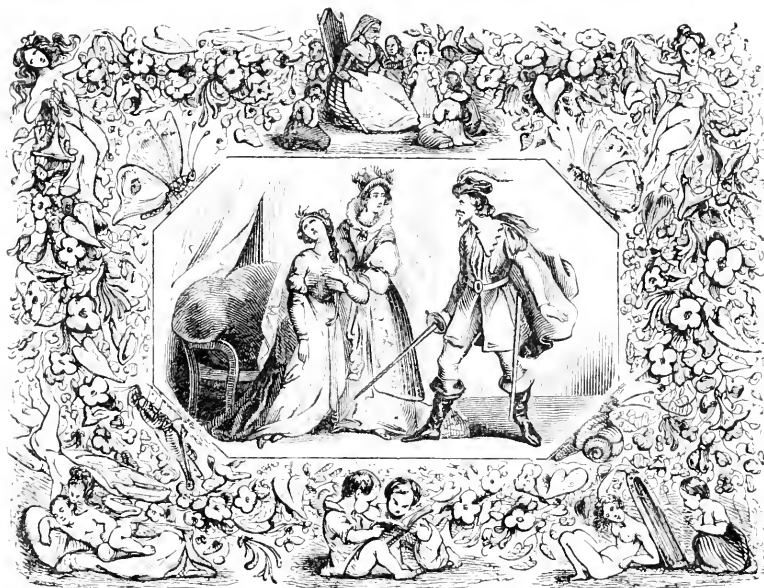
Rosimond stood out against his mother; but Gronipote one day stole a letter which Florise had written to the king, and gave it to a young man about court, whom she compelled to carry this note to the king, as if Florise had testified for him that love which she ought to have expressed for the king alone. Rosimond, blinded by jealousy, and by the malicious advice which his mother gave him, caused Florise to be shut up for life in a high tower, built upon the point of a rock, which jutted into the sea. There she wept night and day, not knowing through what injustice the king (whom she had so dearly loved) treated her so unworthily. He had permitted her only to see one old woman, entirely in the interest of Gronipote, who insulted her every

moment during her imprisonment. Then Florise thought, with regret, of her village, her cottage, and her rustic amusements. One day, while she was overwhelmed with grief, and lamenting the weakness of her mother, who had chosen, in preference, that she should be handsome, and an unfortunate queen, rather than a country-girl, ugly, but contented in her station. The old woman, who had treated her so badly, announced to her that the king had sent an executioner to behead her, and that she had but a short time to prepare for death. Florise replied that she was ready. Indeed, the executioner, sent by the orders of the king, through the influence of Gronipote, had already raised his cutlass to sever her head, when there appeared a woman, who said that she had come to speak two words in secret to Florise before her death. The old woman permitted her to speak with her, because she appeared to her to be one of the ladies from the palace. But it was in reality the fairy, who had predicted the misfortunes of Florise at her birth, and who had assumed the figure of a lady from the queen-mother. She spoke to Florise aside, retiring a little out of sight.

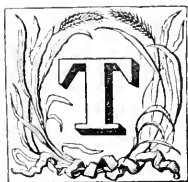
“Are you willing,” said she to her, “to renounce the beauty which has been so deadly to you? Are you willing to lose the title of queen, resume your former dress, and return to your village?” Florise delightedly accepted her offer. The fairy applied to her face an enchanted mask: immediately the features of her face became coarse, and lost their beautiful proportions; she became as ugly as she had been before beautiful and pleasing. In this state, she could no longer be recognised, and she passed,

without difficulty, through the midst of those who had assembled to witness her execution; she followed the fairy, and returned with her to her own country. They in vain searched for Florise; they could not find her in any part of the tower. The news was carried to the king and Gronipote, who caused another search to be made through the kingdom; but all was ineffectual: the fairy had returned her to her mother, who would not have known her, after so great a transformation, if she had not been informed of it. Florise was contented to live ugly, poor, and unknown in her village, where she tended her sheep. She heard every day her adventures related, and her misfortunes deplored; ballads were made, which caused every one to weep; she took pleasure in singing them among her companions, and she wept like the rest. But she found herself happy, while tending her flock, and would never disclose to any body the secret of her being Florise.





ALFAROUT AND CLARIPHILE.



HERE was one time a king, named Alfarout, who was dreaded by his neighbours, and beloved by his subjects. He was wise, good, just, brave, and active. He was deficient in nothing. A fairy came to visit him, and told him that great misfortunes would happen to him, if he did not preserve the ring which she placed upon his finger. When he turned the jewel of the ring towards his hand, he should become invisible; and when he turned it in the contrary direction, he should be visible as before. This ring was very convenient to him. When he

distrusted any one of his subjects, he went to the closet of this man with his jewel turned inwards; he heard and saw all his family secrets, without being himself perceived. If he feared the intention of any neighbouring king, he entered into the most secret councils, where he learned every thing, avoiding, at the same time, any exposure of himself. Thus he prevented, without difficulty, all that they wished to do against him; he detected several conspiracies against his life, and foiled his enemies, who wished to overthrow him. For all this, he was not satisfied with his ring alone; but he asked of the fairy, the means of removing himself, in a moment, from one country to another, that he might make a more ready and convenient use of it.

The fairy replied with a sigh: "You ask too much; I fear lest this last present may become hurtful to you."

He would listen to nothing, and, consequently, urged her to this favour. "Well, well," said she, "in spite of myself, you must have what will cause you a little repentance."

Then she rubbed his shoulders with an odorous liquid; immediately, he perceived two little wings, which sprang from his back; they did not appear at all from under his clothes; but when he determined to fly, he had but to touch them with his hand, they became so long, that he was in a condition to infinitely surpass the rapid flight of an eagle. As soon as he wished to discontinue his flight, he had but to retouch his wings, immediately they folded themselves up in as small a compass as before.

By these means, the king went all about in little time; he knew every thing, and no one could conceive how he acquired

his knowledge ; for he shut himself up, and appeared to remain almost the whole of the day in his closet, which nobody dared to enter ; as soon as he was there, he rendered himself invisible by his ring, extended his wings by a touch, and ran through immense tracts of country.

With these aids, he engaged in vast wars, where he won as many battles as he desired. But as he witnessed continually the secret transactions of men, he found them so wicked and treacherous, that he durst no longer confide in them. The more powerful he became, the less was he beloved ; and he perceived that those upon whom he had conferred the greatest benefits, were far from being the most ardent in their affection towards him.

To console himself, he resolved to travel through the world, to seek out a perfect woman for his wife, by whom he should be beloved, and with whom he should be happy. He sought for a long time, and as he saw every thing without being seen, he became acquainted with the most hidden secrets. He attended every court ; he found every where dissembling women, who wished to be beloved, but who loved themselves too much to care a great deal for their husbands. He entered into every private house : one had too light and inconstant a mind ; another was artful ; another haughty ; another odd ; and almost all were false, vain, and admirers of their own beauty. He went down into the lowest ranks of society, and he found at last the daughter of a poor labourer, beautiful as the day, but simple and ingenuous with all her beauty, which she counted as nothing, and which was, indeed, her smallest recommendation, for she had an

understanding, and a heart far exceeding all the graces of her person. All the young men of her neighbourhood were earnest to see her, and each young man felt satisfied that he would secure the happiness of his life, could he but marry her.

The king could not see her, without becoming deeply in love with her ; he asked her in marriage of her father, who was transported at the thought of his daughter's becoming a great queen.

Clariphile (for this was her name) passed from the hut of her father to a splendid palace, where a numerous court received her. She was not dazzled in the least. She preserved her simplicity, her modesty, and her purity, and never forgot her humble origin, although she was loaded with honours.

The king redoubled his affection for her, and believed at last that he had attained to happiness ; but little was wanting, if he was not so already, so great a confidence did he begin to place in the good disposition of the queen. He made himself invisible every day to watch her, and, if possible, to surprise her ; but he discovered nothing but what was worthy of admiration ; he had but a slight portion of his former jealousy and distrust remaining ; so little as to give him scarcely the slightest uneasiness in his affection for Clariphile.

The fairy, who had predicted the most wretched consequences from the last gift, so often warned him, that she became troublesome to him ; the king commanded that she should no longer be permitted to enter the palace, and told the queen that he forbade her receiving her.

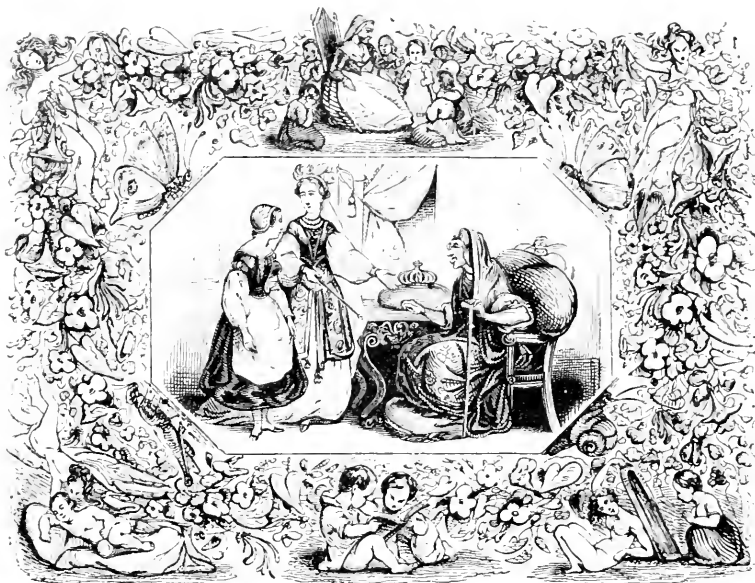
The queen promised with a great deal of reluctance to obey him, for she loved the good fairy very much. One day, the fairy, wishing to inform the queen of some future event, came in under the figure of an officer and declared to the queen who she was. Immediately, the queen embraced her tenderly.

The king, who was then invisible, perceived it, and was transported by his jealousy to the utmost degree of fury ; he drew his sword and stabbed the queen, who fell dying into his arms

At this moment, the fairy resumed her true figure ; the king recognised her, and discovered the innocence of the queen. He immediately attempted to kill himself ; the fairy arrested the blow, and endeavoured to console him. The queen, with her expiring voice, said to him : “ Though I perish by your hand, my heart is entirely yours.”

Alfarout deplored the mistake of having wished, contrary to the advice of the fairy, for a gift which had proved so fatal. He restored her his ring, and begged her to take away his wings. The rest of his life was spent in bitterness and self-reproach. His only consolation, was to weep at the tomb of Clariphile.





PERONELLA.



ONCE upon a time, there was a queen, so old and ugly, so bent down under the weight of years and infirmities, that she grew weary of life, unless her youth might be renewed to her. A fairy, who had been present at her birth, now paid the queen a visit, and told her, that if she could find a young girl willing to exchange situations with her majesty, to give her bloom and youth, for the queen's old age and sceptre, then the fairy, by one wave of her wand would fulfil their desires. The queen was delighted; for she would much rather be poor, young,

and healthy, than a rich queen, old, and incapable of enjoying life; she therefore ordered the strictest search to be made throughout her dominions, for a young lass who should be willing to give her youth in exchange for age, infirmities, and riches. It was not long before several covetous creatures made their appearance to accept the proffered conditions: but when they saw how the old queen coughed, and spit, and rattled in her throat; how she lived upon spoon-meat; how dirty she was; that she was wrinkled, and her person smelled disagreeably; what pain she suffered, and how many times she said over the same thing; they said they preferred their own condition, poor and miserable as it was, to riches and the hundred years of her majesty.

Afterward, there came some persons of a still more ambitious temper: to these the queen promised the most profitable places and the highest honours. At first, they were extremely willing; but when they had stayed a short time with her majesty, they shook their heads as they left the room, saying: "Of what use would all the queen possesses be to us, since, being so very hideous and disgusting, we could not venture to show ourselves to any one?" At length, a young lass from a country-village presented herself.

She was extremely beautiful, and declared herself willing to accept of the crown in exchange for her youth: her name was Peronella. At first, the queen was very angry; but what end could it answer to be angry, since it was her determination to grow young again? She proposed to Peronella to divide the kingdom with her. "You shall have one half, and I the other."

said she : “surely this is enough for you, who are but a poor country-girl.”—“No,” replied Peronella, “this will by no means satisfy me, I will have the whole ; or let me be still a country-girl, with my blooming complexion and my briskness, and do you keep your wrinkles and your hundred years, with death himself treading upon your heels.”—“But,” said the queen, “what shall I do if I give away my whole kingdom?”—“Do?” said Peronella : “Your majesty will laugh, dance, and sing, as I do :” and so saying, she laughed, danced, and sung before her. The queen, who could do nothing like this, asked Peronella how she would amuse herself if she were in her place, a stranger as she was to the infirmities of age. “I really cannot be quite sure what I would do,” answered Peronella : “but I have a great mind to try the experiment, since every one says it is so fine a thing to be a queen.”

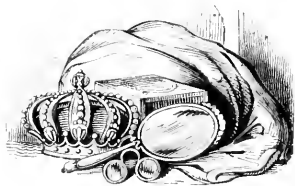
While the queen and Peronella were thus making their agreement, the fairy herself entered the room, and said to the country-lass : “Are you willing to make the trial, how you should like to be a queen, extremely rich, and a hundred years old?”—“I have no objection,” said Peronella.—In a single instant, her skin is all over wrinkles ; her hair turns gray ; she becomes peevish and ill-natured ; her head shakes : her teeth drop out ; she is already a hundred years old. The fairy next opened a little box, and a numerous crowd of officers and courtiers, all richly dressed, came out of it, who immediately rose to their full stature, and all paid a thousand compliments to the new queen. A sumptuous repast is set before her : but she has not the least appetite ;

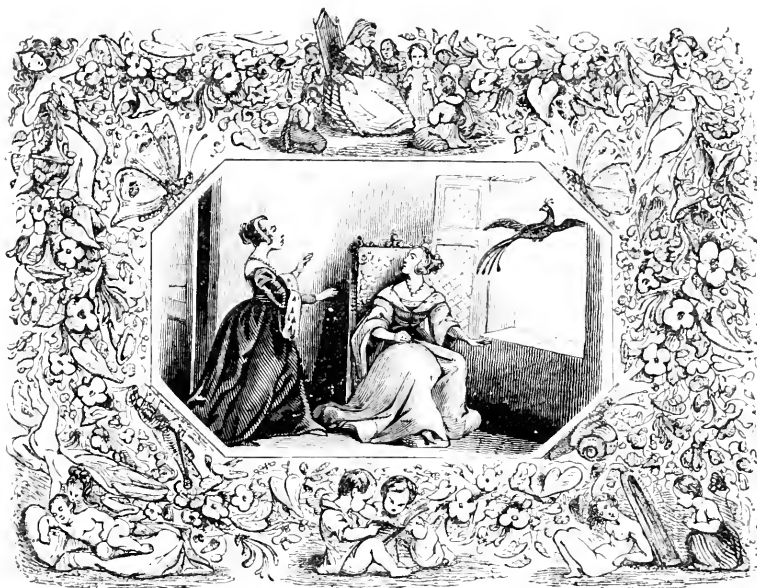
she cannot chew ; she knows not what to say, or how to behave, and is quite ashamed at the figure she makes ; and she coughs till she feels almost ready to expire. She then sees herself in the looking-glass, and perceives she is as ugly and deformed as an old grandam ape. In the meanwhile, the real queen stood in a corner, smiling all the time to see how fresh and comely she was grown ; what beautiful hair she had, and how her teeth were become white and firm. Her complexion was fair and rosy, and she could skip about as nimbly as a deer ; but then she was dressed in a short filthy rag of a petticoat, and her cap and apron seemed as if she had sifted cinders through them. She scarcely dared to move in such clothes as these, to which she had never been accustomed ; and the guards, who never suffered such dirty, ragged-looking people within the palace gates, pushed her about with the greatest rudeness. Peronella, who all the time was looking on, now said to her : “ I see it is quite dreadful to you not to be a queen, and it is still more so to me to be one : pray, take your crown again, and give me my ragged petticoat.” The change was immediately made : the queen grew old again, and Peronella as young and blooming as she had been before. Scarce was the change complete, than each began to repent of what she had done, and would have tried a little longer, but it was now too late. The fairy condemned them for ever to remain in their own conditions. The queen cried all day long, if her finger did but ache : “ Alas ! if I were now but Peronella, I should, it is true, sleep in a poor cottage and live on potatoes ; but I should dance with the shepherds under a shady elm, to the

soft sounds of the flute. Of what service is a bed of down to me, since it procures me neither sleep nor ease; or so many attendants, since they cannot change my unhappy condition?" Thus the queen's fretfulness increased the pain she suffered: nor could the twelve physicians, who constantly attended her, be of the least service. In short, she died about two months after.

Peronella was dancing with her companions, on the fresh grass by the side of a transparent stream, when the first news of the queen's death reached her: so she said to her companions: "How fortunate I was in preferring my own humble lot to that of a kingdom." Soon after, the fairy came again to visit Peronella, and gave her the choice of three husbands; the first was old, peevish, disagreeable, jealous, and cruel; but, at the same time, rich, powerful, and a man of high distinction, who would never suffer her, by day or night, to be for a single moment out of his sight. The second was handsome, mild, and amiable; he was descended from a noble family, but was extremely poor, and unlucky in all his undertakings. The third, like herself, was of poor extraction, and a shepherd; but neither handsome nor ugly: he would be neither over-fond nor neglectful; neither rich nor very poor. Peronella knew not which to choose; for she was passionately fond of fine clothes, of a coach, and of great distinction. But the fairy, seeing her hesitate, said: "What a silly girl you are! if you would be happy, you must choose the shepherd. Of the second you would be too fond; the first would be too fond of you; either would make you miserable: be content, if the third never treat you unkindly. It is a thou-

sand times better to dance on the green grass, or on the fern, than in a palace; and to be poor Peronella in a village, than a fine lady who is for ever sick and discontented at court. If you will determine to think nothing of grandeur and riches, you may lead a long and happy life with your shepherd, in a state of the most perfect content." Peronella took the advice of the fairy, and became a proof to all of the happiness that awaits a simple and virtuous life.





THE BLUE BIRD.



HERE was one time a king, who was very rich ; his wife, whom he dearly loved, died, and left him inconsolable. He shut himself up for eight whole days in a little room, where he continually beat his head against the walls, they placed cushions among the tapestry, and about the waincot that he might not hurt himself. All his subjects resolved to go and see him, and say what they could to assuage his grief, but their speeches made no impression on his mind. At last, ther appeared before him, a woman, entirely clad in black crape,

a deep mourning veil, and long habit of sable, weeping and sobbing so loudly and bitterly, that even the king stood amazed. He received her more kindly than the rest, and they talked together so much, that they had no more to say upon the subject of their afflictions. When the cunning widow (for she grieved, she said, for the best of husbands) perceived that her subject was almost exhausted, she slightly raised her veil; the king, deeply grieved as he was, could not help noticing this poor afflicted widow, who turned upon him and then withdrew, very much to the purpose, two large blue eyes, fringed with long black eyelashes: her complexion was very florid; the king observed her with great attention—by degrees he began to speak less of his wife, then not at all of her: in short, every body was astonished when the king married the widow.

The king had only one daughter by his first marriage, who passed for the eighth wonder of the world; she was called *Florine*. She was but fifteen when the king married the second time.

The new queen sent for her daughter, who had been brought up with her godmother, the fairy Soussio. But she was neither sweet-tempered nor handsome; she was called *Truitonne*, for her face was speckled with red spots like a trout.* Her black hair was so thick and coarse, no one could touch it, and her saffron skin continually distilled a greasy liquid. The queen did not fail to love her to madness, and as *Florine* had, in every respect, the advantage of her, the queen sought out all possible ways of

* *Truite* means, in French, a trout.

setting her at variance with the king. The king remarked one day to the queen, that Florine and Truitonne were old enough to be married. "I insist upon my daughter being first established," replied the queen: the king agreed to it.

Some time afterwards, it was rumoured that King *Charmant* was about coming to the court. Never was there a prince more celebrated for his gallantry and magnificence. When the queen heard the news, she set to work all the embroiderers, dress-makers, and milliners, to furnish ornaments for Truitonne; she entreated the king to allow nothing new to Florine, but gaining over her waitingmaids, she caused them to steal from her all her dresses, caps, and jewellery, on the very day that Charmant arrived. So, that when she wished to dress herself, she could not find a single riband, but had to remain in a scanty robe, which was also very coarse. She was so ashamed of her appearance, that she placed herself in a corner of the hall, when the king Charmant made his entrance.

The queen received him with great display; she presented her daughter to him; the young king turned away his eyes, and asked if there were not another princess named Florine. "Yes," said Truitonne, pointing her out with her finger: "see where she is hiding herself, she is so shabbily dressed." But Florine blushed and looked so handsome, that Charmant was completely dazzled; he recovered himself in a moment, and made a low bow to the princess: "Madam," said he to her, "your matchless beauty already adorns you too much; you need no foreign ornaments."—"My lord," replied she, "I declare to you that I

am unaccustomed to appear in a dress so unbecoming as this, and you will do me a pleasure by not looking at me.”—“It would be impossible,” cried Charmant, “that so admirable a princess could be in any place, and I could have eyes for any save her.” After this time, he conversed with no one except Florine.

The queen and Truitonne made the greatest complaints to the king, and obliged him to consent, that during the stay of King Charmant, they should shut up Florine in a turret. Indeed, as soon as she had returned to her apartment, four men, disguised in masks, carried her to the top of the tower.

As Charmant was ignorant of the violence which the princess had met with, he waited with the utmost impatience until he should see her again. He attempted to speak of her to those whom the king had placed about him ; but, by the orders of the queen, they told him that she was a coquette, that no reliance could be placed upon her word, that she had a very bad temper, that she was a torment to her friends and domestics, in short, that no one could be more sluttish than her, and that her avarice exceeded all bounds. At these stories, Charmant perceived the rising of an indignation he could scarce control. “No,” said he to himself: “it is impossible that Heaven could have ever linked so deformed a soul to so beautiful a person.”

While he was reasoning in this manner, a courtier, more adroit than the rest, for the purpose of discovering his true sentiments, commenced telling him of the great excellences of the princess. Joy immediately diffused itself over his countenance

The poor princess, while all this was passing, was lying upon the bare floor, in the keep of this terrible tower, where the men in masks had carried her. "I would have had less reason to complain," cried she, "if they had placed me in here before I had seen this lovely prince, the recollection of whom, serves only to increase my sufferings. It is, no doubt, to hinder me from seeing him more, that the queen treats me in so cruel a manner."

The queen, who wished to enlist Charmant by every testimony of attention she could show, sent to him dresses of unparalleled richness and magnificence, and the Order of the Knights of Love, which she had obliged the king to institute on the day of their marriage. She presented to him at the same time a book, the leaves of which were of vellum, adorned with admirable paintings, containing the rules of the Knights of Love written in a very tender and gallant style. The king was told that the princess requested him to be her knight, and had sent him this present. "What, the beautiful princess Florine!" cried he "My lord, you—you mistake us, we come in behalf of the amiable Truitonne."—"Is it Truitonne who wishes me for her knight?" said the king, with a cold and serious air; "I am very sorry that I must refuse the honour." He immediately replaced the book in the same basket, and sent the whole back to the queen, who, with her daughter, like to have been choked with rage.

When the time came for again visiting the king and queen, he went to their apartment; he was in hopes that Florine would be there; he looked on all sides to see her. At last, he asked

where the princess Florine was. "My lord," said the queen, fiercely to him, "the king, her father, has forbidden her to go out until my daughter is married."—"And for what reason," replied the king, "do you keep this lovely person a prisoner?"—"I know not," said the queen. The king felt an irrepressible anger; he gave a sidelong glance at Truitonne, and quickly quitted the room.

Having returned to his chamber, he told a young prince, who had accompanied him to the court, and whom he dearly loved, that he would give all the world to gain over one of the attendants of the princess, that he might talk with her a moment. His friend found out one of the ladies of the palace, who promised him that same evening, Florine should be at a little low window which looked out upon the garden.

The prince ran to tell the king of this appointment, but the faithless confidant failed not to inform the queen of her engagement, who determined to send her daughter in the place of Florine to the window.

The night was so dark, that it was impossible for the prince to detect the deceit that was played him; he approached the window in a transport of unspeakable joy. He said every thing to Truitonne he intended for Florine, to persuade her of his love, and drawing a ring from his finger and placing it upon the hand of Truitonne, he added that it was an eternal pledge of his faith, and that he would be absent but for a short time to prepare for his departure. Truitonne replied as well as she could to his earnestness. He, indeed, perceived that she said nothing

remarkable, and it would have given him pain, had he not been persuaded that the fear of being surprised by the queen, had repressed her freedom of thought. He only quitted her upon the express condition that she would be there the next evening at the same hour.

The queen, having learned the happy issue of this interview, hoped every thing from it. The day was appointed, the king came to carry her off in a flying chariot, drawn by winged frogs, which an enchanter, one of his particular friends, had made him a present of.

The night was very dark. Tritonne came out secretly, the king received her in his arms, and swore over and over again to her an everlasting fidelity; but as he was not in the mood to fly a great while in his winged chariot, before he had married his dear princess, he asked her where she wished the wedding to take place; she told him that she had for a godmother a fairy, named Soussio, who was very celebrated, and that she wished to go to her castle; the king commanded his frogs to bear them thither, and in a very short time they arrived at the fairy's.

The castle was so lighted up, that in getting out from his chariot, the king must have perceived his mistake, if the princess had not carefully covered herself with her veil. She related to the fairy how she had ensnared Charmant, and begged her to appease him. "Alas! my daughter," said the fairy, "it will be very difficult, he is too deeply in love with Florine." In the meantime the king was waiting for them in an apartment, whose walls, composed of diamonds, were so clear and brilliant, that he

saw Soussio and Truitonne, talking together behind him. "What," said he, "am I betrayed? What demons have brought here this enemy of our peace?" They quickly entered the room, and Soussio said to him in an imperative tone: "King Charmant, this is the princess Truitonne, to whom you have pledged your faith; she is my god-daughter, and I wish you to marry her immediately."—"I," exclaimed he: "I marry this little monster! Restore to me my own princess."—"Am I not her, you perjured man?" said Truitonne, showing him his ring: "to whom, pray, did you give this ring as a pledge of your truth?"—"What, then," replied he, "have I been abused and deceived? Let us be off—let us be off—my frogs, I will not stay a moment longer."—"Stop, it is not in your power," said Soussio—she touched him, and his feet stuck to the floor, as if they had been nailed to it. "Though you should turn me to stone," said the king to her, "I will have no other bride than Florine."

He spent, in this condition, twenty days and twenty nights, during which time Soussio and Truitonne, never stopped talking, crying, and menacing. At last, Soussio said to the king: "Choose whither you are willing to undergo seven years of penance, or marry my god-daughter."—"Do what you please with me," cried the king, "so long as I am free from this nasty wretch."—"Nasty wretch yourself!" screamed out Truitonne: "You are a pretty prince, with your flying equipage, to come to my country to insult me and break your promise."—"Your reproaches touch me to the heart," uttered the prince, in a sneering tone: "I have done wrong, indeed, in refusing so beautiful a person for

my wife!"—"No, no," cried Soussio, in a fit of anger, "you have nothing to do but to fly out this window if you please. For seven years to come you shall be a blue bird."

In an instant, the king was changed into a bird, he gave a piercing shriek, and flew swiftly from the dreadful palace of Soussio.

In the deepest melancholy, he wandered from branch to branch, selecting only those trees consecrated to love, or to sadness, one while upon the myrtle, one while upon the cypress ever singing mournful airs, in which he lamented the misfortunes of himself and Florine.

On the other hand, the fairy Soussio carried back Truitonne to her mother. The queen being informed of all that had happened, went up into the tower with her daughter, whom she had arrayed in the richest clothes; she placed a diamond crown upon her head, and three daughters of the wealthiest nobles, held up the trail of her princely mantle; on her finger, she wore the ring of King Charmant, which Florine had particularly noticed when they were talking together. She was very much surprised to see Truitonne so richly dressed. "Here is my daughter with her wedding presents," said the queen: "King Charmant has married her." Then they exhibited before the princess, stuffs of silver and gold, precious jewellery, laces, and ribands

Florine, no longer doubting her misfortune, fainted away. The cruel queen, overjoyed at having succeeded so well, would permit no one to assist her, and left her alone in this most wretched condition.

All this while King Charmant, or to speak more properly, the beautiful blue bird, ceased not his roving about the palace; he guessed that his dear princess was closely confined, and he approached the windows as near as he could, that he might look into the rooms. There was opposite the window of Florine, a cypress of an immense height; the blue bird happened to light upon it. He had been there but a short time, when he heard a person lamenting. "Must I suffer thus, still longer?" said she. "Is it not sufficient that I should witness the happiness that this unworthy daughter enjoys with King Charmant?" The blue bird listened, and the longer he listened, the more fully persuaded he became, that the mourner was his amiable princess: he said to her: "Adorable Florine, your evils are not beyond cure."—"Ah! who speaks to me in so consoling a strain?"—"An unfortunate king, who loves you, and never will love any but you." As soon as he had said this, he flew to the window. Florine was in a great fright at so extraordinary a bird, who spoke with as much sense as a man; but the beauty of his plumage, and the words that he uttered, reassured her. "Am I again allowed to see you, my princess?" exclaimed he: "can I taste of a pleasure so great without dying of joy?"—"And who are you, charming bird?" said the princess, caressing him. "You have pronounced my name," added the king, "and you pretend not to know me!"—"What! the greatest king in the world! What! King Charmant!" said the princess: "can he be the little bird I hold in my hand?"—"Alas! beautiful Florine, it is too true, and if any thing can console me, it is that I have chosen

to be reduced to this state for seven years, rather than give up my affection for you.”—“For me?” said Florine: “Ah! I know you have married Truitonne; I recognised your ring upon her finger.”—“Oh, heaven! is it possible?” interrupted the king: “know that, abusing your name, they induced me to carry away this ugly Truitonne; but as soon as I discovered my mistake, I left her to take care of herself.”

Daylight appeared, most of the servants had risen, while the princess and the blue bird were talking together; they parted, after having promised to spend every night in the same way.

Their joy at having found each other was extreme, but in the meantime, Florine felt quite anxious for the blue bird. “Who will protect him from the sportsmen,” said she, “or the sharp claws of some hungry vulture?”

The charming bird, concealed in a crevice of the tree, had been all the day employed in thinking upon his beautiful princess; as he wished to show Florine all the attentions which lay in his power, he flew to the capital of his kingdom, arrived at his palace, entered his cabinet through a broken pane, and took from thence a pair of diamond eardrops, which he carried in the evening to Florine, and entreated her to wear.

“I would willingly consent,” said she to him, “if you would come to see me in the daytime, but since I can only converse with you at night, I will not put them on.” The bird promised her that he would come to the tower at any hour she wished, and immediately she put on the ear-rings.

On the morrow, the blue bird returned to his kingdom, en-

tered as before, and brought away with him the most splendid bracelets that ever were seen, and presented them to Florine.

The following night, the enamoured bird failed not to bring to his mistress a watch, of a moderate size, set in a single pearl. "It is useless to treat me to a watch," said she, gayly, "when you are away, the hours appear to me endless; when with me, they pass like a dream: thus, I can never give them their due measurement."

As soon as the day appeared, the bird flew into the bosom of his tree, whose fruits served him for food, and sometimes he sang such beautiful airs, that the passers by were delighted at his song. There never passed a day, without some present being made to Florine; at last, she acquired an immense amount of the most wonderful and valuable articles. She never adorned herself, but at night, to please the king, and during the day, having no place to conceal them, she placed them carefully in the straw of her bedding.

Two years elapsed, thus, without Florine's having once complained of her captivity.

In the meantime, the malicious queen made many useless efforts to marry Truitonne; she sent ambassadors to propose her to every prince with whose name she was acquainted, who, as soon as they arrived, were dismissed rather abruptly. "If it were respecting the princess Florine, you would be joyfully received," they were told: "but as for Truitonne, she might remain a virgin for all their opposition."—"What! in spite of her imprisonment," cried the queen, "does this arrogant still foil

us? She must have some secret correspondence with foreign countries; she is at least, a criminal of state, let us treat her upon this footing, and invent all possible means of convicting her."

They resolved to go up into the tower to question her; it was after midnight: Florine was with the blue bird, at the window, and dressed out in all her jewellery; her chamber and bed were strewn with flowers, and some *partilles d'Espagne*, which were burning, spread over the room a delicious odour. The queen stopped to listen at the door, she thought she heard an air sung by two persons, nor was she mistaken.

"Ah! my dear *Truitonne*, we are betrayed," screamed out the queen, opening suddenly the door, and flinging herself into the chamber. What did Florine do at this juncture? She threw up quickly her little window, to allow time for the royal bird to escape. The queen and her daughter approached her like a pair of furies, about to devour her. "We are acquainted, madam, with your intrigues against the state," exclaimed the queen. "And with whom?" replied the princess: "have you not been my jailer for the last two years?" While she was speaking, the queen and *Truitonne* examined her with the greatest astonishment. "And from whence, madam," said the queen, "did you obtain this jewellery?"—"I found it in this tower," replied Florine. "We will not be your dupes," said she: "you have been given this jewellery, in the sole view of inducing you to sell the kingdom of your father."—"I should be in a pretty condition to deliver it," replied Florine, with a contemptuous smile. "Why, then, are you turbaned as a little

coquette, your chamber so filled with perfumes, and your person as magnificently attired as if you were dressed for attendance at court ?"—“ I have sufficient leisure for all this,” observed the princess. “ Come, come, we will see if this innocent princess has not made any treaty with our enemies.” She herself searched every where, and coming to the pallet, which she caused to be emptied, she discovered a great quantity of diamonds, pearls, rubies, and topaz, which she could not account for. She had resolved to put in some place, papers that might destroy the princess ; at a time, when no one was noticing her, she concealed them in the chimney ; but, by good luck, the blue bird was perched above, and cried out : “ Take care of yourself, Florine, observe your enemy, who wishes to make you suspected of treason.” This unexpected voice frightened the queen to such a degree, that she dared not do what she had intended. “ You see, madam, that the spirits who fly the air, are favourably disposed to me.”—“ I believe,” stammered the queen, embarrassed by her rage, “ that the devils concern themselves for you ; but, in spite of these, your father shall do you justice.”

The queen quitted her, and took counsel as to what should be done with the princess. She was told that her most prudent plan would be to endeavour to discover her companion in intrigue ; the queen approved this thought ; she sent to sleep in the chamber of the princess, a young girl, who pretended to be very innocent, and who had orders to say that she came to wait upon her. But the princess was not thus to be deceived ; she looked upon her as a spy.

She dared no more to appear at the window, although she knew the bird, so dear to her, was hovering about it. She passed a whole month without making her appearance; the blue bird began to despair.

Her spy, who watched day and night for the whole month, at last felt herself overcome with weariness, and fell into a deep slumber. Florine perceived it; she opened her little window and sang: "Come blue bird, colour of the time, come quickly to me." The bird understood her so well, that he came very quickly to the window. What was his joy to see her once more! he renewed again, and again, his vows of affection, and promise: of fidelity. At last, the time for separating arrived; her jailor had not awoken—they bade each other the tenderest adieus. On the next night, the spy again fell asleep—the princess went as before to the window and sang, "Come blue bird, colour of the time, come quickly to me." Immediately the blue bird came, and this night passed as the previous one, without disturbance or discovery. The lovers flattered themselves that this spy took such pleasure in sleeping, that she would do so every night. In truth, the third passed equally well; but on the fourth, the sleeper hearing a noise, listened without appearing to do so, and saw by the light of the moon, the most beautiful bird in the world, talking to the princess, who caressed it with her hand, and affectionately kissed its little bill. In a word, she overheard the greatest part of their conversation.

The day appeared, the princess threw herself upon her couch, and the king returned to the crevice of his tree. The jailer ran

to the queen, she told her all she had seen and heard ; the queen sent for Truitonne, and she felt convinced that the blue bird was no other than King Charmant. "What an insult," cried the queen : "I shall take such a bloody revenge, he shall speak out."

The queen sent back the spy into the turret ; she gave her orders to appear more sleepy than usual ; the poor princess, deceived by this, opening the little window, cried out : "Come, blue bird, colour of the time, come quickly to me." But she called throughout the night without success ; he did not appear, for the wicked queen had caused swords, cutlasses, razors, and daggers, to be fastened to the cypress, and when the prince began to fly, he was beaten down, these deadly weapons cut his feet, he fell upon others which cut his wings, and at last, wounded in every part of his body, he saved himself, with the greatest difficulty, in his own tree, leaving after him a long train of blood.

He would take no care of his life, persuaded that it was Florine who had played him this malicious trick.

But his friend, the enchanter, who had seen the chariot with flying frogs return to him without their master, ran eight times over the whole earth to seek him, without being able to find him. He was making his ninth journey, when he passed through the wood where the prince was, and, according to the rules he had laid down, he sounded his trumpet for a considerable time, and then cried out five times with all his might : "Oh, Charmant ! King Charmant ! where are you ?" The king recognised the voice of his best friend. "Approach," said he to him, "this tree, and see the wretched king you love, swimming in his blood."

The enchanter looked on all sides, without seeing any thing. "I am a blue bird," said the king, in a weak and languishing voice : at these words, the enchanter found him, without difficulty, in his little nest. It cost him but a few words to stop the blood, which was still flowing, and he cured the king as perfectly as if he had never been wounded.

He then begged him to tell him by what chance he had become a bird, and who had wounded him so cruelly ; the king told him that it was Florine, who had revealed the secret visits of her mysterious lover, and that to make her peace with the queen, she had agreed to let the cypress be stuck over with knives and razors, by which he had been almost cut to pieces.

"You must, indeed, be unhappy," said the enchanter to his friend, "if you can still longer love this ungrateful wretch." The blue bird would stay there no longer, but he still loved, too deeply, the beautiful Florine.

He begged his friend to take him with him, and to put him in a cage, where he would be safe from the paws of the cat, and every kind of deadly weapon.

Florine, the sad Florine, in despair at no longer seeing the king, passed whole days and nights at her window, repeating without cessation : "Come, blue bird, colour of the time, come quickly to me." The presence of her spy did not prevent her. Her despair at last became so great, she would take no sustenance.

The queen and Truitonne had their triumph ; but the father of Florine, who had by this time become quite aged, died. The

fortune of this wicked queen and her daughter, changed its aspect ; they were looked upon as favourites, who had abused their influence ; the people, in an insurrection, ran to the palace, asking for the princess Florine, and acknowledging only her for their sovereign.

The angry queen wished to treat the affair with severity ; the sedition became general, her apartment was broken into and robbed, she herself was stoned to death, Tritonne fled to her godmother, the fairy Soussio.

The grandees of the kingdom assembled quickly, and mounted the turret, where they found the princess very much indisposed ; she knew nothing of the death of her father, and the punishment of her enemy, and when she heard the noise, she had no doubt they were coming to kill her ; but her subjects threw themselves at her feet, and told her of the change which had taken place in her favour. She was utterly unmoved, they carried her into the palace, and then crowned her.

Determined to seek every where for the blue bird, she appointed a council to take charge of her kingdom in her absence, and furnishing herself with a large quantity of precious stones, she departed one night entirely alone, no person knowing where she was going.

The enchanter, who took care of the affairs of King Charmant, not having sufficient power to destroy what Soussio had done, determined to go and find her, (they had been acquainted five or six years before,) and to propose some arrangement by which the king might be restored to his natural form.

The fairy received him very pleasantly. "My business, comrade," said the magician, "relates to one of my most particular friends, a king whom you have made most unhappy."—"Ha, ha," cried Soussio: "I understand you; but he has no favour to hope for, except he marries my god-daughter."

The enchanter first thought he would say no more, so ugly did he find Tritonne; but he could not resolve to go away without effecting something. At last, after much discussion, the enchanter concluded with his comrade, Soussio, that she should place Tritonne in the palace of the king, that she should remain there several months, during which, he might, perhaps, resolve upon marrying her, and that she should restore to him his natural figure, which he should lose to resume that of a bird, in case he refused to espouse Tritonne.

The fairy and Tritonne betook themselves to the kingdom of Charmant, who had also reached it with his friend, the enchanter. With three strokes of a wand, he became as he was before; but the thought alone of wedding Tritonne drove him frantic.

In the meantime, the queen Florine, disguised under the dress of a country-girl, with her hair thick and matted, hanging over her face, a straw hat upon her head, and a linen bag across her shoulders, began her journey; one while she travelled on foot, at another, on horseback; one while by sea, and at another by land. She was always afraid to turn on one side, lest her beloved king should be on the other. One day, having stopped beside a spring, she began washing her feet. At this moment, there came up a little old woman, almost bent double; she stop-

ped and spoke to her : “ What are you doing here, my pretty girl, so entirely alone ?”—“ Good mother,” said the queen, “ I have much company, for I am waited upon by my mortification, disquietude, and anxiety.” At these words, her eyes flowed with tears.

“ What, so young and so unfortunate ?” said the good woman : “ Ah ! my daughter, do not afflict yourself : tell me sincerely the cause of your sorrows.” The queen related the story to her.

The little old woman immediately straightened herself, her face changed all of a sudden, she became beautiful, young, and magnificently dressed ; she looked at the queen with a kindly smile. “ Incomparable Florine,” said she to her : “ the king you are seeking after, is no longer a bird ; my sister Soussio has restored him to his former figure, he is in his own kingdom. Grieve no longer, you shall reach it, and succeed in your design. Here are four eggs, you will break them at your most urgent need, and you will find the assistance you require.” Saying these words, she disappeared.

Florine placed the eggs in her bag, and directed her steps towards the kingdom of Charmant.

After having walked eight days and nights without stopping, she came to the foot of a very high mountain, entirely composed of ivory, and so steep that she could not put her feet upon it without falling. After a great many unsuccessful attempts, she laid her down, determined to die there ; but on a sudden, she thought of the eggs which the fairy had given her. She took one of them out, and as soon as she had broken it, she found four small clasps of gold, which she put upon her feet and her

hands ; after she had done this, she ascended the ivory mountain without any trouble ; when she had reached the top, she found a new difficulty in descending. All the valley was composed of a single plate of looking-glass ; there stood surrounding it more than sixty thousand women, admiring themselves with the utmost pleasure, for each one saw herself in it, just such as she wished to be ; this circumstance attracted scarcely fewer men, for the glass pleased them also. Nobody had ever ascended to the top of the mountain, and when they saw Florine there, the women uttered loud cries of despair. “ Where is this wretch a going ? ” cried they : “ her next step will break our glass into pieces.

The queen was at a loss, she broke another egg, upon which there appeared two pigeons, with a chariot, which became in an instant, sufficiently large for her to place herself easily in it ; then the pigeons descended softly with the queen ; she said to them : “ My little friends, if you will carry me as far as the court of King Charmant, you will oblige no ungrateful person.” The pigeons stopped neither day nor night, till they had carried her to the gates of the city. Florine got out, and gave to each of them a sweet kiss.

How her heart beat on entering ! She stained her face so as not to be known ; she asked of the passers by where she could see the king. Some of them began to laugh aloud. “ See the king ? ” said they : “ ha ! what have you to do with him, my dear sloven ? Get away, get away ! and wash your face, you have not eyes good enough to see so fine a king.” The queen made no reply ; she asked of others where she should go to see the

king. "He is coming to-morrow to the temple, with the princess Truïtonne, for at last he has agreed to marry her."

"Heavens! what news! Truïtonne, the unworthy Truïtonne, upon the point of marrying the king!" Florine thought she should have died.

The queen sought out a lodging, and went to rest; she rose at daybreak, and ran to the temple. She gained an entrance, but not without a thousand rebuffs from the guards. The king came first, then Truïtonne appeared, splendidly dressed, and so ugly that she frightened her. "Who are you," said she to Florine, "who have dared to approach my beautiful figure, and so near my golden throne?"—"I am called Mic Souillon," replied she, "and I have come a great way to sell you some rarities." She felt in her linen bag, and drew out the pair of emerald bracelets which the King Charmant had given her. "Ho, ho," said Truïtonne, "what beautiful jewels; will you take for them a five-shilling piece?"—"Show them, madam, to those who know their value," said the queen, "and then we will make our bargain."

Truïtonne advanced to the throne, and showed the bracelets to the king. At the sight of them he recollected those he had given to Florine, and it was a long time before he could make any answer; at last he replied: "These bracelets are worth all my kingdom; I thought there was but one pair in the world, but I have seen their fellows."

Truïtonne placed herself upon her throne, looking dastardly ugly. She asked the queen how much money, without beating

down, she would take for these bracelets. "You could scarcely pay me for them thus," said she: "I will propose to you another bargain; if you will enable me to sleep for one night in the chamber of echoes, in the palace of the king, I will give you the emeralds."—"I will, Mic Souillon," said Truitonne, laughing to desperation, and showing her teeth, which were longer than the tusks of a wild boar.

It is proper here to mention, while the king was a blue bird, he had informed the princess, that he had under his apartment, a closet, which he called his "chamber of echoes," so ingeniously contrived, that every thing that was said, in however low a tone, could be heard by the king while he lay in his chamber; and as Florine wished to reproach him with his breach of faith, she could think of no better means of doing it.

She was placed in this chamber by the directions of Truitonne; she commenced her complaints and lamentations, and continued them until day. The attendants had heard her all the night, groaning and sighing. They told it to Truitonne; as for the king, he had not heard her. Ever since he had been in love with Florine, he was unable to rest, and on his retiring to bed, to get a little sleep, he was accustomed to take opium.

The queen spent the greater part of the day in the utmost uneasiness. "If he heard me," said she, "could he show such a cruel indifference? If he did not hear me, what shall I do to make him listen to me?" She had no more extraordinary rarities, but she must do something to excite the desires of Truitonne; she had recourse to her eggs. She broke another, then

there appeared a small carriage of polished steel, inlaid with gold, drawn by six green mice, driven by a rat of a rose colour, and a postillion, who was of the same species, but of a dark gray ; there was also in the carriage, four puppets, who performed the most surprising feats of activity.

The queen was overjoyed at this new exhibition of magical art ; she said nothing until evening, which was the time Truitonne was accustomed to take her promenade ; then she placed it in the walk, setting her mice upon a gallop, who drew along the rats and the puppets ; this novelty very much astonished Truitonne, who cried out to her two or three times : “ Mic Souillon, Mic Souillon, will you take a five shilling-piece for your carriage and mice ? ” — “ To sleep in the cabinet of echoes is all I ask. ” — “ I agree to it, poor wretch, ” said Truitonne

When night came, Florine said every thing she could to move the king, but all in vain, for the king did not fail to take his usual dose of opium. She had but one egg left in her bag, from which she could expect assistance ; she broke it, and there came out a pastry of six birds, which were basted, cooked, and nicely seasoned : yet, notwithstanding this, they sang marvellously well, told fortunes, and knew more of medicine than Esculapius himself ; the queen entered with her speaking pastry, the antic chamber of Truitonne. As she was waiting to pass in, one of the king’s valets de chambre approached her, and said : “ My Mic Souillon, you know very well that if the king did not take opium to make him sleep, you would most assuredly disturb him, for you keep talking the whole night incessantly. ” Florine felt in

her bag, and said to him : " I am so little afraid of disturbing the sleep of the king, that if you will not give him the opium this evening, in case I sleep in the same chamber, all these pearls and diamonds are yours." The valet agreed to it, and gave her his word.

A few moments after, Truitonne came out ; she saw the queen with her pastry, who pretended she was going to eat it. " What are you doing there, Mic Souillon," said she to her. " Madam," replied Florine, " I am eating astrologers, musicians, and doctors."

At this moment, all the birds began to sing more sweetly than sirens ; then they cried out : " Give us a shilling, and we will tell you your fortune." A duck, who seemed to be master, cried louder than the others : " Quack, quack, quack, I am a doctor, I can cure every sort of ache, and every kind of madness, except that of love." Truitonne, surprised at so many wonders : " In truth, this is an excellent pie, I must have it ; come, come, Mic Souillon, what will you take for it."—"The usual price," said she, "to sleep in the chamber of echoes, and nothing more." You may guess if the queen agreed to it.

As soon as night appeared, Florine was led into the chamber of echoes. When she believed every body was asleep, she began her usual complaints.

The king, unable to rest, heard distinctly the voice of Florine, and all her words, but he could not guess from whence they came ; yet his heart, softened with tenderness, recalled so vividly the idea of his incomparable princess, that he began to speak aloud, as if the queen had been present. " Ah ! princess," said

he, "too cruel to a lover who adores you; is it possible that you could sacrifice me to our common enemies?" Florine failed not to reply to him, and to tell him, that if he asked for Mic Souillon all should be explained; the king, in the utmost impatience, called one of his valets, and asked him if he could find Mic Souillon, and bring her to him. He replied, that "nothing was more easy, as she was sleeping in the chamber of echoes."

The king went down by a secret pair of stairs into the chamber of echoes, of which the queen kept the key, but he had one which opened all the doors of the palace.

There he found her, dressed in a light robe of white muslin, which she wore under her common dress; she was lying down upon a bed, a lamp at a little distance gave but a gloomy light; the king entered all of a sudden, his love prevailed over his resentment, and as soon as he recognised her, he cast himself at her feet.

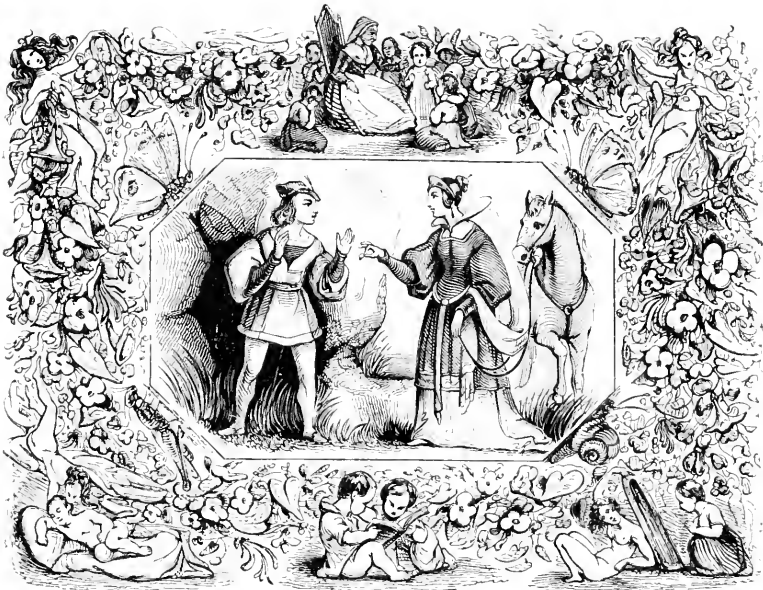
The queen could scarcely breathe; she looked fixedly at the king without saying any thing, and when she was able to speak, she made him reproaches. At last, they came to an explanation; they cleared themselves to each other, and all that troubled them was the fairy Soussio.

But at this moment, the enchanter, the friend of the king, arrived with a celebrated fairy, the very same who had given the four eggs to Florine; they declared that their power was unlimited in favour of the king and queen, that the fairy could do nothing against them, and that their marriage should not be delayed.

It is easy to figure the happiness of the lovers; there was a

great deal of rejoicing when the news was published through the palace, and every one was delighted to see Florine. Truittone heard of it; she ran to the king: what was her surprise to find with him her beautiful rival. While she was opening her mouth to upbraid him with her injuries, the enchanter and fairy appeared, who changed her into a sow. She fled from them, grunting all the way to the basement. King Charmant and Queen Florine, delivered from a person so hateful thought of nothing but the celebration of their marriage, which a few days afterward took place, with great splendour and rejoicing.





ROSIMOND AND BRAMINTE.



HERE was once a young man, as beautiful as the day, called Rosimond, and who was as much distinguished for talent and goodness, as his elder brother, Braminte, was for deformity, ill manners, and brutality. Their mother, who had a horror for her elder son, had eyes only for the younger. The former, through jealousy, invented a dreadful calumny that he might destroy his brother. He told his father that Rosimond frequented the house of a neighbour, with whom he was at variance; informed him of all that passed at home, and sought for

means to poison him. The father, deeply incensed, cruelly beat his son, covering him with blood; then kept him three days confined without food; and, finally, drove him away from the house, threatening to kill him if he ever returned. The mother, overcome with fear, durst say nothing; she could but sigh. The youth departed in tears; and not knowing whither to go, found himself at evening straying through a vast forest. Night overtook him at the foot of a rock; he entered a cave, covered with a carpet of moss, through which ran a clear stream, and there, through very weariness, fell asleep.

Awaking at daybreak, he saw a beautiful woman, mounted upon a gray horse with trappings of gold, who appeared to be going to the chase.

“Have you seen a stag, pursued by hounds, passing this way?” said she to him. He replied, “he had not.” Then she observed: “You seem to be in affliction; what is the matter with you? Stop, here is a ring which will render you the most happy and powerful of men, provided you never abuse it. When you turn the diamond within, you will be invisible; when without, you will be again visible; when you put the ring upon your little finger, you will appear like the son of a king, attended by a magnificent court; when you place it upon your fourth finger you will appear in your natural form.” So the young man discovered that he had been conversing with a fairy.

After these words, she buried herself in the wood, while the young man immediately returned to the house of his father, burning with impatience to make trial of his ring. He saw and heard

every thing he pleased without being discovered. Nothing prevented his avenging himself of his brother, without exposing himself to the slightest danger. He disclosed himself only to his mother, embraced her, and told her the whole of his wonderful adventure.

Immediately after, putting his enchanted ring upon his little finger, he appeared on a sudden as a prince, with a hundred beautiful horses, and a great number of officers richly apparelled.

His father was very much astonished to see the son of a king in his humble house ; and was greatly embarrassed, not knowing what attentions he ought to pay him.

Then Rosimond asked him how many sons he had. "Two," replied the father. "I wish to see them ; send them here immediately," said Rosimond to him ; "I wish to take them both to court with me, and to make their fortunes."

The father alarmed, replied with hesitation : "Here is the elder, whom I present you."—"Where is the younger ? I wish to see him also," said Rosimond again. "He is not here," said the father ; "I chastised him for a fault, and he has left me."

Then Rosimond said : "He should have been corrected, but not have been driven away. But give me the elder for my attendant ; and as for you," addressing his father, "follow those two guards, who will conduct you to a place I shall point out."

Immediately the two guards took away his father, and the fairy of whom we have before spoken, having met him in the forest.

struck him with a golden wand, and placed him in a dark and deep cavern, where he remained enchanted. "Stay there," said she, "until your son comes to liberate you."

During this while, the son went to the court of the king, at a time when the young prince had embarked on a warlike expedition against a remote island ; he had been driven by the winds upon an unknown coast, where, after being wrecked, he had been made captive by a barbarous people.

Rosimond appeared at court as if he had been the prince, whom they believed lost. He said that he had returned through the aid of certain merchants, without whose assistance he must have perished.

The king appeared so transported that he could not speak, and tenderly embraced his son, whom he believed to have been lost.

The queen was still more affected ; the greatest rejoicings were made throughout the whole kingdom.

One day, the pretended prince said to his brother : "Braminte, you know that I have taken you from your native place to advance your fortune ; but I know you to be false-hearted, and that you have, by your deceptions, caused the misery of your brother Rosimond ; he is here concealed ; I wish you to speak to him, even though he should reproach you with your wickedness."

Braminte, trembling, threw himself at his feet, and acknowledged his fault. "It is of no consequence," said Rosimond ; "I wish you to speak to your brother, and entreat his pardon. He

will be generous, indeed, if he grant it, for you have not deserved it: he is in my cabinet, where you will see him immediately. In the meantime, I shall retire to another apartment, that you may be alone with him."

Braminte entered as he was commanded into the cabinet. Immediately, Rosimond turned his ring, passed through the chamber, and then entered through a door from behind, in his natural figure, where Braminte was very much ashamed to see him: he asked his pardon, and promised to repair all the wrongs he had done him.

Rosimond embraced him, sobbing loudly, pardoned him, and said: "I am in great favour with the prince; nothing hinders my destroying you, or at least of keeping you all your life confined in prison; but no; I will be as kind to you as you have been cruel to me."

Braminte cast down, and confounded, replied to him with submission, not daring to raise his eyes, or mention the name of his brother.

After this, Rosimond pretended to travel in disguise, for the purpose of espousing the princess of an adjoining kingdom; but, under this pretext, really to see his mother, to whom he related all that had happened to him at court, at the same time, giving her in her need the assistance of a small sum of money. For the king would have let him take whatever he wanted, but he never required much. In the meantime, a furious war broke out between the king and a neighbouring monarch, who was both unjust and treacherous. Rosimond went to the

court of the hostile prince, entered by the assistance of his ring into the most secret councils of his enemy, all the time remaining himself invisible. He profited by the knowledge he gained of the measures of his adversaries; he anticipated and entirely disconcerted them: he led an army against them; he entirely defeated them in a great battle, and soon concluded with them a glorious peace on the most equitable conditions. The king thought only of marrying him to a princess, the heiress of an adjoining kingdom, and more beautiful than the graces. But one day, while Rosimond was hunting in the same forest where he had before met the fairy, she presented herself before him.

“Take care,” said she to him in a severe voice, “of marrying as if you were really a prince. You must deceive no one. It is right that the prince, for whom you pass, should return to succeed his father. Go seek him in the island, whither the winds which I send to fill the sails of your vessel will carry you without difficulty: hasten to render this service to your master, instead of consulting how to flatter your ambition: make up your mind to return a virtuous man to your original state. If you do not do so, you will be unjust and unhappy. I will abandon you to your old afflictions.”

Rosimond, profited without hesitation by advice so prudent. Under pretence of a secret negotiation with a neighbouring state, he embarked in a vessel, and the winds immediately carried him to the island where the fairy had told him the real son of the king might be found. The prince was a captive among a savage

people, and had been compelled to tend their flocks. Rosimond making himself invisible, went to the field whither he had led his sheep, and covering him with his own mantle, which was invisible like himself, delivered him from the hands of these cruel people.

They embarked together. Other winds, obedient to the fairy, quickly wafted them back. They went together to the apartment of the king: Rosimond presented himself to him, and said: "You believed me your son; I am not: but I restore him to you; keep him; there he is himself."

The king, very much astonished, addressed his son, and said: "Was it not you, my son, who vanquished my enemies and concluded a glorious peace? or is it indeed true that you have suffered shipwreck? that you have been taken captive, and that Rosimond has delivered you?"—"Yes, my father," replied he, "he it is who came to the country where I was a captive; he it is who has released me; to him I owe my liberty and the pleasure of seeing you again; to him, and not to me, do you owe the victory."

The king could not believe the story. But Rosimond changed his ring, and appeared to the king under the figure of the prince; and the monarch astonished, saw at the same moment two men who appeared each to be his son. Then he offered for so many services, immense sums to Rosimond, who refused them. He asked alone from the king, the favour of continuing his brother Braminte in the office which he held at court. As for himself, he feared the inconstancy of fortune, the envy of men, and his

own weakness. He wished to go back to his native village to his mother, and the cultivation of the earth. The fairy, who again met him in the woods, pointed out to him the cavern where his father was confined, and repeated to him the words which he was to pronounce to effect his deliverance. These words he uttered with a very sensible joy. He thus delivered his father, who had for a long time impatiently awaited the event, and gave him the means of passing happily his old age. Rosimond became thus the benefactor of his whole family, and had the pleasure of doing good to those who had sought his misery. After having done the noblest actions for the court, he only desired to live afar from its corruptions. To complete his prudence, he feared lest his ring should tempt him to leave his solitude and again involve him in important affairs; he returned to the forest where the fairy had so kindly appeared to him; he went often to the cave where he had the happiness before to see her, and was still in hopes of again meeting her. At last, she again appeared to him, and he returned to her her enchanted ring.

“I return you,” said he, “this gift so valuable, but so dangerous, and which it is so easy to misuse. I can never believe myself in safety, so long as I can leave my solitude and possess so many means of gratifying all my passions.”

While Rosimond was surrendering the ring, Braminte, whose natural depravity had never been corrected, had abandoned himself to all his desires, and even wished to induce the young prince, since become king, to treat Rosimond in an unbecoming manner.

The fairy said to Rosimond: "Your brother, always false, wishes to render you an object of suspicion to the young king, and by this means destroy you. He deserves to be punished; he must die. I shall go and present him this ring which you have given up."

Rosimond lamented the misfortune of his brother, then said to the fairy: "How can you pretend to punish him by making him so wonderful a present? he will abuse it by the persecution of all respectable people, and by possessing a power beyond all bounds."—"The same things," replied the fairy, "are salutary remedies to some, but deadly poisons to others. Prosperity is the source of all evils to the wicked: there is nothing more required to hasten their destruction, but to entrust them with great power."

She went to the palace, appeared to Braminte under the form of an old woman covered with rags, and thus addressed him: "I have taken back from the hand of your brother the ring that I gave him, and with which he has acquired such glory; receive it from me, and take care to what use you apply it."

Braminte replied, with a laugh: "I shall act wiser than my brother, who was stupid enough to seek out the prince instead of reigning in his place."

Braminte, possessed of the ring, thought only of finding out the secrets of families, of treasonable conspiracies, of murders and other enormities, of overhearing the councils of the king, and of stealing the wealth of individuals. His invisible crimes astonished every body: the king finding so many of his secrets

divulged, knew not to what to impute it; but the unlimited prosperity and insolence of Braminte, caused him to be suspected of possessing the enchanted ring of his brother. To detect him, the king employed a stranger of a nation with whom he was at war, to whom he entrusted a large sum. This man went one night to offer to Braminte, on the part of the hostile king, immense wealth and honours, if he would acquaint him with (by means of his spies) all that he learned of the secrets of the king.

Braminte promised every thing, and even went to a certain place where he received a very large sum, as an earnest of his future reward: he boasted of having a ring that made him invisible. On the morrow, the king caused search to be made for him, and he was seized; his ring was taken away, and upon his person were found many papers conclusive of his guilt. Rosimond revisited the court to ask the pardon of his brother, which was denied. Braminte was executed, and the ring appeared still more unfortunate to him, as it had been useless to his brother.

The king, to console Rosimond for the punishment of Braminte, restored him the ring, as a treasure of infinite value.

Rosimond, in his affliction, thought so no longer. He returned to seek the fairy in the wood: "Keep," said he, "your ring: the experience of my brother has taught me that I did not before well understand the force of your remarks: keep this fatal instrument of the destruction of my brother. Alas! he would have been still living; he would not have loaded with grief and

shame the declining years of my father and mother ; he might, perhaps, have been prudent and happy, if he had never possessed the means of gratifying his desires. Oh ! how dangerous to possess more power than others. Take back your ring ; a curse to those on whom you bestow it ! The only favour I have to ask is, never to give it to any in whom I am interested.



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